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THE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

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KING JOHN.







### KING JOHN

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623 —Though some critics have fancied that they could discover certain “notes of time” in this play, there are, in fact, none — we only know that it was written before 1598, as it is enumerated among works by Shakespeare in Meares’s *Palladis Tamia*, &c, which was published during that year (see the *Memoir of Shakespeare*) —*King John* is founded on an older play, in Two Parts, entitled *The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discoverie of King Richard Cordelions base sonne* (vulgarly named, *The Bastard Fauconbridge*) • also the death of King Iohn at Savinestead Abbey, &c, —first printed in 1591, afterwards in 1611, and 1622:—the earliest edition is without an author’s name but the publisher of the second edition put on the title-page the name “W Sh,” which in the third edition became “*W Shakespeare*.” By whom it was really written is a vain inquiry more than one poet would seem to have been concerned in its composition (See it, reprinted by Steevens, among *Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare*, &c, 1766, and by Nichols among *Six Old Plays, on which Shakespeare founded*, &c, 1779 )



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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KING JOHN

PRINCE HENRY, his son, afterwards King Henry III

ARTHUR, duke of Bretagne, son to Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne,  
the elder brother to King John

WILLIAM MARESHALL, earl of Pembroke

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, earl of Essex, chief-justiciary of England

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, earl of Salisbury

ROBERT BIGOT, earl of Norfolk

HUBERT DE BURGH, chamberlain to the King

ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Falconbridge

PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE, his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard the First

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Falconbridge

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet

PHILIP, king of France

LOUIS, the Dauphin.

Archduke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.

MELUN, a French lord

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, widow of King Henry II. and mother to King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur

BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, king of Castile, and niece to King John

LADY FALCONBRIDGE, mother to the Bastard and Robert Falconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers,  
and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*



# KING JOHN

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## ACT I

SCENE I *Northampton A room of state in the palace*

*Enter* KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY,  
*and others, with* CHATILLON

*K John* Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us ?

*Chat* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,  
In my behaviour, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here

*Elh* A strange beginning,—borrow'd majesty !

*K John* Silence, good mother, hear the embassy

*Chat* Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
To this fair island and the territories,—  
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign

*K John* What follows, if we disallow of this ?

*Chat* The proud control of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld

*K John* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,  
Controlment for controlment so answer France

*Chat* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The furthest limit of my embassy

*K John* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,



For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard  
 So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
 And sullen presage of your own decay —  
 An honourable conduct let him have —  
 Pembroke, look to it — Farewell, Chatillon

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke*]

*Eli* What now, my son! have I not ever said  
 How that ambitious Constance would not cease  
 Till she had kindled France and all the world  
 Upon the right and party of her son?  
 This might have been prevented and made whole  
 With very easy arguments of love,  
 Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate

*K John* Our strong possession and our right for us

*Eli* [*aside to K. John*] Your strong possession much more  
 than your right,

O! else it must go wrong with you and me  
 So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
 Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex*

*Essex* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,  
 Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
 That e'er I heard shall I produce the men?

*K John* Let them approach — [*Exit Sheriff*]  
 Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay  
 This expedition's charge

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP his  
 bastard brother*

What men are you?

*Bast* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman  
 Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
 As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge, —  
 A soldier, by the honour giving hand  
 Of Our de lion knighted in the field

*K John*. What art thou?

*Rob* The son and heir to that same Falconbridge



*K. John* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?  
You came not of one mother, then, it seems

*Bast* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,—  
That is well known, and, as I think, one father  
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother —  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may

*Eli* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother  
And wound her honour with this diffidence

\**Bast* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it,—  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fan five hundred pound a year  
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

*K. John* A good blunt fellow — Why, being younger  
born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bast* I know not why, except to get the land  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy  
But wher I be as true begot or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head,  
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—  
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself  
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him,—  
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

*K. John* Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent<sup>(1)</sup> us  
here!

*Eli* He hath a trick of Cœur de lion's face,  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

*K. John* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard — Sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Bast* Because he hath a half face, like my father,  
With that half face<sup>(2)</sup> would he have all my land  
A half fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!



*Rob* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did employ my father much,—

*Bast* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land  
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother

*Rob* And once dispatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there with the emperor  
To treat of high affairs touching that time  
Th' advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's,  
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak,—  
But truth is truth large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,—  
As I have heard my father speak himself,—  
When this same lusty gentleman was got  
Upon his death bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me, and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his,  
And if<sup>(3)</sup> he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will

*K John* Surah, your brother is legitimate,—  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,  
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,  
Which fault lies on the hazards<sup>(4)</sup> of all husbands  
That marry wives Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world,  
In sooth, he might then, if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him. this concludes,—  
My mother's son did get your father's heir,  
Your father's heir must have your father's land

*Rob* Shall, then, my father's will be of no force  
To dispossess that child which is not his?

*Bast* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think

*Fl* Whether hadst thou rather be a Falconbridge,



And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur de lion,  
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

*Bast* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, Sir Robert his,<sup>(c)</sup> like him,  
And if my legs were two such riding rods,  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
Lest men should say, "Look, where three fathings goes!"  
And; to his shape, were he to all this land,—  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I'd give it every foot to have this face,  
I<sup>(c)</sup> would not be Sir Nob in any case

*Elu* I like thee well wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a soldier, and now bound to France

*Bast* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance  
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year  
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear —  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death

*Elu* Nay, I would have you go before me thither

*Bast* Our country manneers give our betters way

*K John* What is thy name?

*Bast* Philip, my liege,—so is my name begun,—  
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eld st son

*K John* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou  
bear'st

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,—  
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet <sup>(c)</sup>

*Bast* Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand  
My father gave me honour, yours gave land —  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

*Elu* The very spirit of Plantagenet!—  
I am thy grandam, Richard, call me so

*Bast* Madam, by chance, but not by truth what though?  
Something about, a little from the right,  
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch,  
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,  
And have as have, however men do catch,



Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot

*K. John* Go, Falconbridge now hast thou thy desire,  
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire —  
Come, madam,—and come, Richard, we must speed  
For Fiance, for Fiance for it is more than need

*Bast* Brother, adieu good fortune come to thee!  
For thou wast got in the way of honesty

*[Exeunt all except the Bastard]*

A foot of honour better than I was,  
But many a many foot of land the worse  
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady —  
“Good den, Sir Richard” — “God a mercy, fellow,” —  
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter,  
For new made honour doth forget men's names, —  
'Tis too respective and too sociable  
For your conversion Now your traveller, —  
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize  
My pick'd man of countries — “My dear sir,”  
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,  
“I shall beseech you” — that is question now,  
And then comes answer like an Abcee book —  
“O sir,” says answer, “at your best command,  
At your employment, at your service, sir”  
“No, sir,” says question, “I, sweet sir, at yours”  
And so, ere answer knows what question would, —  
Saving in dialogue of compliment,  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po, —  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so  
But this is worshipful society,  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself  
For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack<sup>(8)</sup> of observation, —  
And<sup>(9)</sup> so am I, whether I smack or no,  
And not alone in habit and device,  
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
But from the inward motion to deliver



Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth  
 Which though I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising —  
 But who comes in such haste in riding robes?  
 What woman post is this? hath she no husband,  
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter Lady FALCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY*

O me! 'tis my mother — How now, good lady!  
 What brings you here to court so hastily?

*Lady F* Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,  
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

*Bast* My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?  
 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?  
 Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

*Lady F* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,  
 Sir Robert's son why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?  
 He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou

*Bast* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

*Gur* Good leave, good Philip

*Bast* Philip? — sparrow! — James,  
 There's toys abroad anon I'll tell thee more [*Exit Gurney*]  
 Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son,  
 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
 Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast  
 Sir Robert could do well marry, to confess,  
 Could he<sup>(10)</sup> get me? Sir Robert could not do it, —  
 We know his handiwork — therefore, good mother,  
 To whom am I beholding for these limbs?  
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg

*Lady F* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
 That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?  
 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Bast* Knight, knight, good mother, — Basilisco like  
 What! I am dubb'd, I have it on my shoulder  
 But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son,  
 I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land,  
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone  
 Then, good my mother, let me know my father, —



Some proper man, I hope who was it, mother?

*Lady F* Hast thou denied thyself a Falconbridge?

*Bast* As faithfully as I deny the devil

*Lady F* King Richard Cœur de lion was thy father

By long and vehement suit I was seduced  
To make room for him in my husband's bed —  
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge! —  
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,<sup>(1)</sup>

Which was so strongly urged, past my defence

*Bast* Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father  
Some sins do bear then privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours, your fault was not your folly  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Subjected tribute to commanding love,  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand  
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
May easily win a woman's Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
Who lives and dyes but say thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin,  
' And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin  
Who says it was, he lies, I say 'twas not

[*Exeunt*

---

## ACT II

### SCENE I *France Before the walls of Angiers*

*Enter, on one side, PHILIP, King of France, LOUIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Forces on the other, the Archduke of Austria and Forces*

*K Ph*<sup>(2)</sup> Before Angiers well met, brave Austria —  
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,



Richard, that loob'd the lion of his heart,  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave duke came early to his grave  
 And, for amends to his posterity,  
 At our importance hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither

*Art.* God shall forgive you Cœur de lion's death  
 The rather that you give his offspring life,  
 Shadowing them right under your wings of war  
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love <sup>(13)</sup>  
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke

*K. Phi.* <sup>(14)</sup> A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love,—  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
 Together with that pale, that white fac'd shore  
 Whose foot spins back the ocean's roaring tides,  
 And coops from other lands her islanders,—  
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
 That water walled bulwark, still secure  
 And confident from foreign purposes,—  
 Even till that utmost corner of the west  
 Salute thee for her king till then, fair boy,  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
 To make a more requital to your love

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords  
 In such a just and charitable war

*K. Phi.* Well, then, to work our cannon shall be bent  
 Against the blows of this resisting town—  
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
 To cull the plots of best advantages,  
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
 Wade to the market place in Frenchmen's blood,



But we will make it subject to this boy

*Const* Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood  
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war,  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed <sup>(15)</sup>

*K Phi* A wonder, lady,—lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd

*Enter CHATILLON*

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,  
We coldly pause for thee, Chatillon, speak

*Chat* Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,  
And stun them up against a mightier task  
England, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I,  
His marches are expedient to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident  
With him along is come the mother queen,  
An Ate,<sup>(16)</sup> stinging him to blood and strife,  
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain  
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd  
And all th' unsettled humours of the land,—  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery volunteers,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,—  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scathe in Christendom  
The interruption of their churlish drums *[Drums within]*  
Cuts off more circumstance they are at hand,  
To parley or to fight, therefore prepare

*K Phi* How much unlook'd for is this expedition

*Aust* By how much unexpected, by so much



We must awake endeavour for defence,  
 For courage mounteth with occasion  
 Let them be welcome, then, we are prepar'd

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, Lords, and  
 Forces*

*K John* Peace be to France, if France in peace permit  
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own !  
 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !  
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do collect  
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven

*K Phi* Peace be to England, if that war return  
 From France to England, there to live in peace !  
 England we love, and for that England's sake  
 With burden of our armour here we sweat  
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine,  
 But thou from loving England art so far,  
 That thou hast underwrought his lawful king,  
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
 Out-faced infant state, and done a rape  
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown  
 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face,—  
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his  
 This little abstract doth contain that large  
 Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time  
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume  
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son, England was Geoffrey's right,  
 And his is Geoffrey's <sup>(17)</sup> in the name of God,  
 How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,  
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
 Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?

*K John* From whom hast thou this great commission,  
 France,  
 To draw my answer from <sup>(18)</sup> thy articles ?

*K Phi*, From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts  
 In any breast <sup>(19)</sup> of strong authority,  
 To look into the blots and stains of right  
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy  
 Under whose variant I impeach thy wrong,



And by whose help I mean to chastise it

*K John* Alack, thou dost usurp authority

*K Phi* Excuse,—it is to beat usurping down

*Eli* Who is it thou dost call usurper, Fiance?

*Const* Let me make answer,—thy usurping son

*Eli* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,

That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

*Const* My bed was ever to thy son as true

As thine was to thy husband, and this boy

Like in feature to his father Geoffrey

Than thou and John in manners,—being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam

My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think

His father never was so true begot

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother

*Eli* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father

*Const* There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee

*As st* Peace!

*Bast* Hear the cries

*Aust* What the devil art thou?

*Bast* One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch you hide and you alone

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard

I'll smoke your skin coat, an I catch you right,

Sirrah, look to't, i' faith, I will, i' faith

*Blanch* O, well did he become that lion's robe

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Bast* It lies as sightly on the back of him

As great Alcides shows<sup>(6)</sup> upon an ass —

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack

*Aust* What cracker is this same that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?—

*King Philip*, determine what we shall do straight

*K Phi* Women and fools, break off your conference —<sup>(21)</sup>

*King John*, this is the very sum of all,—

England and Ireland, Anjou,<sup>(22)</sup> Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?



*K John* My life as soon —I do defy thee, France —  
 Arthur of Brietagne, yeld thee to my hand,  
 And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee moire  
 Than e'er the coward hand of France can win  
 Submit thee, boy

*Elh* Come to thy grandam, child

*Const* Do, child, go to it' grandam, child,<sup>(93)</sup>  
 Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will  
 Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig  
 There's a good grandam

*Arth* Good my mother, peace'

I would that I were low laid in my grave  
 I am not worth this coil that's made for me

*Elh* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps

*Const* Now shame upon you, when she does or no'  
 His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
 Draw those heaven moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
 Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee,  
 Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd  
 To do him justice, and revenge on you

*Elh* Thou monstious slanderer of heaven and earth'

*Const* Thou monstious injurer of heaven and earth'  
 Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurp  
 The dominations, royalties, and rights  
 Of this oppressed boy this is<sup>(24)</sup> thy eld'st son's son,  
 Infortunate in nothing but in thee  
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child,  
 The canon of the law is laid on him,  
 Being but the second generation  
 Removed from thy sin conceiving womb

*K John* Bedlam, have done

*Const* I have but this to say,—

That he's<sup>(25)</sup> not only plagued for her sin,  
 But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
 On this removed issue, plagu'd for hei,  
 And with her plagu'd,<sup>(26)</sup> her sin his injury,  
 Her injury the beadle to hei sin,  
 All punish'd in the person of this child,  
 And all for hei, a plague upon her!<sup>(27)</sup>

*Elh* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce



A will that baas the title of thy son

*Const* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will,  
A woman's will, a canker'd grandam's will!

*K Phi* Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate  
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim  
To these ill tuned repetitions —  
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's

*Trumpet sounds Enter Citizens upon the walls*

*First Cit* Who is it that hath wain'd us to the walls?

*K Phi* 'Tis France, for England

*K John* England, for itself —

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K Phi* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,  
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—

*K John* For our advantage, therefore hear us first  
These flags of France, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
Have hither march'd to your endamage  
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,  
And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls  
All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding by these French  
Confront your city's eyes,<sup>(28)</sup> your winking gates,  
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,  
That as a waist do girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordnance<sup>(29)</sup>  
By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace  
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—  
Who painfully, with much expedient march,  
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,  
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—  
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle,  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,



They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,  
To make a fathless error in your ears  
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,  
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
Crave harbourage within your city walls

*K. Phi* When I have said, make answer to us both  
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys  
For this down trodden equity, we tread  
In warlike march these greens before your town,  
Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal  
In the relief of this oppressed child  
Religiously provokes Be pleasèd, then,  
To pay that duty which you truly owe  
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince  
And then our aims, like to a muzzled bear,  
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up,  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven,  
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,  
We will bear home that lusty blood again,  
Which here we came to spout against your town,  
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace  
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,<sup>(30)</sup>  
'Tis not the rondure<sup>(31)</sup> of your old fac'd walls  
Can hide you from our messengers of war,  
Though all these English, and their discipline,  
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference  
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*First Cit* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects  
For him, and in his right, we hold this town



*K John* Acknowledge, then, the king, and let me in

*First Cr* That can we not, but he that proves the king,  
To him will we prove loyal till that time  
Have we iamm'd up our gates against the world

*K John* Doth not the crown of England prove the king?  
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

*Bast* Bastards, and else

*K John* To verify our title with their lives

*K Phi* As many and as well born bloods as those,—

*Bast* Some bastards too

*K Phi* Stand in his face, to contradict his claim

*First Cr* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We for the worthiest hold the right from both

*K John* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K Phi* Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

*Bast* Saint George, that swinge'd the dragon, and e'er  
since

Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence!—[*To Austria*] Sirrah, were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, with your honess,  
I'd set an ox head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you

*Aust* Peace! no more

*Bast* O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

*K John* Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth  
In best appointment all our regiments

*Bast* Speed, then, to take advantage of the field

*K Phi* It shall be so,—[*To Louis*] and at the other hill  
Command the rest to stand—God and our right!

[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French Kings, &c*]

*After excursions, enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to  
the gates*

*F Her* You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made



Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
 Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground  
 Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth,  
 And victory, with little loss, doth play  
 Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
 Athur of Bretagne England's king and yours

*Enter an English Herald, with trumpets*

*E Her* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells,  
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
 Commander of this hot malicious day  
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver bright,  
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood,  
 There stuck no plume in any English crest  
 That is removed by a staff of France,  
 Our colours do return in those same hands  
 That did display them when we first march'd forth,  
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes  
 Open your gates, and give the victors way

*First Cit* Heralds,<sup>(32)</sup> from off our towers we might be  
 hold,

From first to last, the onset and retire  
 Of both your armies, whose equality  
 By our best eyes cannot be censured  
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows,  
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power  
 Both are alike, and both alike we like  
 One must prove greatest while they weigh so even,  
 We hold our town for neither, yet for both

*Re-enter, on one side, King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard,  
 Lords, and Forces, on the other, King PHILIP, LOUIS, Austria,  
 and Forces*

*K John* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?  
 Say, shall the current of our right run on?<sup>(33)</sup>



Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'eriswell  
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
 Unless thou let his silver waters<sup>(34)</sup> keep  
 A peaceful progress to the ocean

*K Phi* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,  
 In this hot trial, more than we of Fiance,  
 Rather, lost more and by this hand I swear,  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
 Before we will lay down our just borne arms,  
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these aims we bear,  
 Or add a royal number to the dead,  
 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss  
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings

*Bast* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel,  
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs,  
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
 In undetermin'd differences of kings —  
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
 Cry "havoc," kings! back to the stained field,  
 You equal potent, fiery kindled spirits!<sup>(35)</sup>  
 Then let confusion of one part confirm  
 The other's peace, till then, blows, blood, and death!

*K John* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*K Phi* Speak, citizens, for England, who's your king?

*First Cit* The king of England, when we know the  
 king

*K Phi* Know him in us, that here hold up his right

*K John* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
 And bear possession of our person here,  
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you

*First Cit* A greater power than we<sup>(36)</sup> denies all this,  
 And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates,

King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd!<sup>(37)</sup>

*Bast* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,  
 kings,



And stand securely on their battlements,  
 As in a theatre whence they gape and point  
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death  
 Your royal presences be rul'd by me —  
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
 Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend  
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town  
 By east and west let France and England mount  
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,  
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have bawled down  
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city  
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
 Even till unfenced desolation  
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air  
 That doth dissever your united strengths,  
 And part your mingled colours once again,  
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point,  
 Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
 Out of one-side her happy minion,  
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
 And kiss him with a glorious victory  
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
 Smacks it not something of the policy?  
*K John* Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
 I like it well — France, shall we knit our powers,  
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground,  
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?  
*Bast* An if thou hast the mettle of a king, —  
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town, —  
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls,  
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
 Why, then, defy each other, and, pell mell,  
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell  
*K Phi* Let it be so — Say, where will you assault?  
*K John* We from the west will send destruction  
 Into this city's bosom  
*Aust* I from the north  
*K Phi* Our thunders<sup>(38)</sup> from the south  
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town



*Bast* [*aside*] O prudent discipline ! From north to south,—

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth  
I'll stin them to it —Come, away, away !

*First Cit* Hear us, great kings vouchsafe awhile to stay,  
And I shall show you peace and fan fac'd league,  
Win you this city without stroke or wound,  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings

*K John* Speak on, with favour, we are bent to hear

*First Cit* That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,  
Is niece to England <sup>(39)</sup>—look upon the years  
Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch ?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, both,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete,—  
If not complete, O, <sup>(40)</sup> say he is not she,  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, <sup>(41)</sup> that she is not he  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she, <sup>(42)</sup>  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him  
O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in,  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them  
This union shall do more than battery can  
To our fast closed gates, for, at this match,  
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance but without this match,  
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,



Lions more<sup>(43)</sup> confident, mountains and rocks  
 More free from motion, no, not Death himself  
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
 As we to keep this city

*Bast* Here's a stay,<sup>(44)</sup>  
 That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
 That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,  
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs!  
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
 He speaks plain cannon,—fire and smoke and bounce,  
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue  
 Our ears are cudgell'd, not a word of his  
 But buffets better than a fist of France  
 Zounds, I was never so bethump'd with words  
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad

*Elk* [*aside to K. John*] Son, list to this conjunction, make  
 this match,  
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough  
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France,  
 Mark how they whisper urge them while their souls  
 Are capable of this ambition,  
 Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*First Cit* Why answer not the<sup>(45)</sup> double majesties  
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Phi* Speak England first, that hath been forward first  
 To speak unto this city what say you?

*K. John* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
 Can in this book of beauty read "I love,"  
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen  
 For Anjou,<sup>(46)</sup> and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,  
 And all that we upon this side the sea—  
 Except this city now by us besieg'd—



Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
 Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich  
 In titles, honours, and promotions.

As she in beauty, education, blood  
 Holds hand with any princess of the world

*K Phi* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face

*Lou* I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,  
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
 Becomes a son, and makes your son a shadow  
 I do protest I never lov'd myself,  
 Till now infixed I beheld myself  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye

[*Whispers with Blanch*]

*Bast* [*aside*] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
 And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espay

Himself love's traitor —this is pity now,  
 That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be  
 In such a love so vile a lout as he

*Blanch* My uncle's will in this respect is mine  
 If he see aught in you that makes him like,  
 That anything he sees, which moves his liking,  
 I can with ease translate it to my will,  
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
 I will enforce it easily to my love  
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
 That all I see in you is worthy love,  
 Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,  
 That I can find should merit any hate

*K John* What say these young ones?—What say you,  
 my niece?

*Blanch* That she is bound in honour still to do  
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say

*K John* Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you love this  
 lady?

*Lou* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,  
 For I do love her most unfeignedly



*K John* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,  
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee, and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin —  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands

*K Phi* It likes us well — Young princes, close your  
hands

*Aust* And your lips too, for I am well assur'd  
That I did so when I was first assur'd <sup>(47)</sup>

*K Phi* Now, citizens of Angiers, open your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made,  
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd —  
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?  
I know she is not, for this match made up  
Her presence would have interrupted much  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows

*Lou* She's sad and passionate at your highness' tent

*K Phi* And, by my faith, this league that we have made  
Will give her sadness very little cure —  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow <sup>(48)</sup> lady? In her right we came,  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage

*K John* We will heal up all,  
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne  
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of — Call the Lady Constance,  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity — I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so  
That we shall stop her exclamation  
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp

[*Exeunt all except the Bastard*    *The Citizens  
return from the walls*]

*Bast* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
*John*, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,



Hath willingly departed with a part,  
And Fiance,—whose amour conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier,—rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose changer, that sly devil,  
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,  
That daily break vow, he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—  
Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word "maid," cheats the poor maid of that,  
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—  
Commodity, the bias of the world,  
The world, who of itself is peised well,  
Made to run even upon even ground,  
Till this advantage, this vile diawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent  
And this same bias, this commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,<sup>(49)</sup>  
From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
To a most base and vile concluded peace —  
And why rail I on this commodity?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet  
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
When his fair angels would salute my palm,  
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say, There is no sin but to be rich,  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say, There is no vice but beggary  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain, be my lord,—for I will worship thee !

[Exit



## ACT III

SCENE I *France The French King's tent**Enter CONSTANCE, APTHUR, and SALISBURY*

*Const* Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !  
False blood to false blood join'd ! gone to be friends !  
Shall Louis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?  
It is not so , thou hast misspoke, misheard ,  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again  
It cannot be , thou dost but say 'tis so  
I trust I may not trust thee , for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ,  
I have a king's oath to the contrary  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears ,  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ,  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ,  
A woman, naturally born to fears ,  
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?  
Then speak again,—not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true

*Sal* As true as I believe you think them false  
That give you cause to prove my saying true

*Const* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ,  
And let belief and life encounter so  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which in the very meeting fall and die !—



Louis marry Blanch ! O boy, then where art thou ?  
 France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—  
 Fellow, be gone I cannot brook thy sight,  
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man

*Sal* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
 But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

*Const* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it

*Arth* I do beseech you, madam, be content

*Const* If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,  
 Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
 Full of displeasing blot<sup>s</sup> and sightless<sup>(50)</sup> stains,  
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
 Patch'd with foul moles and eye offending marks,  
 I would not care, I then would be content,  
 For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou  
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown  
 But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,  
 Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great  
 Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lies boast  
 And with the half blown rose but Fortune, O,  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;  
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs  
 France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,—  
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John !—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?  
 Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,  
 And leave those woes alone which I alone  
 Am bound to under bear

*Sal* Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the kings

*Const* Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee  
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,  
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout <sup>(51)</sup>  
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
 Let kings assemble, for my griefs so great,  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth



Can hold it up here I and sorrow<sup>(50)</sup> sit,  
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it  
*[Seats herself on the ground]*

*Enter* King JOHN, King PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR the  
 Bastard, Austria, and Attendants

*K Phi* 'Tis true, fair daughter, and this blessed day  
 Ever in France shall be kept festival  
 To solemnize this day the glorious sun  
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,  
 Tuning with splendour of his precious eye  
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold  
 The yearly course that brings this day about  
 Shall never see it but a holiday

*Const* A wicked day, and not a holy day!— *[Rising]*  
 What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
 That it in golden letters should be set  
 Among the high tides in the calendar?  
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury  
 Or if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,  
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd  
 But on this day let seamen fear no wreck,  
 No bargains break that are not this day made  
 This day, all things begun come to ill end,—  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

*K Phi* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

*Const* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit  
 Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,  
 Proves valueless you are forsworn, forsworn,  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours  
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,<sup>(53)</sup>  
 And our oppression hath made up this league —  
 Aim, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!  
 A widow cries, be husband to me, heavens!



Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day<sup>(54)</sup> in peace, but, ere sunset,  
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!  
 Hear me, O, hear me!

*Aust* Lady Constance, peace!

*Const* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war  
 O Limoges! O Austria! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!  
 Thou little valiant, great in villany!  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,  
 And sooth'st up greatness! What a fool art<sup>(55)</sup> thou,  
 A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,  
 Upon my party! Thou cold blooded slave,  
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

*Aust* O that a man should speak those words to me!

*Bast* And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

*Aust* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life

*Bast* And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs

*K John* We like not this, thou dost forget thyself

*K Phi* Here comes the holy legate of the Pope

*Enter PANDULPH, attended*

*Pand* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!  
 To thee, King John, my holy errand is  
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
 And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
 Do in his name religiously demand,  
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
 So wilfully dost spurn, and, force perforce,  
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
 This, in our foresaid holy father's name,



Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee

*K John* What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?<sup>(56)</sup>  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope  
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England  
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions,  
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,  
So, under Him, that great supremacy  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand  
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart  
To him and his usurp'd authority

*K Phi* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this

*K John* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,  
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,  
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes

*Pand* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate  
And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to an heretic,  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life

*Const* O, lawful let it be  
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile !  
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen  
To my keen curses, for without my wrong  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right

*Pand* There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse



*Const* And for mine too when law can do no right,  
 Let it be lawful that law bai no wrong  
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,  
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law  
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
 Let go the hand of that arch heretic,  
 And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome

*Elh* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand

*Const* Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,  
 And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul

*Aust* King Philip, listen to the cardinal

*Bast* And hang a calf's skin on his recreant limbs

*Aust* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
 Because—

*Bast* Your breeches best may carry them

*K John* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

*Const* What should he say, but as the cardinal?

*Lou* Bethink you, father, for the difference

Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

On the light loss of England for a friend

Forgo the easier

*Blanch* That's the curse of Rome

*Const* O Louis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here  
 In likeness of a new uptrimmed bride <sup>(57)</sup>

*Blanch* The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
 But from her need

*Const* O, if thou grant my need,  
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
 That need must needs infer this principle,—  
 That faith would live again by death of need  
 O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up,  
 Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

*K John* The king is mov'd, and answers not to this

*Const* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well!

*Aust* Do so, King Philip, hang no more in doubt

*Bast* Hang nothing but a calf's skin, most sweet lout

*K Phi* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.



*Pand* What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,  
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

*K Ph* Good reverend father, make my person yours,  
And tell me how you would bestow yourself  
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows,  
The latest breath that gave the sound of words  
Was deep sworn faith, peace, amity, true love  
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,  
And even before this truce, but new before,—  
No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd  
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint  
The fearful difference of incensed kings  
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,  
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a blot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O holy sn,  
My reverend father, let it not be so!  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order, and<sup>(68)</sup> then we shall be blest  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends

*Pand* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love  
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,—  
A mother's curse,—on her revolting son  
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed lion<sup>(69)</sup> by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.



*K Ph* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith  
*Pand* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,  
 And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,  
 Thy tongue against thy tongue O let thy vow  
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,—  
 That is, to be the champion of our church!  
 What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,  
 And may not be performed by thyself  
 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss  
 Is not amiss when it is truly done,  
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done, not doing it <sup>(60)</sup>  
 The better act of purposes mistook  
 Is to mistake again, though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire  
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd  
 It is religion that doth make vows kept,  
 But thou hast sworn against religion  
 By which <sup>(61)</sup> thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,  
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
 Against an oath the truth thou art unsure  
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn, <sup>(62)</sup>  
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear!  
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear  
 Therefore thy later vow <sup>(63)</sup> against thy first  
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself,  
 And better conquest never canst thou make  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy loose suggestions  
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them, but if not, then know  
 The peril of our curses light <sup>(64)</sup> on thee,  
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But in despair die under their black weight  
*Aust* Rebellion, flat rebellion!  
*Bast* Will't not be?  
 Will not a calf's skin stop that mouth of thine?  
*Lou* Father, to arms!



*Blanch* Upon thy wedding day?  
 Against the blood that thou hast married?  
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
 Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,—  
 Clamorous of hell,—be measures to our pomp?  
 O husband, hear me!—ay, alack, how new  
 Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,  
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 Against mine uncle

*Const* O, upon my knee,  
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
 Forethought by heaven!

*Blanch* Now shall I see thy love what motive may  
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Const* That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
 His honour—O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!

*Lou* I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,  
 When such profound respects do pull you on

*Pand* I will denounce a curse upon his head

*K Phi* Thou shalt not need—England, I'll fall from  
 thee

*Const* O fair return of banish'd majesty!

*Eli* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

*K John* France, thou shalt rue this hour within this  
 hour

*Bast* Old Time the clock setter, that bald sexton Time,  
 Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue

*Blanch* The sun's o'ercast with blood fair day, adieu!  
 Which is the side that I must go withal?  
 I am with both each army hath a hand,  
 And in their rage I having hold of both,  
 They whirl asunder and dismember me  
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win,  
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose,  
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine,  
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive  
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose,  
 Assured loss before the match be play'd



*Lou* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies <sup>(65)</sup>

*Blanch* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies

*K John* Cousin, go draw our puissance together

[*Exit Bastard*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay 't, <sup>(66)</sup> nothing but blood,—

The blood, and dearest valu'd blood of France <sup>(67)</sup>

*K Phi* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy

*K John* No more than he that threatens —To arms let's hie!

[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French Kings, &c*

## SCENE II *The same Plains near Angiers*

*Alarums, excursions Enter the Bastard, with Austria's head*

*Bast* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky, <sup>(68)</sup>

And pours down mischief —Austria's head lie there,

While Philip breathes

*Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT*

*K John* Hubert, keep thou this boy <sup>(69)</sup>—Philip, <sup>(70)</sup> make  
up

My mother is assailed in our tent,

And ta'en, I fear

*Bast* My lord, I rescu'd her,

Her highness is in safety, fear you not

But on, my liege, for very little pains

Will bring this labour to an happy end

[*Exeunt*

## SCENE III *The same Another part of the plains*

*Alarums, excursions, retreat Enter King JOHN, ELMOR, ARTHUR,  
the Bastard, HUBERT, and Loids*

*K John* [*to Elmor*] So shall it be, your grace shall stay  
behind,



So strongly guarded <sup>(71)</sup>—[*To Arthur*] Cousin, look not sad  
 Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will  
 As dear be to thee as thy father was

*Arth* O, this will make my mother die with grief!

*K John* [*to the Bastard*] Cousin, away for England,  
 haste before

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
 Of hoarding abbots, set at liberty  
 Impison'd angels <sup>(72)</sup> the fat ribs of peace  
 Must by the hungry now <sup>(73)</sup> be fed upon  
 Use our commission in his utmost force

*Bast* Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,  
 When gold and silver beck me to come on  
 I leave your highness—Grandam, I will pay—  
 If ever I remember to be holy—  
 For your fair safety, so, I kiss your hand

*Elk* Farewell, gentle cousin

*K John*

Coz, farewell

[*Exit Bastard*]

*Elk* Come hither, little kinsman, hark, a word

[*Takes Arthur aside*]

*K John* Come hither, Hubert O my gentle Hubert,  
 We owe thee much, within this wall of flesh  
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
 And with advantage means to pay thy love  
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished  
 Give me thy hand I had a thing to say,—  
 But I will fit it with some better time <sup>(74)</sup>  
 By heaven, Hubert, I'm almost ashamed  
 To say what good respect I have of thee

*Hub* I am much bounden to your majesty

*K John* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet  
 But thou shalt have, and creep time ne'er so slow,  
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good  
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go  
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 Is all too wanton and too full of gauds  
 To give me audience —if the midnight bell



Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night,<sup>(6)</sup>  
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,  
Or if that sultry spirit, melancholy,  
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy thick,  
Which else runs tickling<sup>(76)</sup> up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
And stain their cheeks to idle merriment,—  
A passion hateful to my purposes,  
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using concert alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,  
Then, in despite of brooded<sup>(77)</sup> watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts  
But, ah, I will not!—yet I love thee well,  
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well

*Hub* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I'd do't

*K John* Do not I know thou wouldst?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way,  
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me —dost thou understand me?  
Thou art his keeper

*Hub* And I'll keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty

*K John* Death

*Hub* My lord?

*K John* A grave

*Hub* He shall not live

*K John* Enough

I could be merry now Hubert, I love thee,  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee  
Remember —Madam, fare you well  
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty

*Elz* My blessing go with thee!



*K John* For England, cousin, go  
Hubert shall be your man, t' attend<sup>(78)</sup> on you  
With all true duty — On toward Calais, ho ! [*Exeunt*

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SCENE IV *The same The French King's tent*

*Enter* King PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants

*K Phi* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado of convented<sup>(79)</sup> sail  
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship

*Pand* Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well

*K Phi* What can go well, when we have run so ill ?  
Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

*Lou* What he hath won, that hath he fortified  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,<sup>(80)</sup>  
Doth want example who hath read or heard  
Of any kindred action like to this ?

*K Phi* Well could I bear that England had this praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame —  
Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul,  
Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath

*Enter* CONSTANCE

I prithee, lady, go away with me

*Const* Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

*K Phi* Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Constance

*Const* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death — O amiable lovely death !  
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,



And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows ,  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms ,  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust ,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself  
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,  
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,  
O come to me !

*K Phi* O ban affliction, peace !

*Const* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry —  
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !  
Then with a passion would I shake the world ,  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which seems a modern invocation

*Pand* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow

*Const* Thou art not holy<sup>(81)</sup> to belie me so ,  
I am not mad this hair I tear is mine ,  
My name is Constance , I was Geoffrey's wife ,  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost  
I am not mad,—I would to heaven I were !  
For then 'tis like I should forget myself  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ,  
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason  
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
And teaches me to kill or hang myself  
If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he  
I am not mad, too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity

*K Phi* Bind up those tresses —O, what love I note  
In the fair multitude of those her hairs !  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,  
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends<sup>(82)</sup>  
Do glue themselves in sociable grief ,  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity

*Const* To England, if you will <sup>(83)</sup>



*K Phr*

Bind up your hands

*Const* Yes, that I will, and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,  
“O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hands their liberty!  
But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner —  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again,”<sup>(84)</sup>  
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born  
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
As dim and meagre as an ague-fit,<sup>(85)</sup>  
And so he'll die, and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
I shall not know him — therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more

*Pand* You hold too heinous a respect of grief

*Const* He talks to me that never had a son

*K Phr* You are as fond of grief as of your child

*Const* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief  
Fare you well — had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do —  
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Disheveling her hair*

When there is such disorder in my wit  
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
My widow comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

[*Exit*

*K Phr* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her

[*Exit*



*Lou* There's nothing in this world can make me joy  
Life is as tedious as a twice told tale  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,  
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness <sup>(36)</sup>

*Pand* Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest, evils that take leave,  
On then departure most of all show evil  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lou* All days of glory, joy, and happiness

*Pand* If you had won it, certainly you had  
No, no, when Fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye  
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost  
In this which he accounts so clearly won  
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

*Lou* As heartily as he is glad he hath him

*Pand* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood  
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit,  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne, and therefore mark  
John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,  
That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain one <sup>(37)</sup> hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest  
A sceptre snatch'd with an unuly hand  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd,  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up  
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall,  
So be it, for it cannot be but so

*Lou* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

*Pand* You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,  
May then make all the claim that Arthur did

*Lou* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did

*Pand* How green you are, and fresh in this old world!  
John lays you plots, the times conspire with you,



For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue  
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,  
That none so small advantage shall step forth  
To check his reign, but they will cherish it,  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scape<sup>(88)</sup> of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John

*Lou* May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,  
But hold himself safe in his prisonment

*Pand* O sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies, and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,  
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John  
Methinks I see this huiy all on foot  
And O what better matter breeds for you  
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Falconbridge  
Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
Offending charity if but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
To train ten thousand English to their side,  
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain O noble Dauphin,  
Go with me to the king —'tis wonderful  
What may be wrought out of their discontent,  
Now that their souls are topful of offence  
For England go —I will whet on the king

*Lou* Strong reasons make strong<sup>(89)</sup> actions let us go  
If you say ay, the king will not say no [*Exeunt*



## ACT IV

SCENE I *Northampton* <sup>(90)</sup> *A room in the castle**Enter HUBERT and two Attendants*

*Hub* Heat me these irons hot, and look you <sup>(91)</sup> stand  
 Within the arras when I strike my foot  
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
 Fast to the chain be heedful hence, and watch

*First Attend* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed

*Hub* Uncleanly scruples! fear not you look to't

*[Exeunt Attendants]*

Young lad, come forth, I have to say with you

*Enter ARTHUR*

*Arth* Good morrow, Hubert

*Hub* Good morrow, little prince

*Arth* As little prince, having so great a title  
 To be more prince, as may be — You are sad

*Hub* Indeed, I have been merrier

*Arth* Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I  
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
 Only for wantonness By my christendom,  
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
 I should be merry <sup>(92)</sup> as the day is long,  
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
 My uncle practises more harm to me

He is afraid of me, and I of him  
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?  
 No, indeed, is't not, and I would to heaven  
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert

*Hub* *[aside]* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead  
 Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch

*Arth* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to day



In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with you  
I warrant I love you more than you do me

*Hub* [*aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom —  
Read here, young Arthun

[*Showing a paper*]

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears —

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect  
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub* Young boy, I must

*Arth*

And will you?

*Hub*

And I will

*Arth* Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,  
I knit my handkercher about your blows,—  
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—  
And I did never ask it you again,  
And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"  
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"  
Many a poor man's son would have lien still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you,  
But you at your sick service had a prince  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning —do, an if you will  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why, then you must —Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes that never did nor never shall  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub*

I've sworn to do it,

And with hot irons must I burn them out

*Arth* Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!  
The iron of itself, though heat red hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation  
Even in the water of mine innocence, (33)



Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes  
Aie you more stubborn hard than hammer'd iron?  
An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd him,—no tongue but Hubert's  
*Hub* Come forth! [Stamps]

*Re enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c*

Do as I bid you do  
*Arth* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out  
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men

*Hub* Give me the non, I say, and bind him here

*Arth* Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still  
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb,  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angerly  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to

*Hub* Go, stand within, let me alone with him

*Fust Attend* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed  
[Exeunt Attendants]

*Arth* Alas, I then have chid away my friend!  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart —  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours

*Hub* Come, boy, prepare yourself

*Arth* Is there no remedy?

*Hub* None, but to lose your eyes

*Arth* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible

*Hub* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue

*Arth* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes



Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert,  
O! Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes O spare mine eyes,  
Though to no use but still to look on you!—  
Lo by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me

*Hub* I can heat it, boy

*Arth* No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserv'd extremes see else yourself,  
There is no malice in this burning coal,  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head

*Hub* But with my breath I can revive it, boy

*Arth* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tame him on  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny then office only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and non extend,  
Creatures of note for mercy lacking uses

*Hub* Well, see to live, I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very non to burn them out

*Arth* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised

*Hub* Peace, no more Adieu  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead,  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee

*Arth* O heaven! I thank you, Hubert

*Hub* Silence, no more go closely in with me  
Much danger do I undergo for thee [*Exeunt*



SCENE II *The same A room of state in the palace*

*Enter King JOHN, crowned, PEMBOKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords*  
*The King takes his state*

*K John* Here once again we sit, once again<sup>(94)</sup> crown'd,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes

*Pem* This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt,  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land  
With any long'd for change or better state

*Sal* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to gainish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess

*Pem* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
And in the last repeating troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unseasonable

*Sal* In this, the antique and well noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured,  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,  
Startles and frights consideration,  
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe

*Pem* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
They do confound their skill in covetousness,  
And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,—  
As patches set upon a little breach  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd

*Sal* To this effect, before you were new crown'd,



We breath'd our counsel but it pleas'd your highness  
To overbear 't, and we are all well pleas'd,  
Since all and every part of what we would  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will

*K John* Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong,  
And more, more strong, when<sup>(95)</sup> lesser is my fear,  
I shall indue you with meantime but ask  
What you would have reform'd that is not well,  
And well shall you perceive how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests

*Pem* Then I—as one that am the tongue of these,  
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,  
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them<sup>(96)</sup>  
Bend their best studies—heartily request  
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
To break into this dangerous argument,—  
If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
Why should your fears—which, as they say, attend  
The steps of wrong—then move you<sup>(97)</sup> to miew up  
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
The rich advantage of good exercise?  
That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
That you have bid us ask, his liberty,  
Which for our goods we do no further ask  
Than whereupon our weal, on you<sup>(98)</sup> depending,  
Counts it your weal he have his liberty

*K John* Let it be so I do commit his youth  
To your direction

*Enter HUBERT, whom King JOHN takes aside*

Hubert, what news with you?

*Pem* This is the man should do the bloody deed,  
He show'd his variant to a friend of mine  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye, that close aspect of his



Does show the mood of a much troubled breast  
 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,  
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do

*Sal* The colour of the king doth come and go  
 Between his purpose and his conscience,  
 Like heralds twixt two dreadful battles set <sup>(99)</sup>  
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break

*Pem* And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence  
 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death

*K John* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand  
 Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead  
 He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to night

*Sal* Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure

*Pem* Indeed, we heard how near his death he was  
 Before the child himself felt he was sick  
 This must be answer'd either here or hence

*K John* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?  
 Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
 Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal* It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame  
 That greatness should so grossly offer it  
 So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell

*Pem* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee,  
 And find th' inheritance of this poor child,  
 His little kingdom of a forced grave  
 That blood which ow'd the breath of all this isle,  
 Three foot of it doth hold —bad world the while!  
 This must not be thus borne this will break out  
 To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt [Exeunt Lords]

*K John* They burn in indignation I repent  
 There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
 No certain life achiev'd by others' death —

*Enter a Messenger*

A fearful eye thou hast where is that blood  
 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
 So foul a sky clears not without a storm  
 Pour down thy weather —how goes all in France?

*Mess* From France to England —Never such a power



For any foreign preparation  
Was levied in the body of a land  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them,  
For when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd

*K John* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's ear,<sup>(100)</sup>  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it?

*Mess* My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust, the first of April died  
Your noble mother and, as I hear, my lord,  
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before, but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard,—if true or false I know not

*K John* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!  
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—  
Under whose conduct come<sup>(101)</sup> those powers of France  
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

*Mess* Under the Dauphin

*K John* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings

*Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret*

Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full

*Bast* But if you be afraid to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head

*K John* Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd  
Under the tide but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood, and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will

*Bast* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express  
But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied,  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,



Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear  
 And here's a prophet, that I brought with me  
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
 With many hundreds treading on his heels,  
 To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rhymes,  
 That, ere the next Ascension day at noon,  
 Your highness should deliver up your crown

*K John* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

*Peter* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so

*K John* Hubert, away with him, imprison him  
 And on that day at noon, whereon he says  
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd  
 Deliver him to safety, and return,  
 For I must use thee

[*Exit Hubert with Peter*]

O my gentle cousin,  
 Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Bast* The French, my lord, men's mouths are full of it  
 Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury  
 With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,  
 And others more, going to seek the grave  
 Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to night  
 On your suggestion

*K John* Gentle kinsman, go,  
 And thrust thyself into their companies  
 I have a way to win their loves again,  
 Bring them before me

*Bast* I will seek them out

*K John* Nay, but make haste, the better foot before  
 O let me have no subject enemies,  
 When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!  
 Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,  
 And fly like thought from them to me again

*Bast* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed

*K John* Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman

[*Exit Bastard*]

Go after him, for he perhaps shall need  
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,  
 And be thou he

*Mess* With all my heart, my hege

[*Exit*]



*K John* My mother dead !

*Re enter HUBERT*

*Hub* My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night,  
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wondrous motion

*K John* Five moons !

*Hub* Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear,  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—  
Told of a many thousand warlike French  
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death

*K John* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him I had mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him

*Hub* No had, my lord <sup>(102)</sup> why, did you not provoke  
me ?

*K John* It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life,  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect

*Hub* Here is your hand and seal for what I did

*K John* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth



Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
 Witness against us to damnation !  
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
 Make ill deeds done ! Hadst not thou been by, <sup>(103)</sup>  
 A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
 Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
 This murder had not come into my mind  
 But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
 Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
 Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,  
 And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince

*Hub* My lord,—

*K John* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,  
 When I spake darkly what I purposed,  
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
 And <sup>(104)</sup> bid me tell my tale in express words,  
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me  
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
 And didst in signs again parley with sin, <sup>(105)</sup>  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 And consequently thy rude hand to act  
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name —  
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
 My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,  
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers  
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reign  
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death

*Hub* Arm you against your other enemies,  
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you  
 Young Arthur is alive this hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood  
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,  
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,—



Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child

*K John* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,  
Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience!  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art  
O, answer not, but to my closet bring  
The angry lords with all expedient haste!  
I conjure thee but slowly, run more fast [Exeunt

SCENE III *The same Before the castle*

*Enter, on the walls, ARTHUR, disguised as a ship boy*

*Arth* The wall is high, and yet will I leap down —  
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —  
There's few or none do know me if they did,  
This ship boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite  
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away  
As good to die and go, as die and stay [Leaps down  
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones —  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [Dus

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT*

*Sal* Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bay  
It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time

*Pem* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

*Sal* The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,  
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love<sup>(106)</sup>  
Is much more general than these lines import

*Big* To morrow morning let us meet him, then

*Sal* Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet



*Enter the Bastard*

*Bast* Once more to day well met, distemper'd lords !  
The king by me requests your presence straight

*Sal* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us  
We will not line his thin bestuned cloak  
With our pure honours,<sup>(107)</sup> nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks  
Return and tell him so we know the worst

*Bast* Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best

*Sal* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now

*Bast* But there is little reason in your grief,  
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now

*Pem* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege

*Bast* 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man<sup>(108)</sup> else

*Sal* This is the prison —what is he lies here ?

[*Seeing Arthur*]

*Pem* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !  
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed

*Sal* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge

*Big* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious princely for a grave

*Sal* Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,<sup>(109)</sup>  
Or have you read or heard ? or could you think ?

Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see ? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another ? This is the very top,<sup>(110)</sup>

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall ey'd wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse

*Pem* All murders past do stand excus'd in this  
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet unbecotten sins of time,<sup>(111)</sup>

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle

*Bast* It is a damn'd and a bloody work,



The graceless action of a heavy hand,—  
If that it be the work of any hand

*Sal* If that it be the work of any hand !—  
We had a kind of light what would ensue  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ,  
The practice and the purpose of the king —  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this run of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this head,<sup>(112)</sup>  
By giving it the worship of revenge

*Pcm* }  
*Big* } Our souls religiously confirm thy words

*Enter* HUBERT

*Hub* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you  
Arthur doth live , the king hath sent for you

*Sal* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death —  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

*Hub* I am no villain

*Sal* Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword*]

*Bast* Your sword is bright, sir , put it up again

*Sal* Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin

*Hub* Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand back, I say ,  
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ,  
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility

*Big* Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

*Hub* Not for my life but yet I dare defend  
My innocent self against an emperor <sup>(113)</sup>

*Sal* Thou art a murderer

*Hub* Do not prove me so ,  
Yet I am none whose tongue so'er speaks false,



Not truly speaks, who speaks not truly, lies

*Pem* Cut him to pieces

*Bast* Keep the peace, I say

*Sal* Stand by, or I shall gall you, Falconbridge

*Bast* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury

If thou but flown on me, or stin thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead Put up thy sword betime,

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting uon,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell

*Big* What wilt thou do, renowned Falconbridge?  
Second a villain and a murderer?

*Hub* Lord Bigot, I am none

*Big* Who kill'd this prince?

*Hub* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well

I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss

*Sal* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum,

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

Like rivers of remorse and innocency

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter house,

For I am stifled with this smell of sin

*Big* Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

*Pem* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

*Bast* Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?  
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert

*Hub* Do but hear me, sir —

*Bast* Ha! I'll tell thee what,  
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black,  
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child

*Hub* Upon my soul,—

*Bast* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,



And if thou want'st a coid, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will seive to strangle thee, a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on, or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up  
I do suspect thee very grievously

*Hub* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
I left him well

*Bast* Go, bear him in thine arms —  
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world —  
How easy dost thou take all England up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven, and England now is left  
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth  
Th' unowed interest of proud-swelling state  
Now for the bare pick'd bone of majesty  
Doth dogged war bustle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace  
Now powers from home and discontents at home  
Meet in one line, and vast confusion waits,  
As doth a raven on a sick fall'n beast,  
The imminent decay of wisted pomp  
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture<sup>(114)</sup> can  
Hold out this tempest — Bear away that child,  
And follow me with speed I'll to the king  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land

[*Eceunt*



## ACT V

SCENE I *Northampton* <sup>(11)</sup> *A room in the palace**Enter* KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown*, and Attendants

*K John* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory

*Pand*Take 't again <sup>(116)</sup>[*Giving King John the crown*]

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope  
Your sovereign greatness and authority

*K John* Now keep your holy word go meet the French,  
And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd  
Our discontented counties do revolt,  
Our people quarrel with obedience,  
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty  
This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualified  
Then pause not, for the present time's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues

*Pand* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope  
But since you are a gentle convertite,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land  
On this Ascension day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms

[*Exit*]

*K John* Is this Ascension day? Did not the prophet  
Say, that before Ascension day at noon  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have  
I did suppose it should be on constraint,  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary

*Enter the Bastard*

*Bast* All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out



But Dover Castle London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy,  
And wild amazement humbles up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends

*K John* Would not my lords return to me again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bast* They found him dead, and cast into the streets  
An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away

*K John* That villain Hubert told me he did live

*Bast* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought,  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye  
Be stung as the time, be fire with fire,  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the blow  
Of bragging horror so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours<sup>(117)</sup> from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution  
Away, and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field  
Show boldness and aspiring confidence  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
O let it not be said!—Forage,<sup>(118)</sup> and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors,  
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh  
*K John* The legate of the Pope hath been with me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him,  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin

*Bast* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair play offers,<sup>(119)</sup> and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,



A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
 And flesh his spuit in a warlike soil,  
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms  
 Perchance the cardinal cannot make you peace,  
 Or if he do, let it at least be said

They saw we had a purpose of defence

*A John* Have thou the ordering of this present time

*Bast* Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,  
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe [Exeunt

SCENE II *Near St Edmund's Bury The French camp*

*Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and  
 Soldiers*

*Lou* My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
 And keep it safe for our remembrance  
 Return the precedent to these lords again,  
 That, having our fair order written down,  
 Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable

*Sal* Upon our sides it never shall be broken  
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
 A voluntary zeal and unuig'd<sup>(120)</sup> faith  
 To your proceedings, yet, believe me, prince,  
 I am not glad that such a sore of time  
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
 And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound  
 By making many O, it grieves my soul,  
 That I must draw this metal from my side  
 To be a widow-maker! O, and there  
 Where honourable rescue and defence  
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!  
 But such is the infection of the time,  
 That, for the health and physie of our right,  
 We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 Of stern injustice and confusèd wrong —



And is t not pity, O my grieved friends,  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,  
Wherein we step after a stranger march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies ranks,—I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spur<sup>(11)</sup> of this enforced cause,—  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here?  
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!  
That Neptune's aims, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And grapple<sup>(12)</sup> thee unto a pagan shore,  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

*Lou.* A noble temper dost thou show in this,  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Do make an earthquake of nobility  
O what a noble combat hast thou<sup>(13)</sup> fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect!  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation,  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors  
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this storm  
Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full of warm blood,<sup>(14)</sup> of mirth, of gossiping  
Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
Into the purse of rich prosperity  
As Louis himself —so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine —



And even there, methinks, an angel spake  
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
 And on our actions set the name of right  
 With holy breath

*Enter PANDULPH, attended*

*Pand*                    Hail, noble Prince of France !  
 The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd  
 Himself to Rome, his spirit is come in,  
 That so stood out against the holy church,  
 The great metropolis and see of Rome  
 Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,  
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
 And be no further harmful than in show

*Lou* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back  
 I am too high born to be propertied,  
 To be a secondary at control,  
 Or useful serving man, and instrument,  
 To any sovereign state throughout the world  
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
 Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,  
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire,  
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it  
 You taught me how to know the face of right,  
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart,  
 And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
 His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?  
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine,  
 And, now it is half conquer'd, must I back  
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?  
 Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome borne,  
 What men provided, what munition sent,  
 To underprop this action ? Is't not I  
 That undergo this charge ? who else but I,



And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business and maintain this war ?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roi* ' as I have bank'd their towns ?  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?  
 And shall I now give over the yielded set ?  
 No, on my soul, <sup>(125)</sup> it never shall be said

*Pand* You look but on the outside of this work

*Lou* Outside or inside, I will not return  
 Till my attempt so much be glorified  
 As to my ample hope was promised  
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown  
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death — [*Trumpet sounds*  
 What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

*Enter the Bastard, attended*

*Bast* According to the fan play of the world,  
 Let me have audience, I am sent to speak —  
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him,  
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
 And warrant limited unto my tongue

*Pand* The Dauphin is too wilful opposite,  
 And will not temporize with my entreaties, <sup>(126)</sup>  
 He flintily says he'll not lay down his arms

*Bast* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
 The youth says well — Now hear our English king,  
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me  
 He is prepar'd, and reason too he should  
 This rash and unmannerly approach,  
 This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,  
 This unman'd sauciness and boyish troop, <sup>(127)</sup>  
 The king doth smile at and is well prepar'd  
 To whip this dwarfish war, these <sup>(128)</sup> pigmy aims,  
 From out the circle of his territories  
 That hand which had the strength, even at your door,  
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,



To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ,  
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks ,  
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ,  
 To hug with swine , to seek sweet safety out  
 In vaults and prisons , and to thrill and shake  
 Even at the cying of your nation's crow, <sup>(129)</sup>  
 Thinking his <sup>(10)</sup> voice an armed Englishman ,—  
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,  
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?  
 No know <sup>(131)</sup> the gallant monarch is in arms ,  
 And, like an eagle o'er his airy, towers,  
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest —  
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame ,  
 For your own ladies and pale visag'd maids,  
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums,—  
 Then thumbles into armed gauntlets chang'd, <sup>(132)</sup>  
 Then needs <sup>(133)</sup> to lances, and their gentle hearts  
 To fierce and bloody inclination

*Lou* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace ,  
 We giant thou canst outscold us fare thee well ,  
 We hold our time too precious to be spent  
 With such a brabble!

*Pand* Give me leave to speak

*Bast* No, I will speak

*Lou* We will attend to neither —

Strike up the drums , and let the tongue of war  
 Plead for our interest and our being here

*Bast* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ,  
 And so shall you, being beaten do but start  
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd  
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ,  
 Sound but another, and another shall,  
 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
 And mock the deep mouth'd thunder for at hand—  
 Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
 Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need—  
 Is wailike John , and in his forehead sits



A bale iibb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French

*Lou* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out

*Bast* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt

[*Exeunt*]

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SCENE III *The same A field of battle*

*Alarums Enter King JOHN and HUBERT*

*K John* How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert

*Hub* Badly, I fear How fares your majesty?

*K John* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me,—O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mess* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
And send him word by me which way you go

*K John* Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there

*Mess* Be of good comfort, for the great supply,  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are<sup>a34</sup> wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands  
This news was brought to Richard but even now  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves

*K John* Ay me, this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news!—  
Set on toward Swinstead to my litter straight,  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint

[*Exeunt*]

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SCENE IV *The same Another part of the same*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT*

*Sal* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends

*Pem* Up once again, put spirit in the French  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal* That misbegotten devil, Falconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day



*Pem* They say King John sore sick hath left the field

*Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers*

*Mel* Lead me to the revolts of England here

*Sal* When we were happy we had other names

*Pem* It is the Count Melun

*Sal* Wounded to death

*Mel* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold,  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,<sup>(135)</sup>  
And welcome home again discarded faith  
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet,  
For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means<sup>(136)</sup> to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury,  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love

*Sal* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Mel* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life,  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
Why should I, then, be false, since it is true  
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?  
I say again, if Louis do win the day,  
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east  
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath  
Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day wearied sun,—  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,  
Paying the fine of rated treachery,  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Louis by your assistance win the day  
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king  
The love of him,—and this respect besides,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—



Awakes my conscience to confess all this  
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field,  
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
 In peace, and part this body and my soul  
 With contemplation and devout desires

*Sal* We do believe thee —and beshrew my soul  
 But I do love the favour and the form  
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
 We will untread the steps of damned flight,  
 And, like a bated and returned flood,  
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,  
 And calmly run on in obedience,  
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John —  
 My aim shall give thee help to bear thee hence,  
 For I do see the cruel pang<sup>s</sup> of death  
 Right in thine eye <sup>(137)</sup>—Away, my friends! New flight,  
 And happy newness, that intends old night  
 [Exeunt, leading off Melun]

SCENE V *The same The French camp*

*Enter LOUIS and his Train*

*Lou* The sun of heaven methought was loth to set,  
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,  
 When th' English measur'd backward their own ground<sup>(138)</sup>  
 In faint retire O, bravely came we off,  
 When with a volley of our needless shot,  
 After such bloody toil, we bid good night,  
 And wound our tattering colours clearly up,<sup>(139)</sup>  
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mess* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

*Lou* Here —what news?

*Mess* The Count Melun is slain, the English lords,  
 By his persuasion, are again fall'n off,



And you supply, which you have wish'd so long  
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands

*Lou* Ah, foul shiewd news!—beshiew thy very heart!—  
I did not think to be so sad to night  
As this hath made me —Who was he that said  
King John did fly an hour or two before  
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mess* Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord

*Lou* Well, keep good quater and good care to night  
The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fan adventure of to-morrow [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *An open place near Sunnstead Abbey*

*Enter, severally, the Bastard and HUBERT*

*Hub* Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot

*Bast* A friend —What art thou?

*Hub* Of the part of England

*Bast* Whither dost thou go?

*Hub* What's that to thee?

*Bast* Why may not I demand  
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

*Hubert* I think?<sup>(140)</sup>

*Hub* Thou hast a perfect thought  
I will, upon all hazards, well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well  
Who art thou?

*Bast* Who thou wilt an if thou please,  
Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think  
I come one way of the Plantagenets

*Hub* Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless<sup>(141)</sup> night  
Have done me shame —brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear

*Bast* Come, come, sans compliment, what news abroad?

*Hub* Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out

*Bast* Brief, then, and what's the news?



*Hub* O, my sweet son, news fitting to the night,—  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible

*Bast* Show me the very wound of this ill news  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon<sup>(142)</sup> at it

*Hub* The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this

*Bast* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*Hub* A monk, I tell you, a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out the king  
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover

*Bast* Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

*Hub* Why, know you not the lords are all come back,  
And brought Prince Henry in their company?  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty

*Bast* Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—  
These Lincoln washes have devoured them,  
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd  
Away, before! conduct me to the king,  
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *The orchard of Swinestead Abbey*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOR

*P Hen* It is too late the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure<sup>(143)</sup> brain—  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house—  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality

*Enter* PEMBROKE

*Pem* His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief  
That, being brought into the open air,



It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him

*P Hen* Let him be brought into the orchard here —  
Doth he still rage? [*Exit Bigot*]

*Pem* He is more patient  
Than when you left him, even now he sung

*P Hen* O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes  
In their continuance will not feel themselves  
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
Leaves them insensible, <sup>(144)</sup> and 's siege is now  
Against the mind, <sup>(145)</sup> the which he picks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves 'Tis strange that death should sing —  
I am the cygnet <sup>(146)</sup> to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest

*Sal* Be of good comfort, prince, for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude

*Re enter BIGOT, with Attendants carrying King JOHN in a chair*

*K John* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow room,  
It would not out at windows nor at doors  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up

*P Hen* How fares your majesty?

*K John* Poison'd, — ill fare, — dead, forsook, cast off  
And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold — I do not ask you much, <sup>(147)</sup>  
I beg cold comfort, and you are so strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that



*P Hen* O that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you !

*K John* The salt in them is hot —  
Within me is a hell, and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable condemned blood

*Enter the Bastard*

*Bast* O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your majesty !

*K John* O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair  
My heart hath one poor sting to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,  
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,  
And model<sup>(148)</sup> of confounded royalty

*Bast* The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
Where heaven he knows<sup>(149)</sup> how we shall answer him,  
For in a night the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes all unwarily  
Devoured by the unexpected flood

*[King John dies]*

*Sal* You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear —  
My liege ! my lord !—but now a king,—now thus

*P Hen* Even so must I run on, and even so stop  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay ?

*Bast* Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind  
To do the office for thee of revenge,  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still —  
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers ? show now your mended faiths,  
And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought,  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels



*Sal* It seems you know not, then, so much as we  
 The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
 Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,  
 And brings from him such offers of our peace  
 As we with honour and respect may take,  
 With purpose presently to leave this war

*Bast* He will the rather do it when he sees  
 Ourselves well sinewed to our defence

*Sal* Nay, it is in a manner done already,  
 For many carriages he hath dispatch'd  
 To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrel  
 To the disposing of the cardinal  
 With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
 To consummate this business happily

*Bast* Let it be so —and you, my noble prince,  
 With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
 Shall wait upon your father's funeral <sup>(150)</sup>

*P Hen* At Worcester must his body be interr'd  
 For so he will'd it

*Bast* Thither shall it, then  
 And happily may your sweet self put on  
 The lineal state and glory of the land  
 To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
 I do bequeath my faithful services  
 And true subjection everlastingly

*Sal* And the like tender of our love we make,  
 To rest without a spot for evermore

*P Hen* I have a kind soul that would give you <sup>(151)</sup>  
 thanks,

And knows not how to do it but with tears

*Bast* O let us pay the time but needful woe,  
 Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs —  
 This <sup>(152)</sup> England never did, nor never shall,  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
 But when it first did help to wound itself  
 Now these her princes are come home again,  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them naught shall make us rue,  
 If England to itself do rest but true

[*Exeunt*



P 7 (1) *lent*

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 117) would read *sent*

P 7 (2) *With that half face*

Theobald's correction — The folio has *With half that face*

P 8 (3) *And if*

Here Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 103) would read *And if* — a Hanmer does

P 8 (4) *hazards*

Qy *hazard* ?

P 9 (5) *Sir Robert his* '

*e* Sir Roberts — The folio has '*Sir Roberts his* ' which several of the earlier editors retain inserting with the fourth folio the apostrophe in the word Roberts — Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 117) would read *Sir Robert's his* ' — *δευτεριως* — Mr W N Lettsom (note, *ibid*) believes the reading '*Sir Roberts his* ' (a double genitive) to be the right one

P 9 (6) *"I*

The folio has *It* — Corrected in the second folio

P 9 (7) *'but arise more great,—*

*Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet'*

The folio has '*but rise more great,* ' &c

P 10 (8) *"smack*

The folio has "*smoake*

P 10 (9) *And*

Mr W N Lettsom proposes "*E'en*

P 11 (10) *he* '

Not in the folio



P 12 (11) *Thou art the issue of my dear offence*

The folio has *That art the* &c (The words *thou* and *that* —being often written <sup>u</sup>y and <sup>t</sup>y —were not unfrequently confounded) —Corrected in the fourth folio

## P 12 (12)

## K Phi

The folio has 'Lewis —The late M<sup>r</sup> W W Williams (in *The Parthenon* for August 16 1862 p 506) observes This speech is given [in the folio] to Louis although the line *At our importance hither is he* [*i.e.* Austria] come is alone sufficient to show to whom it should belong [to King Philip] Again after a few words from Arthur to the Duke Louis patronisingly commends him as

A noble *boy* ' who would not do thee right ?

Yet we know that these young princes were about the same age and had been educated together This blind adherence to the prefixes of the folio (elsewhere admittedly most inaccurate) appears to have arisen from Shakespeare having crowded into this drama the events of several years In the later acts Louis plays a conspicuous part and heads the invasion of England but at the period in question he was a mere youth and was evidently so considered by the dramatist If we read the whole of this scene carefully, we can hardly fail to perceive that Louis is not intended to speak until called upon to express his sentiments with regard to marrying the Lady Blanch When King John proposes the marriage to King Philip, the latter addresses his son by

'What say'st thou *boy* ? look in the lady's face

and King John afterwards asks, 'What say the *e young* ones? How consistently with real or dramatic decorum, could a headless boy a cockered silken wanton as Louis is described by Philip Falconbridge be *the first* to welcome the Duke of Austria before Angiers and thus in the presence of his father the King of France? The first speech given to King Philip in the received text commences with 'Well then, to work' &c, and implies that he had previously spoken With a few unimportant exceptions Shakespeare invariably makes his monarchs and great personages open and conclude the dialogue, whenever they appear This further exception in 'King John' would be a strange and most suspicious instance of the reverse I may add too that in the old play— *The Troublesome Raigne of King John of England*—upon which Shakespeare founded his drama, the corresponding speech is assigned, and with undeniable propriety to King Philip

P 13 (13) ' *But with a heart full of unstrained love* '

M<sup>r</sup> Collier & M<sup>s</sup> Corrector reads — unstrained love —against which very plausible alteration Mr Knight (*Spec of the Stratford Shakespeare* p 2) has adduced from *Pericles* act 1 sc 1 *my unsportall fine of love* Compare too a passage towards the close of the present play p 76,

'And the like tender of our love we make  
To rest *without a spot* for evermore



P 13 (14)

K Phi

The folio has Lewis'

P 14 (15)

*so indirectly shed*

Mr Collier & Ms Corrector reads *So indiscreetly shed* on which an anonymous critic writes as follows Indirectly is Shakespeare's word The Ms Corrector suggests 'indiscreetly—a most unhappy substitution, which we are surprised that the generally judicious Mr Singer should approve of Indiscreetly means imprudently inconsiderately 'Indirectly means wrongfully iniquitously as may be learnt from these lines in *King Henry V* where the French king is denounced as a usurper and is told that Henry

bids you then resign

Your crown and kingdom, *indirectly* held

From him the native and true challenger

It was certainly the purpose of Constance to condemn the rash shedding of blood as something worse than indiscreet—as criminal and unjust—and this she did by employing the term *indirectly* in the Shakespearean sense of that word *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept 1853 p 304 —According to Mr Giant White *so indirectly* means so from the purpose, so extravagantly and therefore wantonly —Mr W N Lettsom says 'Read '*indiscreetly*' with Collier & Corrector Staunton would have it that '*indirectly* may mean '*wrongfully* ' but *wrongfully* would make much worse sense here than *indiscreetly* ' '

P 14 (16)

*Ate*

The folio has 'Ace

P 15 (17)

*'And his is Geoffrey's*

*is* whatever was Geoffrey's is now *his* (*Arthur's*) —So Mason —The folio has '*And this is Geoffrey's* —the transcriber or compositor having by mistake repeated the '*this*' which stands immediately above

P 15 (18)

*'from'*

Altered by Hammer to *to* —"rightly perhaps, as '*from*' may have been caught from the preceding line

P 15 (19)

*'breast'*

The folio has "beast"

P 16 (20)

*'shows'*

The folio has "shoes" —Corrected by Theobald —"The Var argument [in defence of the old reading] amounts to this —Some inferior writers have made an allusion with propriety, therefore we are warranted in believing that one infinitely their superior made the same allusion ridiculously." W N LETTSOM



P 16 (21)

*Aust* What cracker is this same that deaf our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?—

*King Philip* determine what we shall do straight

*K Phi* Women and fools break off your conference —

The folio has

*' Aust* What cracker is this same that deafes our eeres  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

*King Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait

*Lew* Women & fooles beake off your conscience

and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 4) after remarking that in our poet *Lewis* [*Louis*] is always a monosyllable declares that Mr Knight has here 'properly restored the reading of the folio — the punctuation altered to ' *King* — *Lewis* — determine &c But since Walker wrote Mr Knight has agreed with other more recent editors that the word *King* is the prefix to the third line and with that distribution of the speeches I allowed the passage to stand in my former edition

*Aust* What cracker is this same that deafs our eeres  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

*A Phi* Louis determine what we shall do straight

*Lou* Women and fools break off your conference —'

But I now feel convinced that the alteration (Theobald's) which I have adopted in my present edition is the right one If the line

*King Philip*, determine what we shall do straight'

be objected to as having a redundant syllable it must be remembered that our early dramatists do not always adhere strictly to the laws of metre when proper names are introduced see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI* And compare the form of address which Austria uses to the same monarch in the next act, p 34

*' King Philip* listen to the cardinal

Do so *King Philip* hang no more in doubt

P 16 (22)

Anjou,

The folio has ' Angiers

P 17 (23) "Do, child go to it grandam child" &amp;c

Capell printed '*Do go child go go to its grandame child*' &c — Mr W N Lettsom suggests *Do child go child go to it grandam child* &c and I fully agree with him when he says (note on Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 118) that '*Constance* here is evidently mimicking the imperfect babble of the nursery

P 17 (24)

this is

An interpolation? — Dr Guest takes a very different view of the metre here see his *Hist of English Rhythms* vol 1 pp 87, 261



P 17 (25) *he s*

M<sub>1</sub> W N Lettsom would read ' she s

P 17 (26) *plagu d*

Roderick s correction —The folio has *plague*

P 17 (27) *And all for her a plague upon her '*

M<sub>1</sub> W N Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol III p 119) conjectures *And all for her* and by her *a plague upon her '*

P 18 (28) *All preparation for a bloody rage  
And merciless proceeding by these French  
Confront your city s eyes*

The folio has ' Comfort yours Citties eyes ' —Corrected by Rowe

P 18 (29) *' ordinance*

To be pronounced here (as spelt in the folio) " ordinance

P 19 (30) *' But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,*

The bad English ( *proffer d offer* ) the cacophony and the two syllable ending so uncommon in this play prove that *offer* is a corruption originating in *proffer'd* Read I think ' love Compare 1 *Henry VI* iv 2

*' But if you frown upon this proffer d peace ' &c*

and just below

*' If you forsake the offer of our love*

Walker s *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 290

P 19 (31) *' roudure '*

Here the spelling of the folio is "rounder " but in our author's 21st *Sonnet* we have

*" and all things are*

*That heaven s air in this huge roudure hems "*

(Fr *rondeur* )

P 21 (32) *"First Cit Heralds " &c*

To this and to the subsequent speeches of the same person the folio prefixes ' Hubert '—which Mr Knight chooses to retain Possibly, as Mr Collier remarks *ad l* the actor of the part of Hubert also personated the Citizen and this may have led to the insertion of his name in the Ms That the doubling of parts was formerly not unusual, we have evidence in the early eds of various old plays



P 21 (33) *Say shall the current of our right run on ?*

So the second folio —The first has — rome on " (a misprint I presume for runne, which is the spelling of the folio in act iii sc 4 act v sc 1, — or perhaps for ionne, ' since the Ms might have had that spelling) —Compare a later passage of this play p 71

' And calmly run on in obedience  
Even to our ocean, to our great King John

P 22 (34) *waters*

So Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The folio has water

P 22 (35) *' You equal potent fiery kindled prints '*

The folio has You equall Potents &c —I adopt the reading of Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 28) from whom Mr Collier's Ms Corrector only differs in giving ' fire kyndled —Mr W N Lettsom proposes fire enkindled '

P 22 (36) *' we*

Theobald at Waibuton's suggestion, printed ye ' which Hammer and Capell also preferred

P 22 (37) *' King d of our fears until our fears resolv'd  
Be by some certain king purg d and depos d '*

The folio has ' Kings of our feare &c —I adopt Tyrwhitt's reading compare *Henry V* act ii sc 4, " For my good hege she [*i e* England] is so idly *kyng d*," &c The citizens as Mason remarks " must suppose their fears to be kings before they could depose them "

P 23 (38) *' thunders '*

Capell's conjecture.—The folio has Thunder

P 24 (39) *' That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanch,  
Is neece to England '*

The folio has " Is neere to England —but since we find at p 14 ' With her her *nece*, the Lady Blanch of Spaine ' at p 25 " Give with our *nece* a dowry large enough ' &c and at p 26, " What say you my *nece* ?"—in which passages the spelling of the folio is " *neece* "—I make no doubt that Mr Collier's Ms Corrector is right in regarding the " *neere* " of the present passage as a misprint for " *neece* "—Mr Knight patronizes the old reading " there is, ' he says a dramatic propriety in making a humble citizen speak indefinitely of the relationship *Spec of the Stratford Shakspeare*, p 4 On the contrary I think it quite natural that the Citizen should speak with precision on so important an affair as the proposed alliance and describe the lady as ' daughter of Spaine and *neece* to England (Lest some over-subtle critic should object to this very slight alteration, on the ground that the folio gives " *neece* " with a capital letter and *neere* " without one I may



observe that, as a matter of course the compositor would not use a capital letter for a word which he erroneously supposed to be an adjective )

P 24 (40) *If not complete O* ’

So Hanmer —The folio has *If not compleat of* (In the *Errata* to *Somerville’s Chase* 1735 4to we find Book I line 204 instead of *Of Breasts* read *O Breasts* )

P 24 (41) *not*

Mr Swynfen Jarvis and Mr W N Lettsom independently conjecture but (The two words are very frequently confounded by early printers )

P 24 (42) *as she*

The folio has as *shee*

P 25 (43) *more*

Here, and in the next line this word was altered to ‘so’ by Pope

P 25 (44) *stay* ’

‘I cannot but think that every reader wishes for some other word in the place of ‘*stay*’ which though it may signify an *hindrance* or *man that hinders* is yet very improper to introduce the next line ’ JOHNSON ‘*Stay* is perhaps the last word that could have come from Shakespeare Steevens and Malone defend it by the customary argument —A crowd of ordinary writers have used ‘*stay*’ properly therefore Shakespeare must have used it improperly ” W N LETTSOM Johnson proposed *flaw* which Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol II p 294) says is indisputably right ‘*flaw*’— *stay* is like the error in *Romeo and Juliet* II 1, fol p 59, col 1 — Pronant, but Loue and *day* for ‘Pronounce but Loue and *doue* ’—Mr Spedding conjectures ‘*storm* ’

P 25 (45) *the* ’

Mr W N Lettsom conjectures ‘*ye* ’

P 25 (46) *Angou,*

The folio has ‘*Angieis* ’

P 27 (47) “ *for I am well assur’d*  
*That I did so when I was first assur’d* ”

The second ‘*assur’d*’ means—affianced, contracted and the repetition of the word is I think, in Shakespeare’s occasional manner But Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol I p 273) says “It is impossible that this repetition of the same word in a different sense—there being no quibble intended, or anything else to justify it—can have proceeded from Shakespeare Read ‘when I was first *affied*, & *e betrothed*’



P 27 (48) widow

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads widow d

P 28 (49) am

So Mason and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The folio has ayd '

P 30 (50) and sightless

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes ' unsightly

P 30 (51) *I will instruct my sorrows to be proud  
For grief is proud and makes his owner stout '*

So Haumer —The folio has " — and makes his owner stoope

P 31 (52) ' sorrow

The folio has ' sorowes ' —which cannot be right here, though the plural may stand in the second line of this speech

P 31 (53) " *Is cold in amity and painted peace,*

Hammer altered *cold* ' to *cool d*, ' Capell to "*clad* ' Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads ' — and faint in *peace*

P 32 (54) ' day

The folio has ' daies '

P 32 (55) ' an ' "

Mr W N Lettsom suggests " wert ' "

P 33 (56) ' *What earthly name to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king "*

The folio has

*What earthie name to Interrogatories  
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King ? '*

P 34 (57) ' *the devil tempts thee here  
In likeness of a new uptrimm'd bride '*

The folio has " — a new vntrimmed Bride " —In support of the correction ' *uptrimm'd* ' (which was proposed by me before it had been announced as the reading of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —see *Notes and Queries* vol vi p 6) compare the following line from another play of Shakespeare, where a bride is spoken of

" Go waken Juliet go, and trim her up ' "

*Romeo and Juliet*, act iv sc 4



So too Malloze

But by her glass disdainful pride she learns  
 Not she herself but first *trimm'd up* discerns  
*Ovid's Elegies,—Works* p 335 ed Dyce 1853

P 35 (58) *and*

Seems observes Mr W N Lettsom to have intruded from the line next below

P 35 (59) *A chaf'd lion*

So Theobald —The folio has '*A cased Lion*'—which could only mean '*a lion stripped of his skin flayed*' so in *All's well that ends well* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we *case* him act iii sc 6 and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*

then have you *cas'd*

And hung up i the warren Act v sc 1 —

The alteration '*A chased lion*' &c is obviously wrong nor is '*A caged lion*' &c much better for, as Mr Knight *ad l* remarks 'the paw of a confined lion is often held with impunity' —The right reading is undoubtedly

*A chaf'd lion* &c In the following passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* where the 4to of 1620 has '*Chaf'd*' the other eds have '*Chast*' and (let it be particularly observed) '*Cast*'

'And what there is of vengeance in *a lion*

*Chaf'd* among dogs on robb'd of his dear young' &c  
 Act v sc 3

Moreover, in our author's *Henry V* we find

"so looks the *chaf'd* lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,' &c  
 Act iii sc 2

and in Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*,

— he frets like a *chaf'd* lion Act v sc 2

P 36 (60) '*For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss*  
*Is not amiss when it is truly done*  
*And being not done where doing tends to ill,*  
*The truth is then most done not doing it*'

In the second line Hammer printed '*Is most amiss*, &c Warburton reads '*Is yet amiss*, &c Johnson conjectures "*Is not amiss*" &c and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes '*Is but amiss*,' &c,—an alteration which also occurred to Mr W N Lettsom

'Pandolph having conjured the king to perform his first vow to heaven, —to be champion of the church,—tells him that what he has since sworn is sworn against himself, and therefore may not be performed by him for that, says he, which you have sworn to do amiss is not amiss (i.e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all), and being



*not done* where it would be a *sin* to do it the *truth* is *most done* when you do it not So in *Love's Labour's lost*

'It is religion to be thus forsworn '

RITSON —

Again in *Cymbeline*

'she is fool'd

With a most false effect and I the truer

So to be false with her '

By placing the second couplet of this sentence before the first the passage will appear perfectly clear Where doing tends to all where an intended act is criminal the *truth* is *most done* by *not doing* the act The criminal act therefore, which thou hast sworn to do *is not amiss* will not be imputed to you as a crime if it be done *truly* in the sense I have now applied to *truth* that is if you do *not* do it MALONE — The corruptions of the text introduced by Hanmer Warburton and Johnson absolutely invert their author's meaning and stultify his whole argument if Shakespeare may be his own interpreter The adverb *amiss* in the first line expresses Pandulph's construction of the deed which K Philip had sworn to do but no part of K Philip's purpose in swearing to do it the deed the latter had sworn to do was in his estimation at the time of swearing just and right and the last two lines are Shakespeare's own exposition of the meaning attached by himself to the words *truly done* in the second line, when applied to a deed which, according to Pandulph's construction it was amiss to do so that Hanmer, Warburton and Johnson make Shakespeare say that a wrong deed is done amiss when it is not done at all!!" &c ARROWSMITH (in *The Editor of Notes and Queries*, &c p 7)

P 36 (61)

"By which "

Johnson's conjecture and so Capell (who also added 'by' to this line) — The folio has 'By what — Hanmer reads "By that

P 36 (62)

*Against an oath the truth thou art unsure*

*To swear swears only not to be forsworn, ' &c*

Capell gives this very obscure passage thus

"*Against an oath, the truth thou art unsure*

*Who swears, swears only not to be forsworn ' &c*

P 36 (63)

"vow"

The folio has "vowes "

P 36 (64)

"*The peril of our curses light*"

See note 116 on *Love's Labour's lost*

P 38 (65)

"lives "

Capell prints "lives" — on account of 'lives' in the next line



P 38 (66) *allay t*  
 Capell's conjecture and so too M<sup>1</sup> W N Lettsom — The folio has *allay* "

P 38 (67) *The blood and dearest valu d blood of France*  
 Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 292) would read *The best and dearest valu d &c*

P 38 (68) *Some airy devil hovers in the sly*  
 Theobald by M<sup>1</sup> Warburton's direction substituted *Some feely devil &c* an alteration which M<sup>1</sup> Collier's M<sup>s</sup> Conjector also makes but see the quotations in the *Var Shakespeare* (from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Nash's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*) to support the old reading and compare 'those spirits that hover in the ayre' Johnson's *Seven Champions of Christendom*, Part First sig B 4, ed 4to, n d

P 38 (69) *Hubert keep thou this boy*  
 So Tyrwhitt — The folio omits *thou* — Pope printed 'There Hubert keep this boy' — In Guest's *Hist of English Rhythms*, vol 1 p 238 this line is cited from the old copy as right and as resembling in metre certain lines of *Anglo Saxon poetry* '

P 38 (70) *Philip* '  
 Here the king who had knighted him by the name of Sir *Richard*, calls him by his former name STEEVENS This impropriety (such as it is) did not escape the notice of some of the earlier editors hence the alteration here of "*Philip*" to "*Richard*" by Theobald and to *cousin* by Hammer

P 38 (71) *So*  
*So strongly guarded* "  
 'The second *So*,' says M<sup>1</sup> W N Lettsom, 'should be *More* '

P 39 (72) *'set at liberty*  
*Imprison'd angels* "  
 The folio has  
*"imprisoned angels*  
*Set at libertie* " —

Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol III p 119) made the necessary transposition

P 39 (73) *"now"*  
 Theobald gave Warburton's highly probable conjecture, *war* "

P 39 (74) *tune*  
 So Pope — The folio has "tune" (The words are often confounded by our early printers)



P 40 (75)

*if the midnight bell*

*Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth  
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night*

The folio has *Sound on into the drowsie eare of night* But here (as in many other passages) on is merely (as Theobald first saw) the old spelling of *one* and that *eare* is a misprint for *ear* (which used almost always to have the final *e*—as in the folio in the next scene. Vering the dull *eare* of a *drowsie* man) I had felt confident long before Mr Collier *ad* suggested the latter reading—which it now appears was also that of his Ms Corrector—Here *'into* is equivalent to *unto* (see note 9 on *The Tempest* and note 50 on *All's well that ends well*)

1864 I must add a word or two on the supposed contradiction of the *midnight* bell sounding *one*—Notwithstanding the judicious notes of Theobald and Steevens on this passage Mr Collier attempts to defend *sound on* by talking about the “twelve times repeated strokes &c and the prolonged vibration of the last blow on the bell &c and the remark with which he concludes his note exhibits him at his ‘old trick of misrepresentation and concealment ‘It is almost droll to find the Rev Mr Dyce contending that the midnight bell means the bell at one in the morning and calling three witnesses to the fact who none of them support him by their evidence &c In my *Five Notes* &c to which he alludes, I observed that

in such a passage [as the *midnight* bell sounding *one*] a poet may be forgiven for not expressing himself according to the exact matter of fact when even prose writers from the earliest times to the present occasionally employ very inaccurate language in speaking of the hours of darkness p 88 and I gave three examples of that *inaccuracy of language*—all three quite to the purpose and the first of them, which I now subjoin (*and which Mr Collier of course, ignores*) serving to confirm the reading *one* It happened that *betweene twelve and one a clocke at midnight* there blew a mighty storme of winde against the house’ &c *The Famous History of Doctor Faustus*, sig K 3 ed 1648 (a tract which originally appeared towards the close of the preceding century)

P 40 (76)

*‘tuckling’*

Mr Collier s Ms Corrector reads *tingling*”

P 40 (77)

*‘brooded’*

Pope substituted ‘*broad ey’d*’—Here ‘*brooded*’ is considered as equivalent to ‘*brooding*’ and Mr Staunton cites from Massinger’s *City Madam*, act iii sc 3, the expression *brooding eye*”

P 41 (78)

*go*  
*‘attend’*

In this line ‘*go*’ was most probably repeated by mistake from the preceding speech—The folio has *attend* corrected in the third folio (*to attend*)

P 41 (79)

*‘convented’*

So Mason (*Comments* &c 1807 p 558) and Mr Collier s Ms Corrector—



The folio has 'convicted'—a word which (though it formerly meant 'vanquished overpowered') is here utterly improper—Mr. Grant White rather strangely asserts that the *manifest allusion* to the fate of the Spanish Armada which was convicted or conquered quite as much by tempests as by its English enemy sustains the old text

P 41 (80) *couse*

So Hanmer (Theobald's conjecture)—The folio has *cause*—Mr. Staunton who here adopts *couse* observes By *couse* is no doubt meant the *carrière* of a horse or a *charge*, in a passage of arms

P 42 (81) *'not holy*

So the fourth folio—The earlier eds have *holy*

P 42 (82) *friends*

The folio has *fiends*

P 42 (83) *To England if you will*

Neither the French King nor Pandolph has said a word of England since the entry of Constance. Perhaps therefore in despair she means to address the absent King John 'Take my son to England if you will' now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is therefore, of no consequence to me where he is. MALONE 'Does she not rather apostrophize her hair as she madly tears it from its bonds?' STANTON

P 43 (84) *If that be true, I shall see my boy again*

The metre requires ——— *I'll* see, or else—which I rather prefer—'*shall* see' Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 237—Pope omitted *true*

P 43 (85) *'ague fit*

The folio has '*Agues fitte*' (Mr. W. N. Lettsom compares '*This ague fit of fear is overblown*' *King Richard II* act iii sc 2)

P 44 (86) *the sweet world's taste*

*That it yields naught but shame and bitterness*

The folio has "*the sweet words taste* &c—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c vol 1 p 281) conjectures "*but gall and bitterness*" remarking that 'something is wanting that shall class with *bitterness*'

P 44 (87) *"one"*

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector—The folio has '*an*' but compare the next line

P 45 (88) *"scape"*

The folio has "*scope*"—Corrected by Pope



P 45 (89)

"strong

The folio has ' strange '—Corrected in the second folio

P 46 (90)

' Northampton

Such has been the usual locality assigned to this scene but on no authority though it will answer the purpose as well as any other The fact is says Malone that Arthur was first confined at Falaise and afterwards at Pouen where he was put to death The old stage direction is merely, Enter Hubert and Executioners and all that is clear seems to be that in Shakespeare as well as in the old King John the scene is transferred to England. COLLIER—Mr Halliwell marks the scene Dover ' while Mr Grant White fixes it at Canterbury —each of them assigning sundry good reasons ' for his choice of a locality —The Cambridge Editors give (with Mr Staunton) A room in a castle —here as in some other parts of the play not attempting (and wisely perhaps) to determine the exact place of action

P 46 (91)

you

The folio has ' thou

P 46 (92)

' be merry '

The folio has " be as merry "

P 47 (93)

" his fiery indignation

*Even in the water of mine innocence*

The folio has

this fierce indignation,

*Even in the matter of mine innocence '*

The correction in the second line I owe to the late Mr W W Williams see *The Parthenon* for August 16th, 1862, p 506 Compare, in scene in of the present act, p 60,

"Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes  
For villany is not without such rheum  
And he long traded in it makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocency '

Compare, too, in Wilkins's novel, *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1608, ' While her eyes were the glasses that carried the water of her mishap, p 66, reprint

In the 7th line of this speech the folio has ' mine eye, and again in Hubert's third speech, p 49 it has thine eye, '—which the context proves to be wrong

P 50 (94)

' again "

The folio has against "—Corrected in the third folio

P 51. (95)

" when "

So Tyrwhitt —The folio has " then, "



P 51 (96)

*them*

Is it possible that Shakespeare should have written so ungrammatically? 'they, surely' Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 279 —Pope printed they

P 51 (97)

*If what in rest you have in right you hold**Why should your fears**then move you*

So Pope and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The folio has

*Why then your feares**should moue you* "—

Steevens conjectured *If what in wrest you have &c* —Mr W N Lettsom says Read *Why* then no *fears* &c and put a full stop or a colon after *exercise* where in the folio there is a comma not a note of interrogation —Mr Staunton proposes *If what in rest you have not right you hold* &c adhering to the old copy in the rest of the sentence

P 51 (98)

'you'

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes yours "

P 52 (99)

'set "

Was altered by Theobald to "sent" which Mr Grant White adopts, observing that 'the king's colour *coming* and *going*, could not be compared to any thing *set*' —Mr W R Arrowsmith (in *The Editor of Notes and Queries* &c p 6) observes "The Shakespeare scholar need not be told that the participle '*set*' agrees not with heralds' but with battles, or that 'battles set' is a common phrase for 'armies in array' I cannot but differ from Mr Arrowsmith I no more believe that here "*set* agrees with '*battles*' than I believe that '*set*' agrees with '*battles*' in the following line of *King Henry V* act iv sc 3,

"The French are bravely in their battles set "

P 53 (100)

'car,'

This reading (which the context plainly requires) is, in fact, that of the folio, where, however the word, at first sight looks like 'care' the initial letter having been printed from a battered type See Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol II p 4 —In the present line Mr W N Lettsom would alter "is" to 'was'

P 53 (101)

'come'

The folio has "came" —Corrected by Hammer

P 55 (102)

*"I had mighty cause**To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him**Hub No had, my lord "*



The folio has *I had a mighty cause*, &c — I subjoin, from *Notis and Queris* (vol vii p 521 First Series) the three first of the various parallel passages by which Mr Arrowsmith has proved beyond all possibility of doubt that *No had* ' is the genuine reading

*Fort* Oh had I such a hat then were I braue  
Wheres he that made it?

*Sold* Dead and the whole world  
Yeelds not a workman that can frame the like

*Fort* No does ' *Dekker's Old Fortunatus* 1600, sig D 2

*John* I am an elde fellowe of fifty wynter and more  
And yet in all my lyfe I knewe not this before

*Parson* No dyd why sayest thou so? upon thyselfe tlfou lyst  
Thou haste euer known the saciamente to be the body of Christ

*John Bon and Mast Person*

'*Chedsey* Christ said, Take, eat this is my body and not Take ye eat ye

*Phylpot* No did master doctor? Be not these the words of Christ  
Accipite manducate? And do not these words in the plural number, signify, Take ye eat ye and not Take thou eat thou, as you would suppose? ' *Foxe's Acts and Monuments* vol vii p 637 Catleys ed

P 56 (103) *How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds*  
*Make ill deeds done* ' *Hadst not thou been by*

The folio has '*Make deeds ill done*' — The transposition '*ill deeds* — made by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and Mr Knight, and proposed by Capell — is obviously necessary not so much because as Mr Knight says the old reading ' might apply to good deeds unskilfully performed, ' as because in such passages the order of the words which are emphatically repeated is rarely if ever, changed — Here '*Make*' is usually altered to *Makes* but we have already had in this play an example of similar phraseology see note 64 — Capell thought that he had restored the metre when he altered '*Hadst* to "*Hadest*' — Pope's emendation was "*for hadst not thou been by* — Mr W N Lettsom proposes '*Hadst thou not then been by*

P 56 (104) *And*''

So Malone — The folio has *As* which Steevens, Mason and Mr Collier defend. — Pope and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector read "*Or* '

P 56 (105) *sign*

Altered by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector to '*sign* — The Old Corrector's '*sign*' is not English Collier and Mommsen both applaud it yet the one explains it, and the other translates it as if the conjecture had been *signs* ' not *sign* '*Signs* is probably Shakespeare's word W N LETTSON

P 57 (106) "*Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love*"

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads '*Whose private missive of the* ' &c, &c, as explained by Mr Collier, — Whose private written communication, &c but



the old text appears to be right and *private*" may mean the *oral communication* with which the Dauphin had intrusted Melun see Mr Singer's *Shakespeare Vindicated*, p 92 and Pope's note *ad l*—1864 Mr Staunton (Addenda and Corrigenda to his *Shakespeare*) explains it *secret dispatch*

P 58 (107) 'We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
With our pure honours,

Here Mr Collier's Ms Corrector ingeniously alters *thin bestained* to '*sin bestained*' in recommending which new lection to the public Mr Collier makes a remark calculated to deceive those who are not familiar with the typographical peculiarities of the early editions The folios, he says place a hyphen between *thin* and *bestained* *as if to lead us to the discovery of the error* But though it be true that the folio has *thin-be stained* it is equally certain that the Ms Corrector's alteration does not receive the slightest support from the words being so hyphenated for the folio exhibits numerous passages in which most absurdly the hyphen is employed e g, elsewhere in the present play,

who hath read or heard  
Of any hundred action like to this? Act iii sc 4  
'The mis plac'd John should entertaine an house' &c  
*Ibid*

A cockled silken wanton braue our fields &c  
Act v sc 1

in *The Tempest*

I will reud an Oake  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails &c  
Act i sc 2  
'Hei, and her blind Boyes scandal'd company' &c  
Act iv sc 1  
'This Ayrie charme is for' &c Act v sc 1

in *The Comedy of Errors* (a whole line hyphenated with the exception of the first syllable!),

A needy hollow ey'd sharpe looking wretch  
Act v sc 1

in *The Winter's Tale*

'the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth" Act ii sc 1  
"whom you know  
Of stuff'd-sufficiency' *Ibid*  
"which in their pideness shales  
With great creating Nature' Act iv sc 3

in *Henry IV, Part First*

"And hid his craspe head in the hollow banke," &c  
Act i sc 3



"none of these mad *Mustachio purple hu d Maltwormes*," &c  
Act II sc 1

in *Julius Cæsar*

*Low crooked cutsties* and base Spannell fawning  
Act III sc 1

P 58 (108) *man*

So some copies of the folio —Other copies have 'mans

P 58 (109) *Have you beheld*

So the third folio —The earlier folios have *you haue beheld*

P 58 (110) *This is the very top*

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 85) says that perhaps, on account of the extra syllable, we ought to print ' *This the very top* — 'This' being the contracted form of 'This is' which the folio gives in *Measure for Measure*, act V sc 1 —Pope's alteration was *This the very top*

P 58 (111) ' *sins of time*

The folio has "sinne of times" —Corrected by Pope

P 59 (112) " *head*

So Farmer (not as frequently stated, Pope) conjectured, and so, too Mr Collier & Mr Corrector reads —The folio has *hand*

P 59 (113) ' *Not for my life but yet I dare defend*  
*My innocent self against an emperor*

The folio has ' *My innocent life against* ' &c,—the word *life* having been repeated by mistake from the line above —This error is, I believe, now for the first time corrected I wish the reader to compare the following passage of *Macbeth*, act III sc 1

' *Know*

That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune which you thought had been  
Our *innocent self* '

P 61 (114) ' *cincture* '

So Pope —The folio has "center "

P 62 (115) ' *Northampton* '

Here Mr Halliwell places the scene at "Bristol, Mr Giant White at "Canterbury" See note 90



P 62 (116) *Tale t again, &c*  
 So M<sup>i</sup> W N Lettsom —The folio has 'Take *again*, &c (but no comma after *Pope* )

P 63 (117) *'behaviours*  
 See note 42 on *All s well that ends well*

P 63 (118) *'Forage*  
*re* says Johnson 'Range abroad and according to Mr Staunton (Addenda and Corrigenda to his *Shakespeare*) Johnson is right Florio after explaining *Foragio* to mean *fodder*, &c says it had anciently the sense of *Fuora* which is *out, abroad, forth, &c* —M<sup>i</sup> Collier s M<sup>s</sup> Corrector substitutes *Courage* —I doubt the old reading

P 63 (119) *'offers'*  
 So M<sup>i</sup> Collier s M<sup>s</sup> Corrector —The folio has '*orders*'

P 64 (120) *'and unurg'd'*  
 The folio has "*and an vn urg'd*"

P 65 (121) *"spur"*  
 So I conjectured in a note on this line in my former edition and I now find that Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 122) quotes the passage with the reading *spun* 'as if it were the usual one —The folio has *spot* (which Mason says probably means *stain* or *disgrace*") —M<sup>r</sup> Collier s M<sup>s</sup> Corrector gives *thought* '

P 65 (122) *'grapple*  
 Pope s correction —The folio has '*criddle*'

P 65 (123) *thou'*  
 Added in the fourth folio

P 65 (124) *'Full of warm blood'*  
 The folio has '*Full warm of blood* —Corrected by Heath

P 67 (125) *'No, on my soul,'*  
 The folio has '*No no, on my soule* '

P 67 (126) *entreaties'*  
 "The double ending in this play grates on my ear Read surely, '*entreats*' (*entreats*) the mistake was easy The word is frequent' Walker s *Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 1



P 67 (127) '*This unhan d sauciness and boyish troop*'

The folio has *This vn heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes* —The first of these errors was corrected by Theobald the second has been rectified by the independent conjectures of Capell Mr W N Lettsom, and M<sup>r</sup> Swynfen Jelvis

P 67 (128) '*these*

The folio has *this* '

P 68 (129) *Even at the crying of your nation s crow*

If the alteration of M<sup>r</sup> Collier s M<sup>s</sup> Corrector *Even at the crowing of your nation s cock* be as Mr Knight terms it a decided improvement (*Spec of the Stratford Shakspeare* p 13) it is not obtained without considerable violence to the text —Malone refers this to 'the caw of the French crow — a sense which the words may very well bear Douce on the other hand says that the allusion is to 'the crowing of a cock —*gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman but would Shakespeare (or any other writer) employ such an expression as *the crying of the crow* [of a cock] ?

P 68 (130) *his*

The folio has *this*

P 68 (131) *No know*

Mr W N Lettsom would prefer '*No no*

P 68 (132) *chang d,*"

The folio has '*change* "

P 68 (133) "*neelds*'

The folio has '*Needl's* '—See note 59 on *A Midsummer Night s Dream*

P 69 (134) "*Are*

*Supply*' is here, and in a subsequent passage in scene v p 72 used as a noun of multitude" MALONE "But' observes M<sup>r</sup> W N Lettsom, Malone quite overlooks '*was*' in the preceding line, which is incompatible with the plural '*Are* ' and the words '*three nights ago* ' which demand the aorist Capell alters '*Are*' to '*Was* ' I suspect that a line has been lost here "

P 70 (135) "*Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,*"

Was altered by Theobald to "*Untread the rude way of rebellion* ' (with which compare p 71 "*We will untread the steps of damned fight*") , and so Mr Collier s M<sup>s</sup> Corrector, except that he gives '*road way* '—"The metaphor is certainly harsh, but I do not think the passage corrupted' JOHNSON —'He [Shakespeare] was evidently thinking of the '*eye of a needle* ' Undo (says



Melun to the English nobles) what you have done desert the rebellious project in which you have engaged In *Coriolanus* we have a kindred expression They would not *thread the gates* Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term should answer on both sides *Rude* is applicable to *rebellion* but not to *eye* He means in fact the eye of rude rebellion MALONE — Compare too in *King Richard II* act v sc 5

It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye

P 70 (136) *Seek out King John and fall before his feet*  
*For if the French be lords of this loud day*  
*He means*

*He means* — The Frenchman i.e. Louis means &c See Melun's next speech If Louis do win the day— MALONE — Palpably wrong Did Shakespeare write *For if that France be lord &c* ? or is a line lost? & g

Seek out King John and fall before his feet  
[Confide not in the plighted faith of Louis ]  
For if &c

Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 11 p 236 — The Cambridge Editors conjecture

*For if the French be lord of this proud day* &c

and observe In support of the reading which we propose *lord* for *lords* we would refer to *Hen V* iv 4 where the French is used in the singular *the French* might have a good prey of us if he knew of it.

P 71 (137) ' *For I do see the cruel pangs of death*  
*Right in thine eye*

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads *Bright in thine eye* — and while Mr Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated* p 94) pronounces the alteration to be plausible but not necessary Mr Knight (*Spec of the Stratford Shakspeare* p 13) thinks that it 'ought to be introduced in every edition' For my own part, I am convinced that it is utterly wrong and in confirmation of my opinion I could cite the authority of an eminent living physician Mr Collier tells us that 'Bright' is to be understood in reference to the remarkable brilliancy of the eyes of many persons just before death ' but if that brightening of the eye ever occurs it is only when comparative tranquillity precedes dissolution,—not during 'the pangs of death' and most assuredly it is never to be witnessed in those persons who like Melun, are dying of wounds—of exhaustion from loss of blood,—in which case the eye immediately before death becomes glazed and lustreless — 1864 Why should I conceal from the reader that the eminent physician mentioned above is my respected friend Dr Elliottson?

P 71 (138)

' *When th English measur'd backward their own ground*

The folio has "*When English measure backward* &c — Corrected partly by Rowe in his sec ed., partly by Pope



P 71 (139) *And wound our tattering colours clearly up*

The folio has '—our totting colours &c —where 'totting is nothing more than the old spelling of *tattering* —Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads —our totted colours &c and Pope printed —our tattered colours &c but as Malone remarks the active and passive participles are employed by Shakespeare very indiscriminately (Mr Singer *Shakespeare Vindicated* p 94 insists that here totting is the poet's word and signifies *wavering shaking* ' But compare a passage of *Henry IV First Part* act iv sc 2 which stands thus in the folio that I had a hundred and fiftie *totted* Prodigalls &c and see Ford's *Wols* ii 372 —where on the line Thou<sub>h</sub> I die in *totters* Gifford (who is obliged to retain that spelling for the sake of the rhyme) observes *ie tatters* So the word was *usually written by our old dramatists* ) —Capell (in his *Notes*) proposes *cheerly* instead of *clearly* and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes *closely* "Qy *clearly*' (i e entirely wholly)?—1864 I now find that the Cambridge Editors also conjecture 'clearly, in the sense of *neatly* '

P 72 (140)

Hub *What's that to thee?*

Bast

*Why may not I demand*

*Of thine affairs as well as thou of mine?*

*Hubert I think?*

The folio has

Hub *What's that to thee?*

*Why may not I demand of thine affanes*

*As well as thou of mine?*

Bast *Hubert I thinke*

Here I adopt, as absolutely necessary a portion of the new distribution of the speeches at the commencement of this scene which was recommended to me by Mr W W Lloyd

P 72 (141)

'*eyeless*'

So Theobald (Warburton concurring in the emendation") and Mr Collier's Ms. Corrector —The folio has "endles "

P 73 (142)

"*swoon*"

Here the folio has "swoound " See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale*

P 73 (143)

*pure* '

So my copy of the folio —But Mr Grant White says that the original has '*pore* ' and he accordingly prints *poor* "

P 74 (144)

'*insensible* '

So Hanmer —The folio has *insible* ' (a decided error)



P 74 (145) *mind*

The folio has *winde*

P 74 (146) *cygnet*

The folio has *Symet*

P 74 (147) *I do not ask you much*

Altered by Pope to *I ask not much*

P 75 (148) *model*

I may notice that here (as also in *All's well that ends well* act iv sc 3) the folio has *module* but in all other passages it has *model*. Malone observes *Module* and *model* were in our author's time only different modes of spelling the same word. (In the *Dictionary* of my learned friend Dr Richardson the spelling *module* is not recognized.)

P 75 (149)<sup>f</sup> *heaven he knows*

Read *God he knows* as [in *The*] *Comedy of Errors* v 1

*the chain*

*Which, God he knows I saw not*

Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 216

P 76 (150) *"and you my noble prince*

*With other princes that may best be spared,*

*Shall wait upon your father's funeral"*

[Here '*princes*' is scarcely right for, although Salisbury, Biot &c are called *princes* below,—

'Now these be (England's) *princes* are come home again

and so *King Henry V* iv 1 near the beginning,

'*Brothers both*

*Commend me to the princes in our camp,'*

the lords of England as they are called just below—yet in the present passage the case is different. Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 293—The Cambridge Editors conjecture that the error may be in the word *prince*

P 76 (151) *'you*

A modern addition

P 76 (152) *'Thus*

Altered by Hammer to *'Thus*







KING RICHARD THE SECOND



## KING RICHARD II

THE date of its composition is quite uncertain. Malone assigns it to 1593 which seems too early. On August 29th 1597 'The Tiedye of Richard the Seconde' was entered in the Stationers Registers by Andrew Wise and published by him in quarto during the same year. In the third quarto 1608, were first printed *new additions of the Parhament Sceane and the deposing of King Richard*—An older play on (or at least embracing) the deposing of King Richard the Second ( *exoletam tragicædram de tragica abdicatione Regis Richardi Secundi* Camden's *Annals* vol. iii p. 867 ed. Hearne) was acted at the Globe in 1601 on the afternoon before Essex's surrection in the presence of Sir Gilly Merrick and other of his partisans.

neither was it [the play of deposing King Richard the Second] casual but a play bespoken by Merrick. And not so onely but when it was told him by one of the players that the play was olde, and they should have losse in playing it because fewe would come to it, there was fourtie shillings extraordinarie given to play it and so thereupon playd it was '*A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earle of Essex and his Complices &c.*, 1601 sig. K 2. According to another authority the piece was called *Henry the Fourth* and Sir Gilly Merrick gave the '40 shillings to Philips [Augustine Phillips] the player to play this besides whatsoever he could get. *Trial of Sir Christopher Blunt, &c.*—*State Trials*, i. 1445, ed. 1809. With reference to this point,' observes Mr Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* we have recently been put in possession of a piece of singular and authentic evidence. It is no other than a copy of the original deposition\* of Augustine Phillips, the actor before Lord Chief Justice Popham, Mr Justice Anderson and Sergeant Fennei signed by the examinant and by the rest containing the particulars of an interview between certain friends of the Earl of Essex and the leaders of the company at the Globe when the latter were applied to to substitute Richard the Second for another play and when they were promised forty shillings additional for so doing. It is in these terms and they are on every account curious.

The exam of Augustyne Phyllyppes, Servant unto the  
L Chamberleyne, and one of his players taken the xviij<sup>th</sup> of  
Februarij, 1600[1], upon hys othe

'He sayeth that on Fryday last was sennyght, or Thursday St Charles Pryce, or Joslyne Pryce and the L Montegle, with some thre more spake to some of the players, in the presens of thys exam<sup>t</sup> to have the plays of the deposyng and kylling of Kyng Rychard the Second to be played the Saturday next promysing to geve them xl<sup>s</sup> more then then ordinary to play yt, when this exam<sup>t</sup> and hys fellowes were determyned to have played some other

\* Mr Collier (for what reason I know not) conceals the fact that this deposition is preserved in the State Paper Office.



play holdyng that play of Kyng Rychaud to be so old and so long out of yous [use] that they should have small or no company at yt But at the request this exam<sup>t</sup> and his fellowes were content to play yt the Satcrday and have theise x<sup>ls</sup> more then theire ordynary for yt, and so played yt ac coidyngly

Augustine Philipps

Ex p<sup>er</sup> Jo Popham  
Edw Anderson  
Edw Fennei

This remarkable document (the body of which is in Popham's handwriting) &c *Intro*d to *King Richard the Second* Malone writes as follows

It may seem strange that this old play should have been represented after Shakespeare's drama on the same subject had been printed the reason undoubtedly was that in the old play the deposing King Richard II made a part of the exhibition but in the first edition of our author's play one hundred and fifty four lines describing a kind of trial of the king and his actual deposition in parliament were omitted nor was it probably represented on the stage Merriek Cuffe and the rest of Essex's train naturally preferred the play in which his *deposition* was represented, their plot not aiming at the life of the queen It is, I know, commonly thought that the parliament scene (as it is called) which was first printed in the quarto of 1608 was an addition made by Shakespeare to his play after its first representation but it seems to me more probable that it was written with the rest and suppressed in the printed copy of 1597 from the fear of offending Elizabeth against whom the Pope had published a bull in the preceding year exhorting her subjects to take up arms against her In 1599 Hayward published his *History of the First Year of Henry IV* which in fact is no thing more than an history of the deposing Richard II The displeasure which that book excited at court sufficiently accounts for the omitted lines not being inserted in the copy of this play which was published in 1603 Hayward was heavily censured in the Star chamber and committed to prison At a subsequent period (1608) when King James was quietly and firmly settled on the throne and the fear of internal commotion or foreign invasion no longer subsisted neither the author the managers of the theatre, nor the bookseller could entertain any apprehension of giving offence to the sovereign the rejected scene was restored without scruple and from some playhouse copy probably found its way to the press' *Life of Shakespeare*, p 325 —Dr Simon Forman in his *Mss Diary* (*Mss Ashmol Oxon*) gives an account of a *Richard 2* which he saw at the Globe 1611 the 30 of April Thursday and, very probably it was the old play which in 1601 had been acted before the friends of Essex —assuredly it was not our author's tragedy —For the incidents of *King Richard the Second* Shakespeare consulted Holinshed



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD the Second

JOHN OF GAUNT duke of Lancaster }  
EDMUND OF LANGLY duke of York } uncles to the King

HENRY surnamed Bolingbroke duke of Hereford son to John  
of Gaunt afterwards King Henry IV

DUKE OF AUMERLE son to the Duke of York

THOMAS MOWBRAY duke of Norfolk

DUKE OF SURREY

EARL OF SALISBURY

LORD BIRRELLY

BUSHY }  
BAGOT } creatures to King Richard  
GREYN }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

HENRY PERCY his son

LORD ROSS

LORD WILLOUGHBY

LORD FITZWATER

Bishop of Carlisle

Abbot of Westminster

Lord Marshal

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

SIR PIERCE of Exton

Captain of a band of Welshmen

Queen to King Richard

DUCHESS OF YORK

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER

Ladies attending on the Queen

Lords, Herald Officers Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper Messenger  
Groom, and other Attendants

SCENE—*dispersedly in England and Wales*



# KING RICHARD II

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## ACT I

SCENE I *London A room in the palace*

*Enter* King RICHARD, *attended*, GAUNT, *and other* Nobles

*K Rich* Old John of Gaunt, time honour'd Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

*Gaunt* I have, my liege

*K Rich* Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,  
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt* As near as I could sift him on that argument,—  
On some apparent danger seen in him  
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice

*K Rich* Then call them to our presence face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear  
Th' accuser and th' accused freely speak —

*[Exeunt some Attendants]*

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire

*Re-enter Attendants, with* BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK

*Boling* May<sup>an</sup> many years of happy days befall  
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!  
*Nor* Each day still better other's happiness,



Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown !

*K Rich* We thank you both yet one but flatters us,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come ,<sup>(2)</sup>  
Namely, t' appeal each other of high treason —  
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

*Boling* First,—heaven be the record to my speech !—  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appellant to this princely presence —  
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well, for what I speak  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven  
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,—  
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly  
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,<sup>(3)</sup>  
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,  
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,  
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove

*No* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal  
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,  
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain,  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast  
As to be hush'd, and naught at all to say  
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,  
Which else would post until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him,  
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain  
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;



And meet him, were I tied to run a foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground inhabitable,  
Wherever<sup>(4)</sup> Englishman durst set his foot  
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,—  
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie

*Boling* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,  
And lay aside my high blood's loyalty,  
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except  
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength  
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop  
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, aim to arm,  
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise

*Nor* I take it up, and by that sword I swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
On chivalrous design of knightly trial  
And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

*K. Rich* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge ?  
It must be great that can inherit us  
So much as of a thought of ill in him

*Boling* Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true,—  
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles  
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
Like a false traitor and injurious villain  
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—  
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—  
That all the treasons for these eighteen years  
Complotted and contrived in this land  
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring  
Further, I say,—and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—  
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,  
Suggest his soon believing adversaries,  
And consequently, like a traitor coward,



Slur'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood  
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caveins of the earth,  
To me for justice and rough chastisement,  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent  
This aim shall do it, on this life be spent

*K Rich* How high a pitch his resolution soars !—  
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

*Nor* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God and good men hate so foul a liar !

*K Rich* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears  
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—  
As he is but my father's brother's son,—  
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou,  
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow

*Nor* Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais  
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers,  
The other part reserv'd I by consent,  
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt  
Upon remainder of a dear<sup>(5)</sup> account,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen  
Now swallow down that lie —For Gloster's death,—  
I slew him not, but, to my own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case —  
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,  
The honourable father to my foe,  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,—  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul  
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd  
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it  
This is my fault as for the rest appeal'd,



It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor  
 Which in myself I boldly will defend,  
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,  
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman  
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom  
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray  
 Your highness to assign our trial day

*K Rich* With kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me,  
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood  
 This we prescribe, though no physician,  
 Deep malice makes too deep incision  
 Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,  
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed —  
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun,  
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son

*Gaunt* To be a make-peace shall become my age —  
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage

*K Rich* And, Norfolk, throw down his

*Gaunt* When, Harry? when?  
 Obedience bids I should not bid agen

*K Rich* Norfolk, throw down, we bid, there is no boot  
*Nor* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot  
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame  
 The one my duty owes, but my fan name—  
 Despite of death—that lives upon my grave,  
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have  
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,  
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,  
 The which no balm can cure but his heart blood  
 Which breath'd this poison

*K Rich* Rage must be withstood —  
 Give me his gage —lions make leopards tame  
*Nor* Yea, but not change his<sup>(6)</sup> spots take but my shame,  
 And I resign my gage My dear dear lord,  
 The purest treasure mortal times afford  
 Is spotless reputation, that away,  
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay  
 A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up chest



Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast  
 Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,  
 Take honour from me, and my life is done  
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try,  
 In that I live, and for that will I die

*K Rich* Cousin, throw down your gage,<sup>(7)</sup> do you begin

*Boling* O, God defend my soul from such foul sin !

Shall I seem crest fall'n in my father's sight ?

Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height

Before this outdare'd dastard ? Eie my tongue

Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

The slavish motive of recanting fear,

And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face

[*Exit Gaunt*

*K Rich* We were not born to sue, but to command, —

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

At Coventry, upon Saint Lambeth's day

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

The swelling difference of your settled hate

Since we can not atone you, we shall see

Justice design the victor's chivalry —

Marshal,<sup>(8)</sup> command our officers at arms

Be ready to direct these home alarms

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same A room in the Duke of Lancaster's  
 palace*

*Enter GAUNT and Duchess of Gloster*

*Gaunt* Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclams,

To stir against the butchers of his life !

But since correction lieth in those hands

Which made<sup>(9)</sup> the fault that we cannot correct,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,

Who, when they see<sup>(10)</sup> the hours ripe on earth,



Will Iain hot vengeance on offenders' heads

*Duch* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
 Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,  
 Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,  
 Or seven fan branches springing from one root  
 Some of those seven are died by nature's course,  
 Some of those branches by the Destinies cut,  
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,  
 One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,  
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,  
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,  
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe  
 Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,  
 That mettle, that self mould, that fashion'd thee,  
 Made him a man, and though thou liv'st and breath'st,  
 Yet art thou slain in him thou dost consent  
 In some large measure to thy father's death,  
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
 Who was the model of thy father's life  
 Call it not patience, Gaunt,—it is despair  
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee  
 That which in mean men we entitle patience,  
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts  
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
 The best way is to vengeance my Gloster's death

*Gaunt* God is the quarrel, for God's substitute,  
 His deputy anointed in his sight,  
 Hath caus'd his death the which if wrongfully,  
 Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift  
 An angry arm against his minister

*Duch* Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?

*Gaunt* To God, the widow's champion and defence

*Duch* Why, then, I will Farewell, old Gaunt<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold  
 Our cousin Hereford and full Mowbray fight  
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,



That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast '  
 O, if misfortune miss the first career,  
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
 That they may break his foaming counsellor's back,  
 And throw the noble headlong in the lists,  
 A carrion recreant to my cousin Hereford '  
 Farewell, old Gaunt thy sometimes brother's wife  
 With her companion grief must end her life

*Gaunt* Sister, farewell, I must to Coventry  
 As much good stay with thee as go with me '

*Duch* Yet one word more —grief boundeth where it falls,  
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight  
 I take my leave before I have begun,  
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done  
 Commend me to my brother, Edmund York  
 Lo, this is all —nay, yet depart not so,  
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go,  
 I shall remember more Bid him—ah, what?—  
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me  
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see,  
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
 And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?  
 Therefore commend me, let him not come there,  
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where  
 Desolate, desolate,<sup>(12)</sup> will I hence and die  
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye

[*Exeunt*

### SCENE III *Gosford Green, near Coventry*

*Lists set out, and a throne, with Attendants Enter the Lord  
 Marshal and AUMERLL*

*Mar* My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arriv'd?

*Aum* Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in

*Mar* The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,  
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet

*Aum* Why, then, the champions are prepared, and stay  
 For nothing but his majesty's approach



*Flourish of trumpets* Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and others, who take their places A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a Herald

K Rich Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms  
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause

Mar In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,  
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath,  
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Nor My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,  
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—  
Which God defend a knight should violate!—  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth  
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,  
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me  
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of myself,  
A traitor to my God, my king, and me  
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

*Trumpet sounds* Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour, preceded by a Herald

K Rich Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,<sup>(1)</sup>  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habiliments of war,  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the justice of his cause

Mar What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou  
hither,  
Before King Richard in his royal lists?  
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?  
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms,



To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,  
 In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,  
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,  
 To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me  
 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*Mar* On pain of death, no person be so bold  
 Or daring hardy as to touch the lists,  
 Except the marshal and such officers  
 Appointed to direct these fair designs

*Boling* Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,  
 And bow my knee before his majesty  
 For Mowbray and myself are like two men  
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,  
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave  
 And loving farewell of our several friends

*Mar* Th' appellant in all duty greets your highness,  
 And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave

*K Rich* We will descend and fold him in our arms —  
 Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,  
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight !  
 Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shed,  
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead

*Boling* O, let no noble eye profane a tear  
 For me, if I be go'd with Mowbray's spear  
 As confident as is the falcon's flight  
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight —  
 [*To Lord Marshal*] My loving lord, I take my leave of  
 you, —

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle,  
 Not sick, although I have to do with death,  
 But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath —  
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I greet  
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet  
 [*To Gaunt*] O thou, the earthly author of my blood, —  
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up  
 To reach at victory above my head, —  
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,  
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
 That it may enter Mowbray's waven coat,<sup>(14)</sup>



And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,  
Even in the lusty haviour of his son

*Gaunt* God in thy good cause make thee prosperous !  
Be swift like lightning in the execution,  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy  
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live

*Boling* Mine innocency<sup>(15)</sup> and Saint George to thrive !

*Nor* However God or fortune cast my lot,  
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,  
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman  
Never did captive with a fiece heart  
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary —  
Most mighty hege,—and my companion peers,—  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years  
As gentle and as jocund as to jest  
Go I to fight truth hath a quiet breast

*K Rich* Farewell, my lord securely I espy  
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye —  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin

*Mar* Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Receive thy lance, and God defend the right !

*Boling* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen

*Mar* [to an Officer] Go bear this lance to Thomas, duke  
of Norfolk

*First Her* Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,  
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,  
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,  
And dares him to set forward to the fight

*Sec Her* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,  
On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself, and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,



To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal,  
 Courageously, and with a free desire,  
 Attending but the signal to begin

*Mar* Sound, trumpets, and set forward, combatants

[*A charge sounded*

Stay, stay,<sup>(16)</sup> the king hath thrown his waider down

*K Rich* Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,  
 And both return back to their chains again —  
 Withdraw with us — and let the trumpets sound  
 While we return these dukes what we decree —

[*A long flourish*

Draw near,

[*To the Combatants*

And list what with our council we have done  
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered,  
 And for our eyes do hate the due aspect  
 Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords,  
 And for we think the eagle winged pride  
 Of sky aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
 With rival hating envy, set on you<sup>(17)</sup>  
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,  
 Which so rous'd up<sup>(18)</sup> with boisterous untun'd drums,  
 With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
 And grating shock of wiathful iron arms,  
 Might from our quiet confines fight fair peace,  
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood, —  
 Therefore we banish you our territories —  
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,  
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields  
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment

*Boling* Your will be done this must my comfort be, —  
 The sun that warms you here shall shine on me,  
 And those his golden beams to you here lent  
 Shall point on me and gild my banishment

*K Rich* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce  
 The fly slow<sup>(19)</sup> hours shall not determinate  
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile, —



The hopeless word of "never to return"

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life

*Nor* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth

A deeper merit, not so deep a man

As to be cast forth in the common all,

Have I deserved at your highness' hands

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forgo

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstunged viol or a harp,

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony

Within my mouth you have engal'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips,

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now

What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

*K Rich* It boots thee not to be compassionate <sup>(20)</sup>  
After our sentence plaining comes too late

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night

*K Rich* Return again, and take an oath with ye <sup>(21)</sup>

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands,

Swear by the duty that you owe to God,—

Our part therein we banish with yourselves,—

To keep the oath that we administer —

You never shall—so help you truth and God!—

Embrace each other's love in banishment,

Nor never look upon each other's face,

Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile

This loursing tempest of your home bred hate,

Nor never by advised purpose meet

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land

*Boling* I swear



*Not* And I, to keep all this

*Boling* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy, —<sup>(c)</sup>

By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land  
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm,  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burden of a guilty soul

*Not* No, Bolingbroke if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know,  
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue —  
Farewell, my liege — Now no way can I stray  
Save back to England, all the world's my way [Exit

*K Rich* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy grieved heart thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away — [To *Boling* ] Six frozen winters spent,  
Return with welcome home from banishment

*Boling* How long a time lies in one little word !  
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs  
End in a word such is the breath of kings

*Gaunt* I thank my liege, that in regard of me  
He shortens four years of my son's exile  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,  
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend  
Can change their moons and bring their times about,  
My oil-dried lamp and time bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night,  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son

*K Rich* Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live

*Gaunt* But not a minute, king, that thou canst give  
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow,  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage,  
Thy word is current with him for my death,



But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath

*K Rich* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave  
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lour?

*Gaunt* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour  
You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather  
You would have bid me argue like a father  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild  
A partial slanderer sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine own away,  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue  
Against my will to do myself this wrong

*K Rich* Cousin, farewell,—and, uncle, bid him so  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go

[*Flourish* *Exeunt King Richard and Train*]

*Aun* Cousin, farewell what presence must not know,  
From where you do remain let paper show

*Mar* My lord no leave take I, for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side

*Gaunt* O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

*Boling* I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart

*Gaunt* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time

*Boling* Joy absent, grief is present for that time

*Gaunt* What is six winters? they are quickly gone

*Boling* To men in joy, but grief makes one hour ten

*Gaunt* Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure

*Boling* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage

*Gaunt* The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem as foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home return

*Boling* Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember me what deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love



Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages, and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

*Gaunt* All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus,  
There is no virtue like necessity  
Think not the king did banish thee,<sup>(23)</sup>  
But thou the king woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne  
Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
And not, the king exil'd thee, or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st  
Suppose the singing birds musicians,  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence shew'd,  
The flowers fan ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance,  
For gnawing sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light

*Boling* O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore

*Gaunt* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay

*Boling* Then, England's ground, farewell, sweet soil,  
adieu,

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—  
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman

[*Exeunt*



SCENE IV *The court*

*Enter, from one side, King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN, from the other, AUMERLE*

*K Rich* We did observe —Cousin Aumeile,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

*Aum* I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him

*K Rich* And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

*Aum* Faith, none for me,<sup>(24)</sup> except the north east wind,  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear

*K Rich* What said our cousin when you parted with him?

*Aum* "Farewell "

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave  
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,  
And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of "farewells,"  
But since it would not, he had none of me

*K. Rich* He is our cousin, cousin, but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends  
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,<sup>(25)</sup>  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people,  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench,  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends,"  
As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects next degree in hope



*Green* Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts  
 Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—  
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,  
 Ere further leisure yield them further means  
 For their advantage and your highness' loss

*K. Rich.* We will ourselves in person to this war  
 And, for our coffers, with too great a court  
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
 We are enforced to farm our royal realm,  
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand. If that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters,  
 Whereunto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
 And send them after to supply our wants,  
 For we will make for Ireland presently

*Enter BUSHY*

Bushy, what news?

*Bushy* Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,  
 Suddenly taken, and hath sent post haste  
 T' entreat your majesty to visit him

*K. Rich.* Where lies he?

*Bushy* At Ely house <sup>(26)</sup>

*K. Rich.* Now put it, God, in his physician's mind  
 To help him to his grave immediately!  
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars—  
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him  
 Pray God we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt*]

## ACT II

SCENE I *London. A room in Ely-house*

*Gaunt on a couch, the Duke of York and others standing by him*

*Gaunt* Will the king come, that I may breathe my last  
 In wholesome counsel to his unstaad youth?



*York* Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath,  
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear

*Gaunt* O, but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony  
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain,  
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain  
He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,  
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before

The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Wilt in remembrance more than things long past  
Though Richard my life's counsel would not heal,  
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear

*York* No, it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,  
As, praises of his state then there are found  
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen,<sup>(21)</sup>  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after in base imitation<sup>(28)</sup>  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—  
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,—  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard  
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose

*Gaunt* Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves,  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short,  
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes,  
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself  
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,



This fortress built by Nature for herself  
 Against infection<sup>(99)</sup> and the hand of war ,  
 This happy breed of men, this little world ,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands ,  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—  
 For Christian service and true chivalry,—  
 As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,—  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it—  
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, 's now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots,<sup>(100)</sup> and rotten parchment bonds  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself  
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter* KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT,  
 ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY

*York* The king is come deal mildly with his youth ,  
 For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more <sup>(101)</sup>

*Queen* How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

*K Rich* What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?

*Gaunt* O, how that name befits my composition !  
 Old Gaunt, indeed , and gaunt in being old  
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ,  
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?  
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ,  
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt  
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,



Is my strict fast,—I mean, my children's looks,  
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits naught but bones

*K Rich* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

*Gaunt* No, misery makes sport to mock itself  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee

*K Rich* Should dying men flatter with those that live?

*Gaunt* No, no, men living flatter those that die

*K Rich* Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me

*Gaunt* O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be

*K Rich* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill

*Gaunt* Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill,  
Ill in myself to see,<sup>(32)</sup> and in thee seeing ill  
Thy death bed is no lesser than thy land,  
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick,  
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure  
Of those physicians that first wounded thee  
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,  
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,  
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land  
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,  
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,  
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself  
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
It were a shame to let this land by lease,  
But for thy world enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?  
Landlord of England art thou now, not king  
Thy state of law is bond slave to the law,  
And—

*K Rich* And thou a lunatic lean witted fool,<sup>(33)</sup>  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood



With fury from his native residence  
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,  
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
 Should run thy head from thy uneverent shoulders

*Gaunt* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,  
 For that I was his father Edward's son,—  
 That blood already, like the pelican,  
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd  
 My brother Gloster, plain well meaning soul,—  
 Whom fain befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!—  
 May be a precedent and witness good  
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood  
 Join with the present sickness that I have,  
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too long wither'd flower  
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—  
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—  
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave  
 Love they to live that love and honour have

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants*]

*K Rich* And let them die that age and sullens have,  
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave

*York* Beseech<sup>(34)</sup> your majesty, impute his words  
 To wayward sickness and age in him  
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here

*K Rich* Right, you say true as Hereford's love, so his,  
 As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND*

*North* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your ma-  
 jesty

*K Rich* What says he?<sup>(35)</sup>

*North* Nay, nothing, all is said  
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument,  
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent

*York* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!  
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe

*K Rich* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,



HIS time is spent, our pilgrimage must be  
 So much for that — Now for our Irish wars  
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
 Which live like venom, where no venom else,  
 But only they, hath privilege to live  
 And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
 The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,  
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd

*York* How long shall I be patient? ah, how long  
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
 Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,  
 Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,  
 Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke  
 About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,  
 Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,  
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face  
 I am the last of noble Edward's sons,  
 Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first  
 In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,  
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
 Than was that young and princely gentleman  
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,  
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours,  
 But when he flown'd, it was against the French,  
 And not against his friends his noble hand  
 Did win what he did spend, and spent not that  
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won  
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin  
 O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
 Or else he never would compare between

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York* O my liege,  
 Pardon me, if you please if not, I, pleas'd  
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal  
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,  
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?  
 Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?  
 Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?



Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?  
 Is not his heir a well deserving son ?  
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time  
 His charters and his customary rights,  
 Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day,  
 Be not thyself, — for how art thou a king  
 But by fair sequence and succession ?  
 Now, afore God, — God forbid I say true ! —  
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
 Call in the letters patents that he hath  
 By his attorneys general to sue  
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
 You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,  
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think

*K. Rich.* Think what you will, we seize into our hands  
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands

*York.* I'll not be by the while my liege, farewell  
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,  
 But by bad courses may be understood  
 That their events can never fall out good

[*Exit*

*K. Rich.* Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight  
 Bid him repair to us to Ely house  
 To see this business To-morrow next  
 We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow  
 And we create, in absence of ourself,  
 Our uncle York lord governor of England,  
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well —  
 Come on, our queen to-morrow must we part,  
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle,  
 Bushy, Green, and Bagot*

*North.* Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead

*Ross.* And living too, for now his son is duke

*Will.* Barely in title, not in revenue

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right

*Ross.* My heart is great, but it must break with silence,  
 Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak more



That speaks thy words again to do thee harm !

*Will* Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of  
Hereford ?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man ,  
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him

*Ross* No good at all, that I can do for him ,  
Unless you call it good to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony

*North* Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne  
In him a royal prince and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers , and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs <sup>(36)</sup>

*Ross* The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And lost their hearts <sup>(37)</sup> the nobles hath he fin'd  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts

*Will* And daily new exactions are devis'd,—  
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what <sup>(38)</sup>  
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this ?

*North* Wais have not wasted it, for war'd he hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows  
More hath he spent in peace than they in wais

*Ross* The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in fain

*Will* The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man

*North* Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him

*Ross* He hath not money for these Irish wars,  
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke

*North* His noble kinsman —most degenerate king !  
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ,  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish

*Ross* We see the very wreck that we must suffer ,  
And unavoided is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wreck



*North* Not so, even through the hollow eyes of death  
 I spy life peering, but I dare not say  
 How near the tidings of our comfort is

*Will* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

*Ross* Be confident to speak, Northumberland

We three are but thyself, and, speaking so,  
 Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore, be bold <sup>(39)</sup>

*North* Then thus —I have from Port le Blanc, a bay  
 In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence

That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,  
(40)

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,  
 His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,  
 Sir Thomas Epingham, Sir John Ramston,  
 Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—  
 All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,  
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
 Are making hither with all due expedience,  
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore  
 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
 The first departing of the king for Ireland  
 If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,  
 Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,  
 And make high majesty look like itself,  
 Away with me in post to Ravenspurge,  
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
 Stay and be secret, and myself will go

*Ross* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear

*Will* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *The same A room in the palace*

*Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot*

*Bushy* Madam, your majesty is too much sad  
 You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
 To lay aside life harming heaviness,  
 And entertain a cheerful disposition



*Queen* To please the king, I did, to please myself,  
I cannot do it, yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest  
As my sweet Richard <sup>(41)</sup> yet, again, methinks  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles at something it grieves,  
More than with parting from my lord the king

*Bushy* Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not so,  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects,  
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon,  
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,  
Distinguish form so your sweet majesty,  
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail,  
Which, look'd on as it is, is naught but shadows  
Of what it is not Then, thrice gracious queen,  
More than your lord's departure weep not,—more's not seen,  
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true weeps things imaginary

*Queen* It may be so, but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me it is otherwise <sup>(42)</sup> how'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad, so heavy sad,  
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—<sup>(43)</sup>  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink

*Bushy* 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady

*Queen* 'Tis nothing less conceit is still deriv'd  
From some forefather grief, mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something grief,  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess,  
But what it is, <sup>(44)</sup> that is not yet known, what  
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe, I wot

*Enter GREEN*

*Green* God save your majesty!—and well met, gentle  
men —



I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland

*Queen* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

*Green* That he, our hope, might have retur'd his power,  
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land  
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,  
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd  
At Ravenspurg

*Queen* Now God in heaven forbid!

*Green* Ah, madam, 'tis too true and that<sup>(45)</sup> is worse,  
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,  
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him—

*Bushy* Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,  
And all the rest of the revolted faction,  
Traitors?

*Green* We have whereupon the Earl of Worcester  
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To Bolingbroke

*Queen* So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,  
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal hen  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,  
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd

*Bushy* Despair not, madam

*Queen* Who shall hinder me?  
I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope,—he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity

*Green* Here comes the Duke of York

*Queen* With signs of woe about his aged neck  
O, full of careful business are his looks!

*Enter YORK*

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words



*York* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts  
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief  
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home  
Here am I left to underprop his land,  
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself  
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made,  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him

*Enter a Servant*

*Serv* My lord, your son was gone before I came

*York* He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—  
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,<sup>(46)</sup>  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side —  
Sirrah,  
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster,  
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound —  
Hold, take my ring

*Serv* My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,  
To day, as I came by, I called there, —  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest

*York* What is it, knave?

*Serv* An hour before I came, the duchess died

*York* God for his mercy! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!  
I know not what to do —I would to God,—  
So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,—  
The king had cut off my head with my brother's —  
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?—  
How shall we do for money for these wars?—  
Come, sister,—cousin, I'd say,—pray, pardon me —  
[*To the Servant*] Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,  
And bring away the armour that is there [Exit Servant]  
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I  
Know how or which way t' order these affairs,  
Thus thrust disorderly<sup>(47)</sup> into my hands,  
Never believe me Both are my kinsmen —  
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath  
And duty bids defend, th' other, again,



Is my near kinsman,<sup>(48)</sup> whom the king hath wrong'd,  
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right  
 Well, somewhat we must do —Come, cousin, I'll  
 Dispose of you —Gentlemen, go muster up your men,  
 And meet me presently at Berkley castle  
 I should to Plashy too, —  
 But time will not permit —all is uneven,  
 And every thing is left at six and seven

[*Exeunt York and Queen*]

*Bushy* The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,  
 But none returns For us to levy power  
 Proportionable to the enemy  
 Is all impossible

*Green* Besides, our nearness to the king in love  
 Is near the hate of those love not the king

*Bagot* And that's the wavering commons 'for their love  
 Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,<sup>(49)</sup>  
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate

*Bushy* Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd

*Bagot* If judgment lie in them, then so do we,  
 Because we ever have been near the king

*Green* Well,  
 I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle  
 The Earl of Wiltshire is already there

*Bushy* Thither will I with you, for little office  
 The hateful commons will perform for us,<sup>(50)</sup>  
 Except like curs to tear us all to pieces —  
 Will you go along with us?

*Bagot* No,  
 I will to Ireland to his majesty  
 Farewell if heart's presages be not vain,  
 We three here part that ne'er shall meet again

*Bushy* That's as York thives to beat back Bolingbroke

*Green* Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes  
 Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry  
 Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly

*Bagot* Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever<sup>(51)</sup>

*Bushy* Well, we may meet again

*Bagot*

I fear me, never

[*Exeunt*]



SCENE III *The wilds in Gloucestershire*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces*

*Boling* How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

*North* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome,

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess,

And hope to joy is little less in joy

Than hope enjoy'd by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company

*Boling* Of much less value is my company

Than your good words — But who comes here?

*North* It is my son, young Harry Percy,<sup>(52)</sup>

Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever

*Enter PERCY*

Harry, how fares your uncle?

*Percy* I had thought, my lord, t' have learn'd his health  
of you

*North* Why, is he not with the queen?

*Percy* No, my good lord, he hath forsook the court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the king

*North* What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together

*Percy* Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor  
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,



To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,  
 And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover  
 What power the Duke of York had levied there,  
 Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg

*North* Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

*Percy* No, my good lord, for that is not forgot  
 Which ne'er I did remember to my knowledge,  
 I never in my life did look on him

*North* Then learn to know him now, this is the duke

*Percy* My gracious lord, I tender you my service,  
 Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
 Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
 To more approved service and desert

*Boling* I thank thee, gentle Percy, and be sure  
 I count myself in nothing else so happy  
 As in a soul remembering my good friends,  
 And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
 It shall be still thy true love's recompense  
 My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it

*North* How far is it to Berkley? and what stir  
 Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

*Percy* There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,  
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,  
 And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour,—<sup>(53)</sup>  
 None else of name and noble estimate

*North* Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,  
 Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste

*Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY*

*Boling* Welcome, my lords I wot your love pursues  
 A banish'd traitor all my treasury  
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
 Shall be your love and labour's recompense

*Ross* Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord

*Willoughby* And far surmounts our labour to attain it

*Boling* Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor,  
 Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
 Stands for my bounty —But who is't<sup>(54)</sup> comes here?

*North* It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess



*Enter BERKLEY*

*Berk* My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you

*Boling* My lord, my answer is—"to Lancaster,"  
And I am come to seek that name in England,  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say

*Berk* Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning  
To raise one title of your honour out —  
To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The Duke of York, to know what picks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time,  
And fight our native peace with self born arms

*Boling* I shall not need transport my words by you,  
Here comes his grace in person

*Enter YORK attended*

My noble uncle! [*Kneels*]

*York* Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false

*Boling* My gracious uncle!—

*York* Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle  
I am no traitor's uncle, and that word "grace"  
In an ungracious mouth is but profane  
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?  
But, then, more why,—why have they dar'd to march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale fac'd villages with war  
And ostentation of despised arms?<sup>(55)</sup>  
Com'st thou because th' anointed king is hence?  
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,  
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,



Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault !

*Boling* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault,  
In<sup>(56)</sup> what condition stands it and wherein ?

*York* Even in condition of the worst degree,—  
In gross rebellion and detested treason  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,  
Before the expiation of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign

*Boling* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye  
You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive, O, then, my father,  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away  
To upstart unthrifts ? Wherefore was I born ?  
If that my cousin king be King of England,  
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster  
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman,  
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,  
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,  
To rouse his wrongs,<sup>(57)</sup> and chase them to the bay  
I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters patents give me leave  
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd  
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,  
And challenge law attorneys are denied me,  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent

*North* The noble duke hath been too much abus'd

*Ross* It stands your grace upon to do him right

*Will* Base men by his endowments are made great

*York* My lords of England, let me tell you this —  
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right,  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,



Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be,  
And you that do abet him in this kind  
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all

*North* The noble duke hath sworn his coming is  
But for his own, and for the right of that  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

*York* Well, well, I see the issue of these aims,—  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak and all ill left  
But if I could, by him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king,  
But since I cannot, be it known to you  
I do remain as neuter So, fare you well,—<sup>(58)</sup>  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night <sup>(59)</sup>

*Boling* An offer, uncle, that we will accept  
But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle, which they say is held  
By Bushy, Bagot,<sup>(60)</sup> and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away

*York* 'T may be I'll go with you—but yet I'll pause,  
For I am loth to break our country's laws  
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are  
Things past redress are now with me past care [Exeunt

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SCENE IV *A camp in Wales*

*Enter SALISBURY and a Captain*

*Cap* My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king,  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves farewell

*Sal* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman



The king repositeth all his confidence in thee

*Cap* 'Tis thought the king is dead, we will not stay  
 The bay trees in our country all are wither'd,  
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven,  
 The pale fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
 And lean look'd prophets whisper fearful change,  
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—  
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
 The other to enjoy by rage and war  
 These signs forebun the death or fall of kings —  
 Farewell our countrymen are gone and fled,  
 As well assur'd Richard then king is dead

[*Exit*

*Sal* Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,  
 I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament '  
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
 Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest  
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,  
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes

[*Exit*

## ACT III

### SCENE I BOLINGBROKE's camp at Bristol

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY,  
 ROSS Officers behind, with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners*

*Boling* Bring forth these men —

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—  
 Since presently your souls must part your bodies—  
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,  
 For 'twere no charity, yet, to wash your blood  
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,  
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths  
 You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
 By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean



You have in manner with your sinful hours  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks  
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs  
Myself,—a prince by fortune of my birth,  
Near to the king in blood, and near in love  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,  
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,  
From my own windows torn my household coat,  
Raz'd out my imprese, leaving me no sign,  
Save men's opinions and my living blood,  
To show the world I am a gentleman  
This and much more, much more than twice all this,  
Condemns you to the death—See them deliver'd over<sup>(61)</sup>  
To execution and the hand of death

*Bushy* More welcome is the stroke of death to me  
Than Bolingbroke to England—Lords, farewell

*Green* My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,  
And plague injustice with the pains of hell

*Boling* My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd  
[*Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the  
prisoners*]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house,  
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated  
Tell her I send to her my kind commends,  
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd

*York* A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd  
With letters of your love to her at large

*Boling* Thanks, gentle uncle—Come, my lords, away,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices  
Awhile to work, and after holiday<sup>(62)</sup> [*Exeunt*



SCENE II *The coast of Wales A castle in view*

*Flourish, drums and trumpets Enter King RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers, with colours*

*K Rich* Bailloughly castle call they this at hand?

*Aum* Yea, my good lord <sup>(63)</sup> How brooks your grace the  
all,

After late<sup>(64)</sup> tossing on the breaking seas?

*K Rich* Needs must I like it well I weep for joy  
To stand upon my kingdom once again —  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs  
As a long parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting.  
So, weeping smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,  
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy gaited toads, lie in their way,  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies,  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies —  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms

*Car* Fear not, my lord that Power that made you king  
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all  
The means that heaven yields<sup>(65)</sup> must be embrac'd,  
And not neglected, else, if<sup>(66)</sup> heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress

*Aum* He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,



Grows strong and great in substance and in friends

*K Rich* Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou not  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,<sup>(67)</sup>  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders and in outrage, boldly<sup>(68)</sup> here,  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wandering with th' Antipodes,—  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But self affrighted tremble at his sin  
Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king,  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd  
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,  
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right

*Enter SALISBURY*

Welcome, my lord how far off lies your power ?

*Sal* Nor near nor further off, my gracious lord,  
Than this weak arm discomfort guides my tongue,  
And bids me speak of nothing but despair  
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth  
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,  
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !  
To day, to day, unhappy day, too late,  
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state,



For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,  
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and<sup>(69)</sup> fled

*Aum* Comfort, my liege why looks your grace so pale?

*K Rich* But now the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,

And, till so much blood thither come agen,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side,

For time hath set a blot upon my pride

*Aum* Comfort, my liege, remember who you are

*K Rich* I had forgot myself am I not king?

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleepest

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory — Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king are we not high?

High be our thoughts I know my uncle York

Hath power enough<sup>(70)</sup> to serve our turn — But who comes  
here?

*Enter SCROOP*

*Scroop* More health and happiness betide my liege  
Than can my care tun'd tongue deliver him!

*K Rich* Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd  
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care,  
And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be, if he serve God,

We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend,

They break their faith to God as well as us

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,

The worst is death, and death will have his day

*Scroop* Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd  
To bear the tidings of calamity

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,

So high above his limits swells the rage



Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land  
With hand bright steel, and hearts harder than steel  
White beards have aim'd their thin and hairless scalps  
Against thy majesty, boys with women's voices  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown,<sup>(71)</sup>  
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double fatal yew against thy state,  
Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills  
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,  
And all goes worse than I have power to tell

*K Rich* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill  
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?<sup>(72)</sup>  
That they have let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?  
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it  
I warrant they've made peace with Bolingbroke

*Scroop* Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord

*K Rich* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes, in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart!  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Scroop* Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate —  
Again uncure their souls, their peace is made  
With heads, and not with hands those whom you curse  
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,  
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground

*Aum* Is Bushy, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltshire dead?

*Scroop* Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads

*Aum* Where is the duke my father with his power?

*K Rich* No matter where, — of comfort no man speak  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills  
And yet not so, — for what can we bequeath,



Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but death,  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones  
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings —  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,<sup>(74)</sup>  
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,  
All murder'd — for within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit, —  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell, king !  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence, throw away respect,  
Tradition,<sup>(74)</sup> form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while  
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
Need friends — subjected thus,<sup>(75)</sup>  
How can you say to me, I am a king ?

*Car* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail  
To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,  
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,  
And so your follies fight against yourself  
Fear, and be slain, no worse can come to fight  
And fight and die is death destroying death,  
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath

*Aum* My father hath a power, inquire of him,  
And learn to make a body of a limb

*K Rich* Thou chid'st me well — proud Bolingbroke, I come  
To change blows with thee for our day of doom



This ague-fit of fear is over blown ,  
An easy task it is to win our own —  
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour  
*Scroop* Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day ,  
So may you by my dull and heavy eye  
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say  
I play the torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken —  
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke ,  
And all your northern castles yielded up,  
And all your southern gentlemen in arms  
Upon his party

*K Rich* , Thou hast said enough —  
[*To Aumerle*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth  
Of that sweet way I was in to despair !  
What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly  
That bids me be of comfort any more  
Go to Flint castle there I'll pine away ,  
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey  
That power I have, discharge, and let them go  
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,  
For I have none —let no man speak again  
To alter this, for counsel is but vain

*Aum* My hege, one word

*K Rich* He does me double wrong  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue  
Discharge my followers let them hence away,  
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day [Exit

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SCENE III *Wales Before Flint-castle*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces , YORK,  
NORTHUMBERLAND, and others*

*Boling* So that by this intelligence we learn  
The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury



Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed  
With some few private friends upon this coast

*North* The news is very fair and good, my lord  
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head

*York* It would beseem the Lord Northumberland  
To say "King Richard"—alack the heavy day  
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

*North* Your grace mistakes me,<sup>(76)</sup> only to be brief,  
Left I his title out

*York* The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length

*Boling* Mistake not, uncle, further than you should

*York* Take not, good cousin, further than you should,  
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads

*Boling* I know it, uncle, and I not oppose<sup>(77)</sup>  
Myself against them will—But who comes here?

*Enter PERCY*

Welcome,<sup>(78)</sup> Harry what, will not this castle yield?

*Percy* The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,  
Against thy entrance

*Boling* Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

*Percy* Yes, my good lord,  
It doth contain a king, King Richard lies  
Within the limits of yond lime and stone  
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,  
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman  
Of holy reverence, who I cannot learn

*North* O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle<sup>(79)</sup>

*Boling* [to *North*] Noble lord,  
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,  
Though brazen trumpet send the breath of paile  
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver—  
Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,  
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart  
To his most royal person, hither come



Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,  
 Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,  
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted  
 If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,  
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood  
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen  
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke  
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,  
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show  
 Go, signify as much, while here we march  
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain —

[*Northumberland advances to the castle with a trumpet*

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,  
 That from this castle's tatter'd battlements<sup>(80)</sup>  
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd  
 Methinks King Richard and myself should meet  
 With no less terror than the elements  
 Of fire and water, when their thundering shock  
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven  
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water  
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain  
 My waters,—on the earth, and not on him  
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within Flouriish*  
*Enter, on the walls, KING RICHARD, the Bishop of Carlisle, AU-*  
*MERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY*

*Percy* See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,<sup>(81)</sup>  
 As doth the blushing discontented sun  
 From out the fiery portal of the east,  
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent  
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
 Of his bright passage to the occident

*York* Yet looks he like a king behold, his eye,  
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
 Controlling majesty —alack, alack, for woe,  
 That any storm<sup>(82)</sup> should stain so fair a show!

*K Rich* [to *Northumberland*] We are amaz'd, and thus  
 long have we stood



To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay then awful duty to our presence?  
If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship,  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp  
And though you think that all, as you have done,  
Have tain<sup>(83)</sup> their souls by turning them from us,  
And we are barren and bereft of friends,  
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,  
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious crown  
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he stands,—  
That every stride he makes upon my land  
Is dangerous treason he is come to ope  
The purple testament of bleeding war,  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons  
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,  
Change the complexion of her maid pale peace  
To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood

*North* The king of heaven forbid our lord the king  
Should so with civil and uncivil arms  
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin<sup>(84)</sup>  
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand,  
And by the honourable tomb he swears  
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,  
And by the royalties of both your bloods,—  
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,—  
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,  
And by the worth and honour of himself,  
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—  
His coming hither hath no further scope



Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg  
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees  
Which on thy royal party granted once,  
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,  
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart  
To faithful service of your majesty  
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just,  
And, as I am<sup>(85)</sup> a gentleman, I credit him

*K Rich* Northumberland, say thus the king returns —  
His noble cousin is right welcome hither,  
And all the number of his fan demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction  
With all the gracious utterance thou hast  
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends —  
[*To Aumerle*] We do debase ourself, cousin,<sup>(86)</sup> do we not,  
To look so poorly, and to speak so fan?  
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send  
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

*Aum* No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words  
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords

*K Rich* O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,  
That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yond proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth! O that I were as great  
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!  
Or that I could forget what I have been!  
Or not remember what I must be now!  
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to bant,  
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me

*Aum* Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke

*K Rich* What must the king do now? must he submit?  
The king shall do it must he be depos'd?  
The king shall be contented must he lose  
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go  
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,  
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,  
My gay apparel for an alms man's gown,  
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,  
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,  
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,



And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
 A little little grave, an obscure grave,—  
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet  
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,  
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,  
 And buried once, why not upon my head?—  
 Aumele, thou weep'st,—my tender hearted cousin!—  
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears,  
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,  
 And make a death in this revolting land  
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
 As thus,—to drop them still upon one place,  
 Till they have fletted us a pair of graves  
 Within the earth, and, therein laid,—“There lies  
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes”  
 Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see  
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me—  
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,  
 What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty  
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?  
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay

*North* My lord, in the base court he doth attend

To speak with you,—may't please you to come down

*K Rich* Down, down I come, like glistering Phaethon,  
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace

In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!

For night owls shriek where mounting larks should sing

[*Exeunt above*]

*Boling* What says his majesty?

*North* Sorrow and grief of heart  
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man  
 Yet he is come

*Enter King RICHARD attended, below*

*Boling* Stand all apart,  
 And show fair duty to his majesty—



My gracious lord,—

[*Kneeling*]

*K Rich* Fan cousin, you debase your princely knee  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it  
Me rather had my heart might feel your love  
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy  
Up, cousin, up,—your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least [*Touching his own head*], although your  
knee be low

*Boling* My gracious lord, I come but for mine own

*K Rich* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all

*Boling* So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,  
As my true service shall deserve your love

*K Rich* Well you deserve—they well deserve to have  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get—  
Uncle, give me your hand nay, dry your eyes,  
Tears show then love, but want then remedies—  
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my hen  
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too,  
For do we must what force will have us do—  
Set on towards London—cousin, is it so?

*Boling* Yea, my good lord

*K Rich*

Then I must not say no

[*Flourish* *Exeunt*]

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SCENE IV *Langley The Duke of York's garden*

*Enter the Queen and two Ladies*

*Queen* What sport shall we devise here in this garden,  
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

*First Lady* Madam, we'll play at bowls

*Queen* 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias

*First Lady* Madam, we'll dance

*Queen* My legs can keep no measure in delight,  
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief  
Therefore, no dancing, girl, some other sport.

*First Lady* Madam, we'll tell tales.



*Queen* Of sorrow or of joy?<sup>(87)</sup>

*First Lady* Of either, madam

*Queen* Of neither, gull<sup>(88)</sup>

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow,  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy  
For what I have, I need not to repeat,  
And what I want, it boots not to complain

*First Lady* Madam, I'll sing

*Queen* 'Tis well that thou hast cause,

But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep

*First Lady* I could weep, madam, would it do you good

*Queen* And I could weep, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee —<sup>(89)</sup>

But stay, here come the gardeners<sup>(90)</sup>

Let's step into the shadow of these trees

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of state, for every one doth so

Against a change woe is foretun with woe

[*Queen and Ladies retire*]

*Enter a Gardener and two Servants*

*Gard* Go, bind thou up yond dangling apuicocks,  
Which, like unuly childien, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs —  
Go thou, and, like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth  
All must be even in our government —  
You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers

*First Serv* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law and form and due proportion,  
Showing, as in a model, a firm state,<sup>(91)</sup>  
When our sea walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,  
Her fruit trees all unprun'd, her hedges run'd,



Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars?

*Gard*

Hold thy peace —

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring  
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf  
The weeds that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,  
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,  
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,—  
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green

*First Serv* What, are they dead?

*Gard*

They are, and Bolingbroke

Hath seiz'd the wasteful king —O, what pity is it  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land  
As we this garden! We<sup>(92)</sup> at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,  
Lest, being over proud in sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste  
Their fruits of duty All<sup>(93)</sup> superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live  
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down

*First Serv* What, think you, then,<sup>(94)</sup> the king shall be  
depos'd?

*Gard* Depress'd he is already, and depos'd

'Tis doubt he will be letters came last night  
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,  
That tell black tidings

*Queen* O, I am press'd to death through want of speak  
ing! — [Comes forward with Ladies

Thou, old Adam's likeness,<sup>(95)</sup> set to dress this garden,  
How dares

Thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing news?  
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee  
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?  
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,  
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,  
Can'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch



*Gard* Pardon me, madam little joy have I  
To breathe this news yet what I say is true  
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold  
Of Bolingbroke then fortunes both are weigh'd  
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,  
And some few vanities that make him light,  
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,  
Besides himself, are all the English peers,  
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down  
Post you to London, and you'll find it so,  
I speak no more than every one doth know

*Queen* Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,  
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st  
To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
Thy sorrow in my breast — Come, ladies, go,  
To meet at London London's king in woe —  
What, was I born to this, that my sad look  
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?  
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
Pity God the plants thou graft'st may never grow

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies*]

*Gard* Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,  
I would my skill were subject to thy curse —  
Here did she fall a tear, here, in this place,  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen

[*Exeunt*]

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## ACT IV

SCENE I *London Westminster Hall*

*The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne, the Lords temporal on the left, the Commons below Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants Officers behind, with BAGOT*

*Boling* Call forth Bagot [*Officers bring Bagot to the bar*  
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death,  
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd  
The bloody office of his timeless end

*Bagot* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle

*Boling* Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man

*Bagot* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd  
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,  
I heard you say,—“Is not my arm of length,  
That reacheth from the restful English court  
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?”  
Amongst much other talk, that very time,  
I heard you say that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns  
Than Bolingbroke's return to England,  
Adding withal, how blest this land would be  
In this your cousin's death

*Aum*

Princes and noble lords,

What answer shall I make to this base man?  
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
With the attainer of his slanderous lips—  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell I say, thou heest,  
And will maintain what thou hast said is false  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base



To stain the temper of my knightly sword

*Boling* Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up

*Aum* Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so

*Fitz* If that thy valour stand on sympathy,

There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine

By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou speak'st it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death

If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest,

And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,

Where it was forged, with my rapier's point

*Aum* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day

*Fitz* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour

*Aum* Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this

*Percy* Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true

In this appeal as thou art all unjust,

And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

To prove it on thee to th'extremest point

Of mortal breathing seize it, if thou dar'st

*Aum* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And never brandish more revengeful steel

Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

*Lord* I task thee to the like,<sup>(96)</sup> forsworn Aumerle,

And spur thee on with full as many lies

As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear

From sun to sun<sup>(97)</sup> there is my honour's pawn,

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st

*Aum* Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,

To answer twenty thousand such as you

*Surrey* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well

The very time Aumerle and you did talk

*Fitz* 'Tis very true you were in presence then,

And you can witness with me this is true

*Surrey* As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true

*Fitz* Surrey, thou liest

*Surrey* Dishonourable boy!

That he shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render vengeance and revenge



Till thou the lie giver and that lie do lie  
 In earth as quiet as thy father's skull  
 In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn,  
 Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st

*Fitz* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!  
 If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,  
 I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,  
 And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,  
 And lies, and lies there is my bond of faith,  
 To tie thee to my strong correction —  
 As I intend to thrive in this new world,  
 Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal  
 Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,  
 That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men  
 To execute the noble duke at Calais

*Aum* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
 That Norfolk lies here do I throw down this,<sup>(98)</sup>  
 If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour

*Boling* These differences shall all rest under gage,  
 Till Norfolk be repeal'd repeal'd he shall be,  
 And, though mine enemy, restor'd again  
 To all his lands and signories<sup>(99)</sup> when he's return'd,  
 Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial

*Car* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen  
 Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
 For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,  
 Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross  
 Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens,  
 And though ~~the~~ of war, retir'd himself  
 To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave  
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,  
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,  
 Under whose colours he had fought so long

*Boling* Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

*Car* As surely as I live, my lord

*Boling* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom  
 Of good old Abraham! — My<sup>(100)</sup> lords appellants,  
 Your differences shall all rest under gage  
 Till we assign you to your days of trial.



*Enter YORK, attended*

*York* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul  
Adopts thee here, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand  
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—  
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth !

*Boling* In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne

*Can* Maury, God forbid !—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best becoming me to speak the truth  
Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard ! then true nobless would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong  
What subject can give sentence on his king ?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?  
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them,  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,<sup>(101)</sup>  
And he himself not present ? O, forfend it, God  
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king  
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king,  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act,  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound,  
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls



O, if you raise this house against this house,  
 It will the wofullest division prove  
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth  
 Prevent, resist it,<sup>(102)</sup> let it not be so,  
 Lest children's children<sup>(103)</sup> cry against you "woe!"

*North* Well have you argu'd, sir,<sup>(104)</sup> and, for your pains,  
 Of capital treason we arrest you here —  
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
 To keep him safely till his day of trial —  
 May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit

*Boling* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view  
 He may surrender, so we shall proceed  
 Without suspicion

*York* I will be his conduct [Exit

*Boling* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer —  
 Little are we beholding to your love, [To Carlisle  
 And little look'd for at your helping hands

*Re enter YORK, with King RICHARD, and Officers bearing the crown, &c*

*K Rich* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
 T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee  
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
 To this submission Yet I well remember  
 The favours of these men were they not mine?  
 Did they not sometime cry "All hail!" to me?  
 So Judas did to Christ but he, in twelve,  
 Found truth in all but one, I, in twelve thousand, none  
 God save the king!—Will no man say amen?  
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen  
 God save the king! although I be not he,  
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me —  
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

*York* To do that office of thine own good will  
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—  
 The resignation of thy state and crown  
 To Henry Bolingbroke



*K Rich* Give me the crown [*The crown is brought to Richard, who seizes it*]—Here, cousin,

On this side my hand, and on that side yours <sup>(105)</sup>

Now is this golden crown like a deep well

That owes two buckets, filling one another,

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water

That bucket down and full of tears am I,

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high

*Boling* I thought you had been willing to resign

*K Rich* My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine

You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs, still am I king of those

*Boling* Part of your cares you give me with your crown

*K Rich* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down

My care is, loss of care, by old care done,

Your care is, gain of care, by new care won

The cares I give, I have, though given away,

They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay

*Boling* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K Rich* Ay, no,—no, ay, for I must nothing be,

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee

Now mark me, how I will undo myself—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duty's rites

All pomp and majesty I do forswear,

My manors, rents, revenues I forgo,

My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!



God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days !—  
What more remains ?

*North*

No more, but that you read

[*Offering a paper*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes  
Committed by your person and your followers  
Against the state and profit of this land,  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthily depos'd

*K Rich* Must I do so ? and must I ravel out  
My wear'd up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop  
To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,  
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—  
Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven —  
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,<sup>(100)</sup>  
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—  
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,  
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin

*North* My lord, dispatch, read o'er these articles

*K Rich* Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see  
And yet salt water blinds them not so much  
But they can see a sort of traitors here  
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,  
I find myself a traitor with the rest,  
For I have given here my soul's consent  
T' undeck the pompous body of a king,  
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,  
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant

*North* My lord,—

*K Rich* No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,  
Nor no man's lord, I have no name, no title —  
No, not that name was given me at the font,—  
But tis usurp'd —alack the heavy day,



That I have worn so many winters out,  
And know not now what name to call myself !  
O that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water drops !—  
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,—  
An if my word be sterling yet in England,  
Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
That it may show me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty

*Boling* Go, some of you and fetch a looking glass

[*Exit an Attendant*]

*North* Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come

*K Rich* Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell !

*Boling* Uge it no more, my Lord Northumberland

*North* The commons will not, then, be satisfied

*K Rich* They shall be satisfied I'll read enough,  
When I do see the very book indeed  
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself

*Re enter Attendant with a glass*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read —  
No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds ?—O flattering glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men ? was this the face  
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ?  
Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,  
And was at last out fac'd by Bolingbroke ?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face  
As brittle as the glory is the face,

[*Dashes the glass against the ground*]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers —

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face

*Boling* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face



*K Rich* Say that again  
The shadow of my sorrow? ha! let's see —  
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,  
And these external manners of lament<sup>(107)</sup>  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul,  
There lies the substance and I thank thee, king,  
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause I'll beg one boon,  
And then be gone and trouble you no more  
Shall I obtain it?

*Boling* Name it, my<sup>(108)</sup> fair cousin

*K Rich* Fair cousin! I am greater than a king  
For when I was a king, my flatterers  
Were then but subjects, being now a subject,  
I have a king here to my flatterer  
Being so great, I have no need to beg

*Boling* Yet ask

*K Rich* And shall I have?

*Boling* You shall

*K Rich* Then give me leave to go

*Boling* Whither?

*K Rich* Whither you will, so I were from your sights

*Boling* Go, some of you convey him to the Tower

*K Rich* O, good! convey?—conveyers are you all,  
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard*]

*Boling* On Wednesday next we solemnly set down  
Our coronation lords, prepare yourselves

[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle*]

*Abbot* A woful pageant have we here beheld

*Car* The woe's to come, the children yet unborn  
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thoin

*Aum* You holy clergymen, is there no plot  
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

*Abbot* Before I freely speak my mind herein,  
You shall not only take the sacrament



To bury mine intents, but to<sup>(109)</sup> effect  
Whatever I shall happen to devise —  
I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears  
Come home with me to supper. I will lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day [Exeunt

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## ACT V

SCENE I *London. A street leading to the Tower*

*Enter Queen and Ladies*

*Queen* This way the king will come, this is the way  
To Julius Cæsar's ill erected tower,  
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord  
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke  
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth  
Have any resting for her true king's queen —  
But soft, but see, or rather do not see,  
My fair rose wither yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true love tears

*Enter King RICHARD and Guards*

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,  
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,  
And not King Richard, thou most beauteous inn,  
Why should hard favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

*K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden learn, good soul,  
To think our former state a happy dream,  
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim Necessity, and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house



Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down

*Queen* What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke depos'd  
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?<sup>(110)</sup>  
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpower'd, and wilt thou, pupil like,  
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which eat a lion and a king of beasts?

*K Rich* A king of beasts, indeed, if aught but beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men  
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France  
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,  
As from my death bed, thy last living leave  
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales  
Of woful ages long ago betid,  
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs  
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds  
For why the senseless brands will sympathize  
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,  
And in compassion weep the fire out,  
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal black,  
For the deposing of a rightful king

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND attended*

*North* My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd,  
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower —  
And, madam, there is order taken for you,  
With all swift speed you must away to France

*K Rich* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head  
Shall break into corruption thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all,



And<sup>(111)</sup> he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way  
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,  
 Being ne'er so little ung'd, another way  
 To pluck him headlong from th' usurped throne  
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear,  
 That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both  
 To worthy danger and deserved death

*North* My guilt be on my head, and there an end  
 Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith

*K Rich* Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate  
 A twofold marriage,—'twixt my crown and me,  
 And then betwixt me and my married wife—  
 Let me un-kiss the oath 'twixt thee and me,  
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made—  
 Part us, Northumberland, I towards the north,  
 Where shivering cold and sickness pine the clime,  
 My wife to France,—from whence, set forth in pomp,  
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,  
 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day

*Queen* And must we be divided? must we part?

*K Rich* Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from  
 heart

*Queen* Banish us both, and send the king with me

*North* That were some love, but little policy

*Queen* Then whither he goes, thither let me go

*K Rich* So two, together weeping, make one woe  
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here,  
 Better far off than, near, be ne'er the near  
 Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans

*Queen* So longest way shall have the longest moans

*K Rich* Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,  
 And piece the way out with a heavy heart  
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
 Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief  
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part,  
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart [They kiss

*Queen* Give me mine own again, 'twere no good part  
 To take on me to keep and kill thy heart [They kiss again  
 So, now I have mine own again, be gone,  
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan



*K Rich* We make woe wanton with this fond delay  
Once more, adieu, the rest let sorrow say [Exeunt

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SCENE II *The same A room in the Duke of York's palace*

*Enter YORK and his Duchess*

*Duch* My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  
When weeping made you break the story off  
Of our two cousins coming into London

*York* Where did I leave?

*Duch* At that sad stop, my lord,  
Where rude misgovern'd hands from window tops<sup>(112)</sup>  
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head

*York* Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  
While all tongues cried "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"  
You would have thought the very windows spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage, and that all the walls  
With painted imagery had said at once  
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,  
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
Bespake them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen"  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along

*Duch* Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

*York* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard, no man cried "God save him!"  
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—



His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
 The badges of his grief and patience,—  
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him  
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,  
 To whose high will we bow<sup>(113)</sup> our calm contents  
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow

*Duch* Here comes my son Aumerle

*York* Aumerle that was

But that is lost for being Richard's friend,  
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now  
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth  
 And lasting fealty to the new made king

*Enter AUMERLE*

*Duch* Welcome, my son who are the violets now  
 That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

*Aum* Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not  
 God knows I had as lief be none as one

*York* Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,  
 Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime  
 What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

*Aum* For aught I know, my lord, they do

*York* You will be there, I know

*Aum* If God prevent it<sup>(114)</sup> not, I purpose so

*York* What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?  
 Yea, look'st thou pale, son? let me see the writing<sup>(115)</sup>

*Aum* My lord, 'tis nothing

*York* No matter, then, who sees it  
 I will be satisfied, let me see the writing

*Aum* I do beseech your grace to pardon me  
 It is a matter of small consequence,  
 Which for some reasons I would not have seen

*York* Which for some reasons, son, I mean to see  
 I fear, I fear,—

*Duch* What should you fear? It is  
 Nothing but some bond that he's enter'd into  
 For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day



*York* Bound to himself ' what doth he with a bond  
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool —  
Boy, let me see the writing

*Aum* Beseech<sup>(116)</sup> you, pardon me, I may not show it

*York* I will be satisfied let me see 't, I say  
[*Snatches it, and reads*

Treason ' foul treason '—Villain ! traitor ! slave !

*Duch* What's the matter, my lord ?

*York* Ho ! who's within there ? ho<sup>(117)</sup>

*Enter a Servant*

Saddle my horse —

God for his mercy, what treachery is here !

*Duch* Why, what is't, my lord ?

*York* Give me my boots, I say, saddle my horse —  
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth, [*Exit Servant*  
I will appeach the villain

*Duch* What's the matter ?

*York* Peace, foolish woman

*Duch* I will not peace —What is the matter, son ?

*Aum* Good mother, be content, it is no more  
Than my poor life must answer

*Duch* Thy life answer !

*York* Bring me my boots —I will unto the king

*Re enters Servant with boots*

*Duch* Strike him, Aumerle —Poor boy, thou art amaz'd —  
[*To the Servant*] Hence, villain ! never more come in my  
sight

*York* Give me my boots, I say [*Exit Servant*

*Duch* Why, *York*, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

*York* Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,



And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford

*Duch*

He shall be none,

We'll keep him here then what is that to him?

*York* Away, fond woman! were he twenty times

My son, I would appeach him

*Duch*

Hadst thou groan'd for him

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful

But now I know thy mind, thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him

*York*

Make way, univly woman! [Exit

*Duch* After, Aumeile! mount thee upon his horse,

Spur post, and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee

I'll not be long behind, though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York,

And never will I rise up from the ground

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee Away, be gone <sup>(118)</sup>

[Exeunt

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### SCENE III Windsor A room in the castle

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, PERCY, and other Lords

*Boling* Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last —

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he

I would to God, my lords, he might be found

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions,—

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers,

While he, <sup>(119)</sup> young wanton and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour to support



So dissolute a crew

*Percy* My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,  
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford

*Boling* And what said the gallant?

*Percy* His answer was,—he would unto the stewes,  
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,  
And wear it as a favour, and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger

*Boling* As dissolute as desperate, yet through both  
I see some sparkles of a<sup>(120)</sup> better hope,  
Which elder days may happily bring forth —  
But who comes here?

*Enter AUWERLE hastily*

*Aum* Where is the king?

*Boling* What means  
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

*Aum* God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,  
To have some conference with your grace alone

*Boling* Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone  
*[Exeunt Percy and Iord]*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

*Aum* For ever may my knees grow to the earth, *[Aum looks]*  
My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,<sup>(121)</sup>  
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak

*Boling* Intended or committed was this fault?  
If on<sup>a</sup> the first, how heinous e'er it be,  
To win thy after love I pardon thee

*Aum* Then give me leave that I may turn the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done

*Boling* Have thy desire *[Aumerle locks the door]*

*York* *[within]* My liege, beware, look to thyself,  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there

*Boling* Villain, I'll make thee safe *[Drawing]*

*Aum* Stay thy revengeful hand,  
Thou hast no cause to fear

*York* *[within]* Open the door, secure, foolhardy king  
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open

*[Bolingbroke unlocks the door, and afterwards looks it again]*



*Enter YORK*

*Boling* What is the matter, uncle? speak,  
Recover breath, tell us how near is danger,  
That we may arm us to encounter it

*York* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know  
The treason that my haste forbids me show

*Aun* Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd  
I do repent me, read not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand

*York* 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down —  
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king,  
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence  
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart

*Boling* O heinous, strong,<sup>(123)</sup> and bold conspiracy! —  
O loyal father of a treacherous son!  
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,  
From whence this stream through muddy passages  
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!  
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,  
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse  
This deadly blot in thy digressing son

*York* So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,  
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,  
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies  
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death

*Duch* [*within*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let  
me in

*Boling* What shrill voice'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

*Duch* [*within*] A woman, and thy aunt, great king, 'tis

I

Speak with me, pity me, open the door  
A beggar begs that never begg'd before

*Boling* Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,  
And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King" —  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in



I know she's come to pray for your foul sin

[*Aumerl* unlocks the door

*York* If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper my  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound,  
This let alone will all the rest confound

*Enter Duchess*

*Duch* O king, believe not this hard hearted man!  
Love loving not itself, none other can

*York* Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?  
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

*Duch* Sweet York, be patient—Hear me, gentle hiege  
[*Aumerl*]

*Boling* Rise up, good aunt

*Duch* Not yet, I thee beseech  
For ever will I walk upon my knees,  
And never see day that the happy sees,  
Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy,  
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy  
*Aum* Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee [*Kneels*  
*York* Against them both my true joints bended be  
[*Kneels*

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

*Duch* Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face,  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest,<sup>(124)</sup>  
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast  
He prays but faintly, and would be denied  
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know,  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,  
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity  
Our prayers do out pray his, then let them have  
That mercy which true prayers ought to have<sup>(125)</sup>

*Boling* Good aunt, stand up

*Duch* Nay, do not say 'stand up,'  
But "pardon" first, and afterwards "stand up"  
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech



I never long'd to hear a word till now,  
Say "pardon," king, let pity teach thee how  
The word is short, but not so short as sweet,  
No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so meet  
*York* Speak it in French, king, say, *pardonnez moi*  
*Duch* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard hearted lord,  
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—  
Speak "pardon" as 'tis current in our land,  
The chopping French we do not understand  
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there  
O! in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,  
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse

*Boling* Good aunt, stand up

*Duch* I do not sue to stand,  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand

*Boling* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me

*Duch* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!  
Yet am I sick for fear speak it again,  
Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,  
But makes one pardon strong

*Boling* With all my heart  
I pardon him

*Duch* A god on earth thou art <sup>(126)</sup>

*Boling* But for our trusty brother in law, and th' abbot,  
With all the rest of that consorted crew,  
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels —  
Good uncle, help to order several powers  
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are  
They shall not live within this world, I swear,  
But I will have them, if I once know where  
Uncle, farewell —and, cousin mine, <sup>(127)</sup> adieu  
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true

*Duch* Come, my old son —I pray God make thee new

[*Exeunt*



SCENE IV *Another room in the same**Enter* Sir PIERCE of Exton *and a Servant*

*Exton* Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,—

“Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?”  
Was it not so?

*Serv* Those were his very words

*Exton* “Have I no friend?” quoth he he spake it twice,  
And ung d it twice together,—did he not?

*Serv* He did

*Exton* And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,  
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man  
That would divorce this terror from my heart,—  
Meaning the king at Pomfret Come, let's go  
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe [Exeunt

SCENE V *Pomfret The dungeon of the castle**Enter* King RICHARD

*K Rich* I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison where I live unto the world  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it,—yet I'll hammer't out  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father and these two beget  
A generation of still breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world,  
In humours like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented <sup>(128)</sup> The better sort,—  
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the word  
As thus, “Come, little ones,” and then again,  
“It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small needl's <sup>(129)</sup>” &c



Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
 Unlikely wonders, how these vain weak nails  
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,  
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride  
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last, like silly beggars,  
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,  
 That many have, and others must sit there,  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
 Of such as have before endur'd the like  
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
 And none contented sometimes am I king,  
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
 And so I am then crushing penvy  
 Persuades me I was better when a king,  
 Then am I king'd again and by and by  
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing —but whatever I am,  
 Nor I, nor any man that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
 With being nothing —Music do I hear?  
 Ha, ha! keep time —how sour sweet music is,  
 When time is broke and no proportion kept!  
 So is it in the music of men's lives  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear  
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string,<sup>(130)</sup>  
 But, for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke  
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me,  
 For now hath time made me his numbering clock  
 My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar  
 Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,<sup>(131)</sup>  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears  
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,<sup>(132)</sup>  
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
 Which is the bell so sighs and tears and groans

[Music]



Show minutes, times, and hours —but my time  
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock  
This music mads me, let it sound no more,  
For though it have help madmen to their wits,  
In me it seems it will make wise men mad  
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me !  
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard  
Is a strange brooch in this all hating world

*Enter Groom*

*Groom* Hail, royal prince !

*K Rich*

Thanks, noble peer, <sup>(133)</sup>

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear  
What art thou ? and how com'st thou hither now, <sup>(134)</sup>  
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog  
That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

*Groom* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
When thou wert king, who, travelling towards York,  
With much ado at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometimes master's face <sup>(135)</sup>  
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,  
In London streets, that coronation day,  
When Bolingbroke rode on Ioan Barbary,—  
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,  
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd !

*K Rich* Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle friend,  
How went he under him ?

*Groom* So proud <sup>(136)</sup> as if he had disdain'd the ground

*K Rich* So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !  
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand,  
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him  
Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,—  
Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck  
Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?  
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse,  
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
Spur gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke



*Enter Keeper, with a dish*

*Keep* [to the Groom] Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay

*K Rich* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away

*Groom* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say [Exit

*Keep* My lord, will 't please you to fall to ?

*K Rich* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do

*Keep* My lord, I dare not     Sir Pierce of Exton,  
Who late<sup>(as)</sup> came from the king, commands the contrary

*K Rich* The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !  
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it     [Beats the Keeper]

*Keep* Help, help, help !

*Enter Sir PIERCE of Exton and Servants armed*

*K Rich* How now ! what means death in this rude as  
sault ?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument

*[Snatching a weapon, and killing a Servant]*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell

*[He kills another Servant Then Exton strikes  
him down]*

That hand shall burn in never quenching fire

That staggers thus my person — Exton,<sup>(as)</sup> thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land

Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high,

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die [Dies]

*Exton* As full of valour as of royal blood

Both have I spilt, — O, would the deed were good !

For now the devil, that told me I did well,

Says that this deed is chronicled in hell

This dead king to the living king I'll bear —

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here [Exeunt]

---



SCENE VI. *Windsor. A room in the castle*

*Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE as King, YORK, Lords, and Attendants*

*Boling* Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear  
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire  
Our town of Ciceter in Glostershire,  
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND*

Welcome, my lord what is the news?

*North* Hush, to

Thy sacred state wish I all happiness  
The next news is, I have to London sent  
The heads of Salisbury, Spence, Blunt, and Kent  
The manner of their taking may appear  
At large discoursed in this paper here [*Presenting a paper*]

*Boling* We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,  
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains

*Enter FITZWATER*

*Fitz* My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London  
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bonnet Seely,  
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors  
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow

*Boling* Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot,  
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot

*Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of Carlisle*

*Percy* The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,  
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,  
Hath yielded up his body to the grave,  
But here is Carlisle living, to abide  
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride

*Boling* Carlisle, this is your doom —  
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,  
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life,  
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife



For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
High spauks of honour in thee have I seen

*Enter* Sir PIERCE of Exton, with Attendants bearing a coffin

*Exton* Great king, within this coffin I present  
Thy buried fear heerein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,<sup>(133)</sup>  
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought

*Boling* Exton, I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought  
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,  
Upon my head and all this famous land

*Exton* From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed

*Boling* They love not poison that do poison need,  
Nor do I thee though I did wish him dead,  
I hate the murderer, love him murdered  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word nor princely favour  
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,  
And never show thy head by day nor light —  
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow  
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,  
And put on sullen black incontinent  
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand —  
March sadly after, grace my mournings here,  
In weeping after<sup>(140)</sup> this untimely bier

[*Exeunt*

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P 105 (1)

'May

Was inserted by Pope — This correction " says Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol ii p 258) is indisputable Again he observes (*Shakespeare's Versification &c* p 136) The correction *MAX many*' is indisputably right the same easy mistake, which has taken place in Lodge *Wounds of Civil War*, iv Dodsley vol viii p 52

*Flaccus* Happy and fortunate thy return to Rome

*Lepidus* And long Marius live with fame in Rome

[Sig F 2 ed 1094]

Obviously *And long MAX Marius*, &c ' —Mr Collier's Ms Corrector supplies less happily, Full '

P 106 (2)

'come '

Hanmer printed *come for* ' but the old reading has the same meaning

P 106 (3)

"the note,"

Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol ii p 234) suspects that we ought to read *thy note* "

P 107 (4)

'Wherever '

Pope printed "*Where never* '

P 108 (5)

'dear'

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes 'clear'—"a poor and needless innovation *Dear* in this place means *precious, momentous pressing all important* and it assumes the same sense frequently in Shakespeare " ΣΤΑΥΡΟΥ

P 109 (6)

*his*'

Was altered by Pope to "their"—wrongly I believe

P 110 (7)

"your ~~gaye~~ ' "

Mr W N Lettsom would read "*his gage*," because he says ' it is clear from what precedes that Bolingbroke and Norfolk had each taken up the other's gage ' But does not *your gage* ' mean the gage which you have in your hand ' ?



P 110 (8)

*Marshal*

The old eds have 'Lord *Marshal* But compare in sc 3, 'A *Rich Marshal* demand of yonder champion &c and 'Order the trial *marshal*, and begin "

P 110 (9)

*made*

The late Mr W W Williams conjectures mend —supposing that Gaunt merely intends to say that the correction of human error lies in the hands of Heaven and not in those of men and he would therefore appeal to Heaven for interference in the existing quarrel *The Parthenon* for July 19, 1862 p 378

P 110 (10)

'the will of heaven

*Who when they see*

Here as Mr Collier observes Gaunt uses *heaven* as a plural And see Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol II p 110) on 'Heaven used as plural.

P 111 (11)

*Farewell old Gaunt*

'The commentators have tried various expedients to save the metre Perhaps Shakespeare wrote '*Fare thee well*' Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 141—I prefer the earliest of them "expedients, viz "*Fare well old Gaunt farewell* "

P 112 (12)

'Desolate desolate "

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes '*Desolate, desperate*

P 113 (13)

'*Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms*

Why not, as before, *Marshal demand of yonder knight in arms*? The player who varied the expression, was probably ignorant that he injured the metre RITSON

P 114 (14)

*waxen coat "*

*Waxen* may mean soft and consequently penetrable or flexible The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they formed to every motion of the body Of these many are still to be seen in the Tower of London STEVENS Here "*waxen*" means, I believe, as soft and penetrable as if it were made of wax "

P 115 (15)

*"innocency"*

The old eds have "*innocence* "



P 116 (16) *Stay, stay* ’

The second ‘*stay*’ is the addition of Walker who observes ‘the situation itself, surely demands more than the simple ‘*stay*’ ’ (*Crit Exam &c* vol II p 144) —Pope gave ‘*But stay*’

P 116 (17) ‘*on you*

Altered by Pope to ‘*you on*’

P 116 (18) ‘*Which so ous’d up*’ &c

“Capell, not without reason, has ejected this and the next four lines” W N Lettson

P 116 (19) ‘*fly slow*’

So [most copies of?] the second folio —The earlier eds have “*she slow*” and ‘*slye slow*’

P 117 (20) ‘*be compassionate*

Here ‘*compassionate*’ is explained ‘*lamenting, complaining*’ But Mr Singer reads *be so passionate*,” and Mr Giant White prints “*become passionate*” (Theobald’s conjecture)

P 117 (21) *ye*

So Rowe —The old eds have ‘*thee*’ See note 107 on *The Tempest*

P 118 (22) “*so far as to mine enemy* —”

“The first folio reads [with the first four quartos] *jare* the second ‘*farre*’ Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him *as a friend* Norfolk, says he so far as a man may speak to his enemy &c’ Ritson I do not agree with Mr W N Lettson, who supposes that a line has been lost here —Compare

Yet thus jar Livia,  
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,  
But never love again ’

Fletcher’s *Woman’s Prize* act III sc 3

P 120 (23) *Think not the king did banish thee* ”

A mutilated line Capell printed *Think not the king did banish thee*, my son (I should prefer “*Think not, my son the king did banish thee*”) —Ritson proposes ‘*Therefore, think not the king,*’ &c

P 121 (24) “*for me*

Which means “for my part,” was improperly altered to ‘*by me*’ in the second folio



P 121 (25) *Bagot here and Greene*

So quarto 1634 — The folio has *heere Bagot and Greene* — These words are not in the earlier eds

P 122 (26) K Rich *Where lies he*  
Bushy *At Ely house*

Seymour and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector, each in his own way make these two speeches form a complete line

P 123 (27) *As praises of his state then there are found*  
*Lascivious metres to whose venom sound*  
*The open ear of youth doth always listen*

The first quarto has *As praises of whose taste the wise are found* ' &c , the second quarto substitutes *state* for ' *taste* ' and the later eds give the passage as it stands in my text That it is corrupted who can doubt?—Mr Collier proposes *As, praises of whose taste the wise are fond* &c which (though affording a very poor sense) is adopted by the Cambridge Editors — Mr W N Lettsom conjectures

*' As praises, of whose taste the unwise are fond*  
*Lascivious metres, to whose venom stain, ' &c*

P 123 (28) *' in base imitation '*

Amended by Pope to "*in base awkward imitation*"

P 124 (29) *infection '*

In *England's Parnassus*, 1600 this passage is quoted with the misprint "*infestation* ' hence Farmer suggested that the true reading was "*infestation*" (*infestation*), which Malone adopted

P 124 (30) *' With unky bolts, '*

Steevens conjectured "*With unky bolts* " and Mr W N Lettsom suggests "*Of unky bolts* "

P 124 (31) *" For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the more. "*

Ritson conjectures "*— being reind,* ' &c and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads "*being urg d,*" &c

P 125 (32) *" to see, "*

Omitted by Capell



P 125 (33) *And—*

K Rich *And thou a lunatic lean witted fool,*

So the folio —The first four quartos have

*And thou—*

A Rich A [*the third and fourth quartos* Ah] *lunatic lean witted fool*

which (in spite of Mr Collier's note *ad l* in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*) I continue to think a highly objectionable reading inasmuch as it makes 'thou' (meaning *Richard*) the nominative to *Dunst*' (meaning *Gaunt*)

P 126 (34)

*Beseech*

The old eds have 'I do *beseech*

P 126 (35)

*What says he ?*

Capell printed *What says he now* —which Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol iii p 126) approves of

P 129 (36) "*'Gainst us our lives our children and our heirs* "

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "*'Gainst us, our wives our children,*" &c To Mr Singer's remark (*Shakespeare vindicated &c* p 98) that the alteration is plausible but not necessary I may add that it is strongly opposed if not absolutely forbidden by a passage in *Henry 1 act i sc 2*

'That owe *your lives your lives*, and services  
To this imperial throne —

1861 Mr Grant White observes that '*ours*' seems a very plausible emendation, until we remember that a prosecution for treason would touch the life the children, and the heirs of the traitor, but could not touch his wife and then we see that the change is only ignorant

P 129 (37)

*And lost their hearts* "

The old eds have "*And quite lost their hearts*" —Steevens was probably right in supposing that the compositor's eye caught "*quite*" in this line from the "*quite*" in the following line and Mr Grant White is also probably right in remarking that the emphatic force proper to a repetition is lost if '*quite*' appear in this place —Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol i p 106) boldly pronounces the '*repetition to be corrupt*, and conjectures that Shakespeare may have written

'*I* *ours* The commons hath he pill'd  
With grievous taxes, and quite lost their hearts  
The nobles hath he fin'd for ancient quarrels—  
*Willo* And daily, ' &c ,

which Mr W N Lettison thinks is 'the proper reading and arrangement of the passage' —I differ from him



P 129 (38) 'benevolences and I wot not what

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 259) proposes benevolence I wot not what

P 130 (39)

*Be confident to speak Northumberland  
We three are but thyself and spealing so  
Thy words are but as thoughts therefore be bold*

Mr Collier's Ms Collector reads *Thy words are but our thoughts* &c—A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept 1853 p 306 thus defends the old text Ross's argument with Northumberland to speak was not merely because his words were as *their* thoughts That was no doubt true but the point of his persuasion lay in the consideration that Northumberland's words would be as *good* as *not spoken* We three are but yourself and in these circumstances your words are but as thoughts—that is you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not inasmuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself —1864 Mr Staunton mentions *our thoughts* as an unhappy conjecture for if they knew the intelligence Northumberland possessed why need he impart it?

P 130 (40)

Here a line has evidently dropt out and Malone introduced within brackets

"The son of Richard Earl of Arundel" —

with the following note, 'The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus 'Aboute the same tyme the Earle of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house* escaped out of the realme, by meanes of one William Scot' &c 'Duke Henry—chiefly through the earnest perswasion of Thomas Arundell late Archbishoppe of Canturburie (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his sea and banished the realme by King Richardes means) got him downe to Britaine—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea together with the said Archbishop of Canturburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundelle, sonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundelle, beheaded on Tower hill These were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham' &c *Holinshed*, p 1105 edit 1577 There cannot therefore, I think be the smallest doubt that a line was omitted in the copy of 1597 by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundel but his father was mentioned, for *his* in a subsequent line (*His* brother) must refer to the *old* Earl of Arundel The Christian name of Sir Thomas Ramston is changed to *John* and the two following persons are improperly described as knights in all the copies"

Rutson proposed filling up the lacuna with

"The son and heir of the late Earl of Arundel"

(which is nearly word for word from Holinshed)

Mr Grant White remarks that "the rhythm is somewhat irregular in this enumeration of titles" "Somewhat," indeed—vide note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI*



P 131 (41) *sweet Richard* ’

Perhaps *dear Richard* ” Walker’s *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 282

P 131 (42) *Persuades me it is otherwise howe er it be*

Dele *it is* ? Or possibly, *Howe er’t be* Walker’s *Crit Exam &c* vol iii p 126

P 131 (43) *‘in thinl ing on no thought I thinl —*

The old eds have *on thinl ing* &c —Mr W N Lettsom (note on Walker’s *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 223) feels confident that the true reading of the line is ‘*As,—though in thinking on no thing I think*

P 131 (44) *‘ But what it is &c*

Mr W N Lettsom suggests to me

*“ But what it is that s not yet known yct what  
I cannot name is nameless woe I wot*

P 132 (45) *that* ’

May surely mean *that which* ”—But Rowe and Mr Collier’s Ms Corrector substitute “*what*”

P 133 (46) *the commons cold* ’

The old eds have “*the commons they are cold*

P 133 (47) *“ thrust disorderly*

The old eds have ‘*disorderly thrust*

P 134 (48) *“ Is my near kinsman,”*

So Mr Collier’s Ms Corrector —the word *near*” not being in the old eds — Strange to say, Dr Guest (*Hist of English Rhythms*, vol 1 p 218) cites this line as uncorrupted, scanning it thus

‘ Is | my kins|man whom | the king | hath wrong d | ’

P 134 (49) *“ Lies in their purses and whoso empties them ”*

“‘Who [which is Pope’s emendation]?’ or can *purse*’, as a plural, be the true reading? Walker’s *Crit Exam &c* vol iii p 126

P 134 (50) *The hateful commons uill perform for us,*

The old eds have ‘*Will the hateful commons perform for us* ’



P 134 (51)

*Farewell at once —for once, for all and ever*

This line is given in the first four quartos to Green and in the folio to Bushy  
—I assign it with Mi Grant White to Bagot

P 135 (52)

*It is my son, young Harry Percy*

Capell printed '*It is my son my lord young Harry Percy*

P 136 (53)

*And in it are the Lords of York Beilley and Seymoun —*

Pope gave *And in it are the Lords Yorl Beilley, Seymoun* —Mi W N Lettsom would read *In t are the Lords &c* —observing that without reference to the metrical question '*And* is better away

P 136 (54)

*' is t*

Inserted by Capell —Pope's insertion was now (In the preceding page we have '*But who comes here?* where the line consisting of eight syllables "*is t*" is not required for the metre, as in the present line)

P 137 (55)

*ostentation of despised arms*

Is explained by Mason 'a boastful display of arms which we despise' — For '*despised* Hammer reads "despightful, Warburton "*disposed*, and Mi Collier's Ms Corrector *despoiling*

P 138 (56)

*' In*

The old eds have "*On* '

P 138 (57)

*wrongs*

See note 142 on *Love's Labour's lost*

P 139 (58)

*' fare you well —*

' *Farewell* ' The extra syllable in the body of the line would be in place in *Macbeth* or *King Henry VIII* but is strange here " Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 127 —Pope printed *farewell*

P 139 (59)

*And there repose you for this night*

Capell gave '*—for this night* or so —Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads "*And there, my lords repose you* &c

P 139 (60)

*" Bagot,"*

See note 72

P 141 (61)

*" over*

Omitted by Pope, and rightly, perhaps



P 141 (62)

*"Than's gentle uncle — Come my lords, away  
To fight with Glendower and his complices  
Awhile to work and after holiday*

The 'my' in the first line was added by Pope — 'Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third line rhyme to each other nor do I imagine this was casual but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine it must argue the poet of forgetfulness in his own plan and in attention to history of which he was most observant. Bolingbroke is as it were yet but just arrived he is now at Bristol weak in his numbers has had no meeting with a parliament nor is so far assured of the succession as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The First Part of King Henry IV* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again though Glendower in the very first year of King Henry IV began to be troublesome put in for the supremacy of Wales and imprisoned Mortimer yet it was not till the succeeding year that the king employed any force against him. THEOBALD — 'It is evident from the preceding scene that there was a force in Wales which Bolingbroke might think it necessary to suppress and why Dr John son (for you think the emendation [by Theobald] just), might not Shakespeare call it Glendower's? When we next see Bolingbroke, he is in Wales and mentions his having received intelligence that the Welshmen are dispersed. RISSON — 'Mr Heath observes that Bolingbroke marched to Chester probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks therefore the line is genuine. See also in p 147 Stowe expressly says that Owen Glendower saved King Richard at Flint Castle.' MALONE — Walker would retain the line in question but he proposes to supply before it

*'And lead we forth our well appointed powers,'*

observing "The awkward vicinity too of the final words *away*' and *holiday*' to each other perhaps demands this. *Cut I am* &c vol in p 128

P 142 (63)

*my good lord*

Here *good* was added by Pope (of which probably Mr Grant White was not aware when he proposed *good my lord*) — Dr Guest quotes the line as it stands in the old eds scanning it thus

Yea, | my lord | how brook[s] | your grace | the air |

*Hist of English Rhythms* vol 1 p 217

(In the same page Dr Guest cites and scans thus a line of Milton's *Samson Agonistes*

*'Jael who | with hospitable guile*

*though all the eds have, as the sense requires*

*'Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
Smote Sisara sleeping |*



P 142 (64)

'After late

The old eds have *After* your *late* (the you having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line)

P 142 (65)

"heaven yields

The old eds have *heauens yeeld* (This and the next three lines are not in the folio)

P 142 (66)

'if'

Not in the old eds

P 143 (67)

*know st thou not*

*That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe that lights the lower world*

In the last of these lines, *that* does not relate to the nearest antecedent *globe* but to *the eye of heaven*. Nothing is more common in Shakespeare and the writers of his day than this manner of disposing of the relative TALBOT — 'Without disputing the general truth of Talbot's note I deny that it is applicable here. It seems more probable that by a most common typographical error '*and*' has been expelled by an intrusive '*that*'. With deference to Staunton there is nothing confused in the *imagery* of this magnificent passage and though further on it contains some peculiarities of style I have no doubt that the whole is correct with the exception specified above.' W. N. LITTLESON — Here Hamner substituted '*and*' for "*that*"

P 143 (68)

'boldly

The earliest quarto has *boldly*, the later eds (with various spelling) *bloody*

P 144 (69)

'and

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "*an*"

P 144 (70)

'enough'

Omitted by Pope

P 145 (71)

*boys with women's voices*

*Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown*

So the first quarto — The later eds have "*and boyes, &c*" — Mr Collier's Ms Corrector changes *clap* to *clasp* (an alteration made also by Pope), and *female* to *feeble* but '*clap*' is undoubtedly right and '*female*' may surely keep its place as equivalent to "*womanish*" (Compare



The earth itself breathes better perfumes here  
 Than all the *female* men or women there  
 Not without cause about them bear

Cowley — Poem in his Essay entitled *The Garden* )

P 145 (72)

*Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
 What is become of Bushy? where is Green?*

Here are *four* of them named and within a very few lines the King hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judases. But how was their peace made? Why with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says

Is Bushy, Green and th Earl of Wiltshire dead?"

So that Bagot ought to be left out of the question and indeed he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland. And so we find him in the 2d act determining to do

*Bagot* No I'll to Ireland, to his majesty'

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. The transcribers must have blundered. It seems probable to me that he wrote as I have conjecturally altered the text

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is *he* got?

*he* into what corner of my dominions is he *slunk* and *absconded*?" THEO BALD (whose alteration is truly abominable) — I agree with Johnson in thinking that this was a mistake of the author's because we find a mistake of the same nature in the second act where Bolingbroke says that Bristol Castle was held by Bushy and Bagot yet it is certain that Bagot was not taken at Bristol for we find him afterwards accusing Aumerle of treason and in the parting scene between him Green and Bushy, he declares his intention of flying to the King in Ireland. MASON

P 146 (73)

*'How some have been depos'd some slain in war  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd'*

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 300) observes that one of these *depos'ds* is wrong and suggests that the second should be 'depriv'd (in the sense of *depos'd*)' — Pope printed — *by the ghosts they dispossess'd.* — Mr. Swynfen Jervis would read — *by their ghosts,* &c

P 146 (74)

*'Tradition,'*

'Seems here used for *traditional practices* that is, *established* or *customary homage*' JOHNSON — Roderick suggests 'Addition' which seems right

P 146 (75)

*"Need friends —subjected thus"*

I feel almost assured, says Walker "that Shakespeare wrote *Need friends, fear enemies* —subjected thus, &c or at any rate something synonymous" *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 13



P 148 (76)

"me

Added by Rowe

P 148 (77)

and I not oppose

The old eds have and oppose not '

P 148 (78)

Welcome

Hammer substituted 'Well

P 148 (79)

'O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle '

There is something wrong here for "*Carlisle*" was pronounced "*Carlisle*" (see Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 129) —Mr W N Lettsom proposes '*Belike the Bishop of Carlisle*'

P 149 (80)

"this castle's tatter'd battlements

So the three latest quartos and the folio —The two earliest quartos have '——tattered battlements' —which is merely a variety of spelling see note 139 on the preceding play p 98 So in the Second Part of *Henry IV* [Induction] Rumour calls Northumberland's castle this *worm eaten* hold of *ragged stone*, an expression synonymous to 'tatter'd' "MASON

P 149 (81) "See, see, King Richard doth himself appear" &amp;c

In all the old eds this speech stands without a prefix Most of the modern editors follow Hammer (Warburton) in making it a portion of the next speech That it belongs to Percy I feel confident

P 149 (82)

storm"

So Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and Mr Singer's Ms Corrector —The old eds have 'harme —The late Mr W W Williams (*The Parthenon* for July 19 1862 p 378) conjectures "shame, and otes from *The Merchant of Venice* act i sc 3 'Forget the *shames* that you have *stain'd* me with but '*storm*, on account of what precedes, seems to me to be the far more probable reading here

P 150 (83)

"torn"

Has hitherto been passed over without notice by the editors but qy "lorn" ?

P 150 (84)

Thy thrice noble cousin"

Pope printed "No, *thy thrice noble cousin*" —"Perhaps, '*Thy thrice noble*, &c Yet I doubt whether *this*' can be legitimately used here The verse, too, is perplexed "Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 280







P 155 (95)

' *Thou, old Adam's likeness* &c

There is something wrong in this passage it was cut down by Pope to

Thou Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden

How dares thy tongue sound this displeasing news?

P 158 (96)

' *I task thee to the like*

So Capell and Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol. iii p. 130) —The first quarto has "*I taske the earth to the like*" the next three quartos have '*I take the earth to the like*' —(In a note on Walker's work *ubi supra* Mr W N Lettsom observes '*Task* is variant by the first quarto The error seems to have arisen from the words *thee to the like*' having been misprinted the *earth* like and from the correction having been inserted without ejecting the blunder') —This line and the seven next lines are omitted in the folio

P 158 (97)

" *As may be**From sun to sun* "

The first four quartos have

" *As it may be**From sinne to sinne* "

See the preceding note

P 159 (98)

' *here do I throw down this* '

Holinshed says that on this occasion he threw down a hood that he had borrowed' " STEEVENS Although Holinshed makes them all throw down their hoods Shakespeare evidently means that Aumeale only shall throw down his he having, before Surrey's insult thrown down both gloves, one to Bagot, and one to Fitzwater See this speech and the previous part of the scene " GRANT WHITE

P 159 (99)

' *To all his lands and signories* "Altered by Pope to *To all his signories,*"—and rightly, perhaps

P 159 (100)

" *My* "

Added by Capell

P 160 (101)

*breath* '

"Folio '*breath*' *E* is not ordinarily or regularly subjoined to '*breath*' in the spelling of that time I think that the Elizabethan grammar requires '*breaths*' " Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol. iii p. 130

P 161 (102)

' *Preuent, resist it,* "The old eds have "*Preuent it, resist it* "







## P 167 (110)

' *What is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform d and weaken d ? hath Bolingbroke depos d  
Thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?*

That the author intended these lines to be so regulated is proved by some other passages of the play

' Harry *Bolingbroke* doth humbly kiss thy hand p 150

What says King *Bolingbroke*? will his majesty &c p 152 —

1864 Walker I now find arranges these lines as I have done but would alter *weaken d* to ' *weak d* ' see his *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 113 — Mr W N Lettsom (note *ibid*) supposes that I make a dissyllable of *Bolingbroke* ' not so vide my second note on *The Second Part of King Henry VI*

## P 168 (111)

*And*

Not in the old eds

## P 169 (112)

' *window tops*'

The old eds have *windowes tops*

## P 170 (113)

"*bow*"

The old eds have "bound" which Capell altered to "bind" — I adopt the emendation of Mr W N Lettsom, who no doubt is right in considering that here "bound" is a misprint for "bowe" and see Walker on "*Final d and final e confounded*" in his *Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 61

## P 170 (114)

*it*

Not in the old eds

P 170 (115) ' *Yea look'st thou pale sir? let me see the writing* '

Here ' *sir* ' was inserted by Capell (compare York's next speech but one) — Hammer printed " — come, let me see the writing " and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads ' — let me then see the writing " — Dr Guest (*Hist of English Rhythms*, vol i p 226) sees no deficiency in the old text of this line

## P 171 (116)

"*Beseech*"

The old eds have "I do beseech"

## P 171 (117)

"*ho*"

I prefer making this addition, instead of printing in the next portion of the line, "*Saddle me my horse,*" which was given by Hammer, and is recommended by Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 181)



P 172 (118) *be gone "*

Thrown out by Pope for the metres sake but see note 2 on *The Second Part of King Henry VI*

P 172 (119) *While he &c*

So Pope — The old eds have *Which he, &c* — In the following passage of Ford's *Broken Heart* act iii sc 2

*While every bit I touch turns in digestion  
To gall " &c*

the quarto has '*Which every bit I touch, &c*

P 173 (120) *a*

Not in the old eds

P 173 (121) *My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth '*

The old eds have — *to my roof &c* — Corrected by Mr W N Lettsom (who compares '*my tongue [might freeze] to the roof of my mouth in The Taming of the Shrew* act iv sc 1) — Here the error was occasioned by "*my mouth*

P 173 (122) *on*

Which Pope altered to '*but, is equivalent to 'of "*

P 174 (123) '*strong "*

Walker would read *strange* (*Crit Exam &c* vol iii p 28)

P 175 (124) *are jest*

The old eds have "*are in jest* '

P 175 (125)

*"Our prayers do out pray his then let them have  
That mercy which true prayers ought to have "*

To say nothing else, my ear repudiates this, standing where it does see context Read ought to *crave* I think '*Prayers in the second line is peccatores not preces* " Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol i p 28o — Pope printed "*—let them crave* " making of course, no alteration in the second line

P 176 (126) '*But makes one pardon strong*

*Boling With all my heart  
I pardon him  
Duch A god on earth thou art "*

The old eds have "*I pardon him with all my heart*" (which Mr Collier retains,—though a couplet was evidently intended here)



## P 176 (127)

*and cousin mine*

Here all the old eds have merely *and Cosin* except quarto 1634 (a slight authority) which has '*and Cosin too* —I adopt as preferable the reading of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —' Perhaps' say the Cambridge Editors the line may be amended thus

Uncle farewell farewell aunt cousin adieu

Many as harsh sounding lines may be found [?] and it seems only consonant with good manners that the king should take leave of his aunt as well as of the others There is a propriety too in his using a colder form of leave taking to his guilty cousin than to his uncle and aunt' —Qy *Uncle farewell aunt —cousin too —adieu ?*

## P 177 (128)

*contented*

Read [with Hammer] *content* ( *This little world's* i.e. his prison not as Malone explains it, his body see below

— this hard world my ragged prison walls )'

Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 127

## P 177 (129)

*small needles*

So the first four quartos except that they have *needles* (see note 59 on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* vol ii p 331) the folio omits *small* but Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 131) says "That the epithet is from Shakespeare's hand, I feel certain

## P 178 (130)

*To check time broke in a disorder'd string "*

' I strongly suspect that Shakespeare wrote *To check at time broke in disorder'd string* ' W N LITTLETON —In the folio 'heave' is substituted for '*check* ' which is the reading of the first four quartos

## P 178 (131)

*"they jar**Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch "*

So the second folio —The earlier eds have *Their* [and '*there*'] *watches* on unto *mine eyes the outward watch* ' —which it is evident are not the very words of the poet —Nares (*Gloss* in v *Jar* ') remarks The above is the reading of the second folio, and is sense without alteration or laborious explanation the reading of the old quartos serves as the best comment The meaning is, They tick their periods on to my eyes which represent the outward watch watch' signifying as Dr Johnson observed in the first place a portion of time and in the second the face of the clock "—In *The Parthenon* for July 19, 1862, p 378, the late Mr W W Williams writes thus, ' The second folio (1632) remedies the measure by pointing

' My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar

Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch,' &c

but not of necessity correctly As a mere conjecture, it might be suspected that '*watches*' was a misreading for *aches*—a dissyllable in Shakespeare's



time and pronounced *atches*. But many critics would maintain that a pun was intended. Such repetitions were admired in the days of Elizabeth and were also a fruitful source of typographical error. It must be admitted too that the text is reasonably intelligible as it stands. The word 'watches' does not necessarily apply to thoughts but to thoughts *as minutes*. So in King John act iv scene 1 we have

And like the *watchful minutes* to the hour ' &c

The King may mean to say that his thoughts [at [or *with*] then watchful minutes to [or on] the outward dial of his eyes. Richard the Second is an early play and it is dangerous to meddle with any passage because the imagery may be forced or the language obscure.

P 178 (132) Now *sir* the sounds that tell what hour it is

The old eds have 'Now *sir* the sound that tells,' &c—Here I do not adopt Mr Collier's (and his Ms Corrector's) alteration of 'sir' to 'for' though I now find that the change is also recommended by Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 290) because I am still strongly inclined to believe that 'sir' is merely one of those improprieties in soliloquy of which so many examples might be collected from our early dramatists. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Launce *soliloquizes* thus 'This shoe, with the hole in it is my mother and thus my father a vengeance on't! there 'tis now *sir* this staff is my sister, &c act ii sc 3 and further on, he *soliloquizes* as follows, "If I had not had more wit than he [my dog] to take a fault upon me that he did I think verily he had been hanged for't *sir* as I live he had suffered for't you shall judge. He thrusts me himself &c act iv sc 2. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Falstaff while *soliloquizing* at the Garter Inn, says 'The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies fifteen or the litter and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking," &c act iii sc 5. In *The Lamentable Tragedie of Loerine* &c 1595 Strumbo thus appeals to the audience 'I [*re* Ay], MAISTERS I [*re* ay] you may laugh but I must weepe \* \* \* \* for trust me GENTLEMEN AND MY VERIE GOOD FRIENDS &c sig B 4. In Chapman's *Humorous Days Myrth* 1599, where Florio is alone on the stage her husband enters behind unseen by her, and commences a *soliloquy* thus Yea *mary sir*, now I must looke about now if her desolate [*re* dissolute] piouser come againe shal I admit him to make farther trall?' &c sig C 3. In Middleton's *A Mad World, my Masters* Sir Bounteous, who is the only person on the stage observes An old man's venerie is very chargeable MY MASTERS there's much cookery belongs to't act iv sc 2,—Works, vol ii p 390, ed. Dyce. In Fletcher's *A Woman's Prize or the Tamer tamed*, Petruchio says while *solus*

'Tis hard dealing

Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange dealing!

Act iii. sc 2

and in his *Wild Goose Chase* Pinac says, while alone,

'You talk of travels, here's a curious country!

Act ii sc 2

Nay Walker who, in the present passage of our text, pronounces "sir" to be



an error, himself furnishes me with at least one quotation which helps to support it, when (*ubi supra*) he writes as follows ' Ford it is true has fallen into this fault, *Love & Sacrifice* 11 2 Moxon p 81 col 1 Fernando's soliloquy

She's young and fair why madam that's the bait  
Invites me more to hope &c

But Ford was not Shakespeare and he may even have been misled by this very error of the press into a blind imitation of his great model Utterly unlikely I think

P 179 (133) *Thanks noble peer* '

A playful rejoinder,—like the what would my lord? of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* see note 4. on that comedy

P 179 (134) *now*

Not in the old eds—Capell added *man* here—If the more recent editors thought that by printing in this line 'comest' they perfected the metre they were very strangely mistaken

P 179 (135) *my sometimes master's face* ' "

The old eds have '*my sometimes 10yall master's face*'—*Sometimes* was [occasionally] used for formerly MALONE

P 179 (136) *"proud"*

The old eds have 'proudly

P 180 (137) *late*'

The old eds have 'lately'

P 180 (138) *Exton*

Omitted by Pope

P 182 (139) '*The mightiest of thy greatest enemies*'

Capell conjectures "*The mightiest of thy mighty enemies*'

P 182 (140) *"after"*

Would seem to have been repeated by mistake from the preceding line—Pope substituted "over



THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH



## THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV

THIS play according to Malone was probably written in 1597 according to Mr Collier perhaps in 1596 It was entered in the Stationers' Registers by Andrew Wise Feb 25th 1597 8, as A booke intituled the Historye of Hemy the myth with his battaile at Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurc of the Northe with the conceipted Mirth of Sn John Falstaffe and by him it was published in 1598, 4to —That not only in this play but in *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* Sn John Falstaff was originally called Sir John Oldcastle is beyond all doubt In Field's *Amends for Ladies* 1618 we find (with an allusion to Falstaff's speech in *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* act v sc 2)

' Did you neuer see

The play where the fat knight hight *Oldcastle*

Did tell you truly what this honour was? —

a passage first pointed out by Farmer and which as Mr Halliwell observes would show that some of the theatres in acting *Henry IV* retained the name of Oldcastle after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff as originally exhibited by Shakespeare &c* 1841, p 28) See too (id pp 24 6) the extract from *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie &c* 1604 (first cited by Malone) and that from *The Wandering Jew telling fortunes to Englishmen* 1640 (first cited by Reed) As to the internal evidence afforded by the two plays themselves that Falstaff was originally named Oldcastle —in *The First Part* act i sc 2, Prince Henry calls Falstaff ' my old lad of the castle ' on which Warburton remarks, This alludes to the name Shakespeare first gave to this buffoon character which was *Sir John Oldcastle* and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it' In *The Second Part*, act iii sc 2 Shallow says Then was Jack Falstaff now Sir John a boy and page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk but Oldcastle, not Falstaff had been page to that nobleman as Reed shows by the following lines from *The Mirror of Martyrs, or The Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most godly Martyre Sir John Oldcastle Knight, Lord Cobham*, by J Weever, 1601 where Oldcastle is the speaker

" Within the springtide of my flowing youth

He [my father] stept into the winter of his age

Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)

That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrays* page

And in the quarto of *The Second Part* 1600 the speech of Falstaff, 'Very well my lord very well' &c act i sc 2 has the prefix *Old*, —which as Theobald remarks proves ' that, the play being printed from the stage manuscript *Oldcastle* had been all along altered into Falstaff except in this



single place by an oversight of which the printers not being aware continued these initial traces of the original name. Compare too the words of the Epilogue to *The Second Part* where for any thing I know Falstaff shall die of a sweat unless already a be killed with your hard opinions for Oldcastle died a martyr and this is not the man. — From the entry in the Stationers Registers quoted above it is certain that Shakespeare had altered *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* before the play was printed. Rowe mentions that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle some of that family being then remaining the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it upon which he made use of *Falstaff* (*Life of Shakespeare*) and the statement is supported by Dr James's Epistle Dedicatory to his unpublished work *The Legend and Defence of the Noble Knight and Martyr Sir John Oldcastle* where we are told that Shakespeare changed the name *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* offence beinge worthily taken by personages descended from his [Oldcastle's] title as peradventure by manie others also whoe ought to haue him in honourable memorie (See Halliwell's *Character of Sir John Falstaff as originally exhibited by Shakespeare* &c p 20). — It remains to be noticed that the name which our author first gave to his imitable knight was borrowed from an early anonymous play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth containing the honourable battell of Agincourt* in that play one of Henry's companions is a *Sir John Oldcastle* — a personage however bearing no resemblance to Falstaff, and as dull as its other characters and there too — crowded together and most artificially handled — are to be found the leading incidents of no fewer than three of Shakespeare's dramas viz *The First and Second Parts of King Henry the Fourth* and *King Henry the Fifth*. Utterly worthless as it is *The Famous Victories* was a very popular piece, and passed through several editions. It was produced before 1588 when Richard Taitton who had acted in it, died (Nichols has reprinted it among *Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded* &c, 1779).



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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KING HENRY the Fourth  
HENRY prince of Wales,        }  
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster } sons to the King  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND  
SIR WALTER BLUNT  
THOMAS PERCY earl of Worcester  
HENRY PERCY earl of Northumberland  
HENRY PERCY surnamed HOTSPUR, his son  
EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March  
SCROOP archbishop of York  
ARCHIBALD, earl of Douglas  
OWEN GLINDOWER  
SIR RICHARD VERNON  
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF  
SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York  
POINTZ  
GADSHILL  
PETO  
BARDOLPH

LADY PERCY wife to Hotspur and sister to Mortimer  
LADY MORTIMER daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer  
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,  
Travellers and Attendants

SCENE—*England*



THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY IV

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ACT I

SCENE I *London A room in the palace*

*Enter* KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT,  
*and others*

*K Hen* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for flighted peace to pant,  
And breathe short winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in stians<sup>(1)</sup> afar remote  
No more the thursty entrance of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowerets with the aimed hoofs  
Of hostile paces those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual well beseeming ranks,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies  
The edge of war, like an ill sheath'd knife,  
No more shall cut his master Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—  
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,—  
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,<sup>(2)</sup>  
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs



To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
 For our advantage on the bitter cross  
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,  
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go  
 Therefore we meet not now <sup>(3)</sup>—Then let me hear  
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
 What yesternight our council did decree  
 In forwarding this dear expedience

*West* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
 And many limits of the charge set down  
 But yesternight when, all athwart, there came  
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news,  
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 A thousand<sup>(4)</sup> of his people butchered,  
 Upon whose dead corpse<sup>(5)</sup> there was such misuse,  
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
 Without much shame re told or spoken of

*K Hen* It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil  
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land

*West* This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord,  
 For more uneven and unwelcome news  
 Came from the north, and thus it did import  
 On Holy-rod day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
 That ever valiant and approvèd Scot,  
 At Holmedon met,  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told,  
 For he that brought them, in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 Uncertain of the issue any way

*K Hen* Here is a dear and true industrious friend,  
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,



Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours,  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news  
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,  
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains <sup>(6)</sup> of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake the <sup>(7)</sup> earl of Fife and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls <sup>(8)</sup> of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith  
And is not this an honourable spoil,  
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

*West* In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of <sup>(9)</sup>

*K Hen* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me  
sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son,—  
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant,  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry O that it could be prov'd  
That some night tipping fairy had exchang'd  
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine  
But let him from my thoughts—What think you, coz,  
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife

*West* This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects,  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity

*K Hen* But I have sent for him to answer this,  
And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem



Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
 Will hold at Windsor,—so inform the lords  
 But come yourself with speed to us again,  
 For more is to be said and to be done  
 Than out of anger can be uttered

*West* I will, my liege

[*Eaeunt*]

SCENE II *The same Before a tavern*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY and FALSTAFF

*Fal* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

*P Hen* Thou art so fat witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame coloured taffeta,—I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day

*Fal* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal, for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, “that wandering knight so fair”\*. And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

*P Hen* What, none?

*Fal* No, by my troth,—not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter

*P Hen* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly

*Fal* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night’s body be called thieves of the day’s beauty <sup>(10)</sup> let us be Diana’s foresters, gentlemen of

*that wandering knight so fair* ] Perhaps a quotation from some ballad about the Knight of the Sun (*El Donzel del Phebo*), whose adventures were translated from the Spanish by Margaret Tyler under the title of *The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*.



the shade, minions of the moon, and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal

*P Hen* Thou sayest well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with swearing 'lay by,' and spent with crying 'bring in,' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows

*Fal* By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*P Hen* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle<sup>(11)</sup> And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fal* How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*P Hen* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft

*P Hen* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal* No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there

*P Hen* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not, I have used my credit

*Fal* Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art here apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief

*P Hen* No, thou shalt

*Fal* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge

*P Hen* Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hanging man

*Fal* Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you



*P Hen* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal* Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardiobe 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear

*P Hen* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute

*Fal* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe

*P Hen* What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor ditch?

*Fal* Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art, in deed, the most compunctive, rascalliest,—sweet young pounce,—but, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I marked him not, and yet he talked very wisely,—but I regarded him not, and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too

*P Hen* Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it

*Fal* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked I must give over this life, and I will give it over, by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom

*P Hen* Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Jack?

*Fal*. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me

*P Hen* I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking

*Enter POINTZ at some distance*

*Fal* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation —Pointz <sup>(12)</sup>—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match —O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried “stand” to a true man

*P Hen* Good morrow, Ned



*Pom* Good moriow, sweet Hal —What says Monsieui Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good friday last for a cup of Madena and a cold capon's leg?

*P Hen* Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breakei of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due

*Pom* Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil

*P Hen* Else he had been damned for cozening the devil

*Pom* But, my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill<sup>1</sup> there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses I have visards for you all, you have horses for yourselves Gadshill lies to night in Rochester I have bespoken supper to morrow night in Eastcheap we may do it as secure as sleep If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns, if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged

*Fal* Hear ye, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going

*Pom* You will, chops?

*Fal* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*P Hen* Who, I too? I a thief? not I, by my faith

*Fal* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou daiest not stand for ten shillings<sup>(13)</sup>

*P Hen* Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap

*Fal* Why, that's well said

*P Hen* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home

*Fal* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king

*P Hen* I care not

*Pom* Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go

*Fal* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief, for the poor abuses



of the time want countenance      Farewell    you shall find me  
in Eastcheap

*P Hen* Farewell, thou<sup>(14)</sup> latter spring' farewell, All  
hallow summer'      [*Exit Falstaff*]

*Poin* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone Falstaff, Bauldolph, Peto,<sup>(15)</sup> and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid, yourself and I will not be there, and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders

*P Hen* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poin* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to ful, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them

*P Hen* Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves

*Poin* Tut! our horses they shall not see,—I'll tie them in the wood, our visards we will change, after we leave them, and, sniah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to unmask our noted outward garments

*P Hen* But I doubt they will be too hard for us

*Poin* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back, and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper how thirty, at least, he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured, and in the reproof of this lies the jest

*P Hen* Well, I'll go with thee provide us all things necessary, and meet me to night<sup>(16)</sup> in Eastcheap, there I'll sup.      Farewell

*Poin* Farewell, my lord      [*Exit*]

*P Hen* I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds



To smother up his beauty from the world,  
 That, when he please again to be himself,  
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
 Of vapour<sup>(17)</sup> that did seem to strangle him  
 If all the year were playing holidays,  
 To sport would be as tedious as to work,  
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents  
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I never promised,  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes,  
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off  
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will

[Exit

SCENE III *The same A room in the palace*

*Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,  
 Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others*

*K Hen* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
 And<sup>(18)</sup> you have found me, for accordingly  
 You tread upon my patience but be sure  
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
 Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,  
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
 And therefore lost that title of respect  
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud

*Wor* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
 The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it,  
 And that same greatness too which our own hands  
 Have help to make so portly

*North* My good lord,—<sup>(19)</sup>



*K Hen* Worcester,<sup>(10)</sup> get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye  
O, sir,  
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow  
You have good leave to leave us when we need  
You use and counsel, we shall send for you [*Exit Worcester*  
[*To North*] You were about to speak

*North*

Yea, my good lord

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your majesty  
Either envy, therefore, or mispision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son

*Hot* My liege, I did deny no prisoners  
But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly<sup>(21)</sup> dress'd,  
Flesh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd  
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home,  
He was perfum'd like a milliner,  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took 't away again,—  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff—and still he smil'd and talk'd,  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me, among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,<sup>(22)</sup>  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,—



He should, or he should not,—for he made me mad<sup>(23)</sup>  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman  
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was paimaceti for an inward bruise,  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous salt petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said,  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation

Between my love and your high majesty  
*Blunt* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said  
To such a person, and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re told,  
May reasonably die, and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now

*K Hen* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso and exception,—  
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
Whose daughter, as we hear, that Earl of March  
Hath lately married Shall our coffers, then,  
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,<sup>(24)</sup>  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve,  
For I shall never hold that man my friend  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer



*Hot* Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war —to prove that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an hour  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
 Blood stained with these valiant combatants  
 Never did base and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt

*K Hen* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie  
 him, <sup>(25)</sup>

He never did encounter with Glendower  
 I tell thee,  
 He durst as well have met the devil alone  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy  
 Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth <sup>(26)</sup>  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you —My Lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son —  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it

*[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train]*

*Hot* An if the devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them —I will after straight,  
 And tell him so for I will ease my heart,  
 Although it be with hazard of my head

*North* What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile  
 Here comes your uncle



*Re enter WORCESTER*

*Hot* Speak of Mortimer !  
 Zounds, I will speak of him , and let my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him  
 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i the dust,  
 But I will lift the down trod Mortimer  
 As high i' th' an as this unthankful king,  
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke

*North* [to Worcester] Brother, the king hath made you  
 nephew mad

*Wor* Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

*Hot* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ,  
 And when I uig'd the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer

*Wor* I cannot blame him was he not proclaim'd  
 By Richard that is dead<sup>(27)</sup> the next of blood ?

*North* He was , I heard the proclamation  
 And then it was when the unhappy king—  
 Whose wrongs in us God pardon !—did set forth  
 Upon his Irish expedition ,  
 From whence he intercepted did return  
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered

*Wor* And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth  
 Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of

*Hot* But, soft, I pray you , did King Richard then  
 Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
 Hen to the crown ?

*North* He did , myself did hear it

*Hot* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd  
 But shall it be, that you, that set the crown  
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
 And for his sake wear the detested blot  
 Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,  
 That you a world of curses undergo,  
 Being the agents, or base second means,



The cords, the ladder, or the hangman<sup>(98)</sup> rather?—  
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
 To show the line and the predicament  
 Wherein you range under this subtle king,—  
 Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power  
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
 As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—  
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?  
 And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?  
 No, yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again,  
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths  
 Therefore, I say,—

*Wor* Peace, cousin, say no more  
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick conceiving discontents<sup>(99)</sup>  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
 As to o'er walk a current roaring loud  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear

*Hot* If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim —<sup>(90)</sup>  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple —O, the blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

*North* Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience

*Hot* By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom line could never touch the ground,



And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,  
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
Without coriival all her dignities  
But out upon this half fac'd fellowship!

*Wor* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the form of what he should attend —  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while

*Hot* I cly you mercy

*Wor* Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners,—

*Hot* I'll keep them all,  
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them,  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not  
I'll keep them, by this hand

*Wor* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes —  
Those prisoneis you shall keep

*Hot* Nay, I will, that's flat:—  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer,  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"  
Nay,

I'll have a stalling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion

*Wor* Hear you, cousin, a word

*Hot* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke  
And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales,—  
But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale

*Wor* Farewell, kinsman I will talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend

*North* Why, what a wasp-stung<sup>(81)</sup> and impatient fool  
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

*Hot* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with  
rods,



Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke  
 In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—  
 A plague upon 't—it is in Glostershire,—  
 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,—  
 His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee  
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
 When you and he came back from Ravenspung

*North* At Berkeley castle

*Hot* You say true —

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !  
 Look, “when his infant fortune came to age,”  
 And, “gentle Harry Percy,” and, “kind cousin,”—  
 O, the devil take such cozeners !—God forgive me !—  
 Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done

*Wor* Nay, if you have not, to 't again, <sup>(39)</sup>

We'll stay your leisure

*Hot* I have done, i' faith

*Wor* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners  
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
 And make the Douglas' son<sup>(40)</sup> your only mean  
 For powers in Scotland, which, for divers reasons  
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
 Will easily be granted — [*To Northumberland*] You, my  
 lord,

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
 Th' archbishop

*Hot* Of York, is 't not ?

*Wor* True, who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop  
 I speak not this in estimation,  
 As what I think might be, but what I know  
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,  
 And only stays but to behold the face  
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on

*Hot* I smell 't upon my life, it will do well.

*North*, Before the game's a foot, thou still lett'st slip



*Hot* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot —  
And then the power of Scotland and of York,—  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor* And so they shall

*Hot* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd

*Wor* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head,  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt,  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home  
And see already how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love

*Hot* He does, he does we'll be reveng'd on him

*Wor* Cousin, farewell —no further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—  
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty

*North* Farewell, good brother we shall thrive, I trust

*Hot* Uncle, adieu —O, let the hours be short,  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt*]

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## ACT II

### SCENE I *Rochester An inn yard*

*Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand*

*First Car* Heigh ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be  
hanged Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our  
horse not packed —What, ostler!

*Ost* [*within*] Anon, anon

*First Car* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few



flocks in the point, the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cress

*Enter another Carrier*

*Sec Car* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,<sup>(34)</sup> and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died

*First Car* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him

*Sec Car* I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas I am stung like a tench

*First Car* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock

*Sec Car* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the<sup>(35)</sup> chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach

*First Car* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away

*Sec Car* I have a gammon of bacon and two ices of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing cross

*First Car* God's body, the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved —What, ostler! —A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain —Come, and be hanged —hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL*

*Gads* Good morrow, carriers What's o'clock?

*First Car* I think it be two o'clock

*Gads* I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable

*First Car* Nay, soft, I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that, I' faith

*Gads* I prithee, lend me thine

*Sec Car* Ay, when? canst tell? —Lend me thy lantern, quoth 'a? —marry, I'll see thee hanged first

*Gads* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

*Sec Car* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I



waitant thee —Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen they will along with company, for they have great charge

[*Exeunt Carriers*]

*Gads* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham* [*within*] At hand, quoth pick purse

*Gads* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain, for thou vaighest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring, thou layest the plot how

*Enter Chamberlain*

*Cham* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight —there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter they will away presently

*Gads* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck

*Cham* No, I'll none of it. I prithee, keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may

*Gads* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows, for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land rakers, no long staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple hued malt worms, but with nobility and tranquillity,<sup>(38)</sup> burgomasters and great oneyers,<sup>(39)</sup> such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray and yet, zounds, I lie, for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth, or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, —for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots

*Cham* What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads* She will, she will, justice hath liquor'd her. We



steal as in a castle, cock sure, we have the receipt of fern seed,—we walk invisible

*Cham* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible

*Gads* Give me thy hand thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man

*Cham* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief

*Gads* Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable Farewell, ye muddy knave  
[*Exit*]

## SCENE II *The road by Gadshill*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY and POINTZ, BARDOLPH and PETO at some distance

*Pom* Come, shelter, shelter I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet

*P Hen* Stand close [They retire]

*Enter* FALSTAFF

*Fal* Pointz! Pointz, and be hanged! Pointz!

*P Hen* [coming forward] Peace, ye fat kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

*Fal* Where's Pointz, Hal?

*P Hen* He is walked up to the top of the hill I'll go seek him. [Retires]

*Fal* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where If I travel but four foot by the squire further a foot, I shall break my wind Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged, it could not be else, I have drunk medicines —Pointz!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles



a foot with me, and the stony hearted villains know it well enough a plague upon t, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues, give me my horse, and be hanged

*P Hen* [*coming forward*] Peace, ye fat guts! lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers

*Fal* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*P Hen* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted

*Fal* I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son

*P Hen* Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal* Go, hang thyself in thine own hen apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison—when a jest is so forward, and a foot too!—I hate it

*Enter GADSHILL*

*Gads* Stand!

*Fal* So I do, against my will

*Pointz* O, 'tis our setter. I know his voice <sup>(38)</sup>

*[Coming forward with Bardolph and Peto]*

*Bard* What news?

*Gads* Case ye, case ye, on with your visards. There's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer

*Fal* You lie, ye rogue, 'tis going to the king's tavern

*Gads* There's enough to make us all

*Fal* To be hanged

*P Hen* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane, Ned Pointz and I will walk lower. If they scape from your encounter, then they light on us

*Peto* How many be there of them?

*Gads* Some eight or ten

*Fal* Zounds, will they not rob us?

*P Hen* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?



*Fal* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal

*P Hen* Well, we leave that to the proof

*Pointz* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him Farewell, and stand fast

*Fal* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged

*P Hen* [*aside to Pointz*] Ned, where are our disguises?

*Pointz* [*aside to P Hen*] Here, hard by stand close  
[*Exeunt P Henry and Pointz*]

*Fal* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I every man to his business

*Enter Travellers*

*First Trav* Come, neighbour  
The boy shall lead our horses down the hill,  
We'll walk a foot awhile, and ease our legs

*Fal*, *Gads &c* Stand!

*Sec Trav* Jesu bless us!

*Fal* Strike, down with them, cut the villains' throats  
—ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon fed knaves! they hate us  
youth —down with them, fleece them

*First Trav* O, we're undone, both we and ours for ever!

*Fal* Hang ye, goibellied knaves, are ye undone? No,  
ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here! On, bacons, on!  
What, ye knaves! young men must live You are grand  
jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith

[*Exeunt Fal, Gads &c driving the Travellers out*]

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, in buckram suits*

*P Hen* The thieves have bound the true men Now  
could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London,  
it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and  
a good jest for ever

*Poin* Stand close I hear them coming [*They retire*]

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO*

*Fal* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse  
before day An the Prince and Pointz be not two ariant



cowards, there's no equity stinging there's no more valour  
in that Pointz than in a wild duck

*[As they are sharing, the Prince and Pointz set  
upon them]*

*P Hen* Your money!

*Poin* Villains!

*[Gadshill, Bardolph, Peto, and (after a blow or  
two) Falstaff, run away, leaving the booty  
behind them]*

*P Hen* Got with much ease Now merrily to horse  
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly that they dare not meet each other,  
Each takes his fellow for an officer  
Away, good Ned Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along  
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him

*Poin* How the rogue roar'd!

*[Exeunt]*

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SCENE III *Warkworth A room in the Castle*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter*

*Hot* "—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well  
contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house"  
He could be contented,—why is he not, then? In respect of  
the love he bears our house—he shows in this, he loves his  
own barn better than he loves our house Let me see some  
more "The purpose you undertake is dangerous"—why, that's  
certain 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink, but  
I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck  
this flower, safety "The purpose you undertake is dangerous,  
the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and  
your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an oppo-  
sition"—Say you so, say you so? I sav unto you again, you  
are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack brain  
is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was  
laid, our friends true and constant a good plot, good friends,  
and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends  
What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York



commends the plot and the general course of the action  
 Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with  
 his lady's fan Is there not my father, my uncle, and my  
 self? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen  
 Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not  
 all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next  
 month? and are they not some of them set forward already?  
 What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see  
 now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the  
 king, and lay open all our proceedings O I could divide  
 myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed  
 milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell  
 the king we are prepared I will set forward to night

*Enter Lady PERCY*

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours

*Lady* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
 For what offence have I this fortnight been  
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
 To thick ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?  
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,  
 Cry "Courage! to the field!"—and thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
 Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the 'currents<sup>(39)</sup> of a heady fight  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thou hast so<sup>(40)</sup> bestir'd thee in thy sleep  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream,  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,



Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden<sup>(41)</sup> hest O, what portents are these ?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not  
*Hot* What, ho !

*Enter a Servant*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

*Serv* He is, my lord, an hour ago

*Hot* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

*Serv* One horse, my lord, he brought even now

*Hot* What horse ? a roan, a crop ear, is it not ?

*Serv* It is, my lord

*Hot* That roan shall be my throne

Well, I will back him straight O *esperance* !—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park [*Exit Servant*]

*Lady* But hear you, my lord

*Hot* What say'st thou, my lady ?

*Lady* What is it carries you away ?

*Hot* Why, my horse

My love,—my horse

*Lady* Out, you mad headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with In faith,<sup>(42)</sup>

I'll know your business, Harry,—that I will

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise but if you go,—

*Hot* So far a foot, I shall be weary, love

*Lady* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to<sup>(43)</sup> this question that I ask

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me true

*Hot* Away,

Away, you trifter !—Love ?—I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate this is no world

To play with marmets and to tilt with lips

We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,

And pass them current too —Gods me, my horse !—

What say'st thou, Kate ? what wouldst thou have with me



*Lady* Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?  
 Well, do not, then, for since you love me not,  
 I will not love myself Do you not love me?  
 Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no

*Hot* Come, wilt thou see me ride?<sup>(44)</sup>  
 And when I am on horseback, I will swear  
 I love thee infinitely But hark you, Kate,  
 I must not have you henceforth question me  
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts  
 Whither I must, I must, and, to conclude,  
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate  
 I know you wise, but yet no further wise  
 Than Harry Percy's wife constant you are,  
 But yet a woman and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer, for I well believe  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,—  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate

*Lady* How! so far?

*Hot* Not an inch further But hark you, Kate  
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too,  
 To day will I set forth, to morrow you —  
 Will this content you, Kate?

*Lady* It must of force [Exeunt

SCENE IV *Eastcheap A room in the Boar's-Head Tavern*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY

*P Hen* Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend  
 me thy hand to laugh a little

*Enter* POINTZ

*Pom* Where hast been, Hal?

*P Hen* With three or four loggerheads amongst three or  
 fourscore hogsheads I have sounded the very base string of  
 humility Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers,  
 and can call them all by their Christian names, as,—Tom,  
 Dick, and Francis They take it already upon their salvation,  
 that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of



courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff but a Courthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me,—and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry “hem!” and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than “Eight shillings and sixpence,” and “You are welcome,” with this shrill addition, “Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half moon,” or so—but, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar, and do thou never leave calling “Francis,” that his tale to me may be nothing but “anon.” Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent

[Exit Pointz]

Pom [within] Francis!

P Hen Thou art perfect

Pom [within] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS

Fran Anon, anon, sir—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph

P Hen Come hither, Francis

Fran My lord?

P Hen How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Pom [within] Francis!

Fran Anon, anon, sir

P Hen Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darrest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—



*Pom* [*within*] Francis !

*Fran* Anon, anon, su

*P Hen* How old art thou, Francis ?

*Fran* Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

*Pom* [*within*] Francis !

*Fran* Anon, sir —Pray you, stay a little, my lord

*P Hen* Nay, but haik you, Francis for the suga thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not ?—

*Fran* O Lord, su, I would it had been two !

*P Hen* I will give thee for it a thousand pound ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it

*Pom* [*within*] Francis !

*Fran* Anon, anon

*P Hen* Anon, Francis ? No, Francis, but to morrow, Francis, or, Francis, on Thursday, or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt But, Francis,—

*Fran* My lord ?

*P Hen* Wilt thou lob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, nott pated, agate ring, puke stocking, caddis garter, smooth tongue, Spanish pouch,—

*Fran* O Lord, sir, who do you mean ?

*P Hen* Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink, for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much

*Fran* What, sir ?

*Pom* [*within*] Francis !

*P Hen* Away, you rogue ! dost thou not hear them call ?

[*Here they both call him Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go*]

*Enter Vintner*

*Vint* What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling ? Look to the guests within [*Exit Francis*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door shall I let them in ?

*P Hen* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door [*Exit Vintner*] Pointz !

*Re-enter POINTZ*

*Pom* Anon, anon, sir



*P Hen* Smith, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door shall we be merry?

*Poin* As merry as crickets, my lad But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*P Hen* I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight — What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran* [*within*] Anon, anon, sir

*P Hen* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up stairs and down stairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a<sup>(45)</sup> breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work" "O my sweet Harry, says she, "how many hast thou killed to day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after,—"a trifle, a trifle" I prithee, call in Falstaff I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife "Rivo," says the drunkard Call in ribs, call in tallow

*Enter* FAISTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO, followed by FRANCIS with wine,

*Poin* Welcome, Jack where hast thou been?

*Fal* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them and foot them too A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue—Is there no virtue extant? [*Drinks*]

*P Hen* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful hearted butter,<sup>(46)</sup> that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound

*Fal* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too there is nothing but rogues to be found in villanous man yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villanous coward—Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the



earth, then am I a shotten herring There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old God help the while! a bad world, I say I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms on any thing A plague of all cowards! I say still

*P Hen* How now, wool sack! what mutter you?

*Fal* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more You Prince of Wales!

*P Hen* Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

*Fal* Are you not a coward? answer me to that —and Pointz there?

*Poin* Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee

*Fal* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst You are straight enough in the shoulders,—you care not who sees your back call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me —Give me a cup of sack —I am a rogue, if I drunk to day

*P Hen* O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last

*Fal* All's one for that A plague of all cowards! still say I

[*Drinks*]

*P Hen* What's the matter?

*Fal* What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning

*P Hen* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal* Where is it! taken from us it is a hundred upon poor four of us

*P Hen* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal* I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together I have scaped by miracle I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand saw,—*ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man all would not do A plague of



all cowards'!—Let them speak if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness

*P Hen* Speak, sirs, how was it?

*Gads* We four set upon some dozen,—

*Fal* Sixteen at least, my lord

*Gads* And bound them

*Peto* No, no, they were not bound

*Fal* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew

*Gads* As we were shaming, some six or seven fiesh men set upon us,—

*Fal* And unbound the rest, and then came<sup>(47)</sup> in the other

*P Hen* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal* All! I know not what ye call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish <sup>(48)</sup> if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two legged creature

*P Hen* Pray God you have not murdered some of them

*Fal* Nay, that's past praying for I have peppered two of them, two I am sure I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse Thou knowest my old ward,—here I lay, and thus I bore my point Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

*P Hen* What, four? thou saidst but two even now

*Fal* Four, Hal, I told thee four

*Poin* Ay, ay, he said four

*Fal* These four came all a front, and mainly thrust at me I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus

*P Hen* Seven? why, there were but four even now

*Fal* In buckram?

*Poin* Ay, four, in buckram suits

*Fal* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else

*P Hen* Prithce, let him alone, we shall have more anon

*Fal* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P Hen* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack

*Fal* Do so, for it is worth the listening to These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—



*P Hen* So, two more already

*Fal* Then points being broken,—

*Poin* Down fell their hose

*Fal* Began to give me ground but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid

*P Hen* O monstrous! eleven buckiam men grown out of two!

*Fal* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me,—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand

*P Hen* These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable Why, thou clay brained guts, thou nott pated<sup>(49)</sup> fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow keech,—<sup>(50)</sup>

*Fal* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*P Hen* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason what sayest thou to this?

*Poin* Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason

*Fal* What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strap pado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I

*P Hen* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin, this sang une coward, this bed prier, this horse' back breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

*Fal* Away, you starveling, you eel skin,<sup>(51)</sup> you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock fish,—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

*P Hen* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this

*Poin* Mark, Jack

*P Hen* We two saw you four set on four, you<sup>(52)</sup> bound them, and were masters of their wealth—Mark now, how



a plain tale shall put you down —Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house — and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poin* Come, let's hear, Jack, what trick hast thou now?

*Fal* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the hen apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life, I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money —Hostess, clap to the doors [*to Hostess within*] —watch to night, pray to-morrow —Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P Hen* Content,—and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Fal* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

*Enter Hostess*

*Host* O Jesu, my lord the prince,—

*P Hen* How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

*Host* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

*P Hen* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal* What manner of man is he?

*Host* An old man.



*Fal* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—  
Shall I give him his answer?

*P Hen* Prithee, do, Jack

*Fal* Faith, and I'll send him packing [Exit

*P Hen* Now, sir —by 'i lady, you fought fair, —so did you, Peto, —so did you, Bauldolph you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no,—fie!

*Bard* Faith, I ran when I saw others run

*P Hen* Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto* Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like

*Bard* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men I did that I did not this seven years before,—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices

*P Hen* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*P Hen* I do

*Bard* What think you they portend?

*P Hen* Hot livers and cold purses

*Bard* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken

*P Hen* No, if rightly taken, halter —Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone

*Re-enter FALSTAFF*

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal* My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist, I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder —There's villanous news



abroad here was Sir John Blacy from your father, you must to the court in the morning That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true hegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

*Pom* O, Glendower

*Fal* Owen, Owen,—the same, and his son in law, Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that spitefully Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

*P Hen* He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying

*Fal* You have hit it

*P Hen* So did he never the sparrow

*Fal* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run

*P Hen* Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

*Fal* O' horseback, ye cuckoo, but a foot he will not budge a foot

*P Hen* Yes, Jack, upon instinct

*Fal* I grant ye, upon instinct—Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue caps more Worcester is stolen away to night, thy father's beard is turned white with the news you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel

*P Hen* Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob nails, by the hundred <sup>(52)</sup>

*Fal* By the mass, lad, thou sayest true, it is like we shall have good trading that way—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P Hen* Not a whit, i' faith, I lack some of thy instinct

*Fal* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow when thou comest to thy father if thou love me, practise an answer



*P Hen* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life

*Fal* Shall I? content —this chan shall be my state, this dagger my sceptie, and this cushion my crown

*P Hen* Thy state is taken for a joint stool, thy golden sceptie for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved —Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein

[*Drinks*]

*P Hen* Well, here is my leg

*Fal* And here is my speech —Stand aside, nobility

*Host* O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith

*Fal* Weep not, sweet queen, for tickling tears are vain

*Host* O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal* For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful<sup>(54)</sup> queen, For tears do stop the flood gates of her eyes

*Host* O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these halloty players as ever I see

*Fal* Peace, good pint pot, peace, good tickle brain —Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point, —why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a michee, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile, so doth the company thou keepest for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears, not in pleasure, but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also —



and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name

*P Hen* What manner of man, an it like your majesty ?

*Fal* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage, and as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff him keep with, the rest banish And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month ?

*P Hen* Dost thou speak like a king ? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father

*Fal* Depose me ? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare

*P Hen* Well, here I am set

*Fal* And here I stand —judge, my masters

*P Hen* Now, Harry, whence come you ?

*Fal* My noble lord, from Eastcheap

*P Hen* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous

*Fal* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false —nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith

*P Hen* Swearest thou, ungracious boy ? henceforth ne'er look on me Thou art violently carried away from grace there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat man, —a tun of man is thy companion Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years ? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it ? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it ? wherein cunning, but in craft ? wherein crafty, but in villany ? wherein villanous, but in all things ? wherein worthy, but in nothing ?

*Fal* I would your grace would take me with you whom means your grace ?



*P Hen* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white bearded Satan

*Fal* My lord, the man I know

*P Hen* I know thou dost

*Fal* But to say I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know That he is old,—the more the pity,—his white hairs do witness it, but that he is—saving your reverence—a whooremaster, that I utterly deny It sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and meriy be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company <sup>(55)</sup>—banish plump Jack, and banish all the world

*P Hen* I do, I will *[A knocking heard  
[Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph]*

*Re enter BARDOLPH, running*

*Bard* O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door

*Fal* Out, ye rogue!—Play out the play I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff

*Re enter Hostess, hastily*

*Host* O Jesu, my lord, my lord,—

*P Hen* <sup>(56)</sup>Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle stick what's the matter?

*Host* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door they are come to search the house Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit thou art essentially mad, without seeming so <sup>(57)</sup>

*P Hen* And thou a natural coward, without instinct

*Fal* I deny your *major* if you will deny the sheriff, so, if not, let him enter if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another



*P Hen* Go, hide thee behind the arras —the rest walk up above Now, my masters, for a true face and a<sup>(68)</sup> good conscience

*Fal* Both which I have had, but then date is out, and therefore I'll hide me

*P Hen* Call in the sheriff

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Poins* <sup>(69)</sup>

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier*

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

*Sher* First, pardon me, my lord A hue and cry hath follow'd certain men unto this house

*P Hen* What men?

*Sher* One of them is well known, my gracious lord,—  
A gross fat man

*Car* As fat as butter

*P Hen* The man, I do assure you, is not here,  
For I myself at this time have employ'd him  
And, sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee,  
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal  
And so, let me entreat you leave the house

*Sher* I will, my lord There are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks

*P Hen* It may be so if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable, and so, farewell

*Sher* Good night, my noble lord

*P Hen* I think it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher* Indeed, my lord, I think't be two o'clock

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier*

*P Hen* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's Go,  
call him forth

*Poin* Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting  
like a horse

*P Hen* Hark, how hard he fetches breath Search his  
pockets [*Poins searches*] What hast thou found?

*Poin* Nothing but papers, my lord

*P Hen* Let's see what they be read them



|                    |  |          |
|--------------------|--|----------|
| <i>Pom</i> [reads] | " Item, A capon,                       | 2s 2d    |
|                    | Item, Sauce,                           | 4d       |
|                    | Item, Sack, two gallons,               | 5s 8d    |
|                    | Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, | 2s 6d    |
|                    | Item, Bread,                           | ob' (60) |

*P Hen* O monstrous ! but one half pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack !—What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage there let him sleep till day I'll to the court in the morning We must all to the waits, and thy place shall be honourable I'll procure this fat rogue a change of foot, and I know his death will be a match of twelve score The money shall be paid back again with advantage Be with me betimes in the morning, and so, good morrow, Pointz

*Pom* Good morrow, good my lord

[Exeunt]

## ACT III

SCENE I *Bangor* A room in the Archdeacon's house

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER

*Mort* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope

*Hot* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—  
Will you sit down ?—

And uncle Worcester <sup>(61)</sup>—a plague upon it !

I have forgot the map

*Glend* No, here it is

Sit, cousin Percy,—sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with  
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven

*Hot* And you in hell, as often <sup>(62)</sup> as he hears  
Owen Glendower spoke of

*Glend* I cannot blame him at my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets, and <sup>(63)</sup> at my birth



The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward

*Hot*

Why, so it would have done

At the same season, if your mother's cat  
Had kitten'd, <sup>(64)</sup> though yourself had ne'er been born

*Glend* I say the earth did shake when I was born

*Hot* And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook

*Glend* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble

*Hot* O, then th' earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions, oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook

*Glend*

Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings Give me leave

To tell you once again, that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the heids

Were strangely clamorous to <sup>(65)</sup> the frighted fields

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men

Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out that is but woman's son

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

And hold me pace in deep experiments

*Hot* I think there is no man speaks better Welsh —  
I'll to dinner

*Mort* Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad

*Glend* I can call spirits from the vasty deep

*Hot* Why, so can I, or so can any man,



But will they come when you do call for them ?

*Glend* Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command  
The devil

*Hot* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
By telling truth tell truth, and shame the devil —  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil !

*Mort* Come, come,  
No more of this unprofitable chat

*Glend* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power, thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy bottom'd Severn have I sent  
Him bootless home and weather beaten back

*Hot* Home without boots, and in foul weather too !  
How scap'd he agues,<sup>(66)</sup> in the devil's name ?

*Glend* Come, here's the map shall we divide our right  
According to our threefold order ta'en ?

*Mort* The archdeacon hath divided it<sup>(67)</sup>  
Into three limits very equally —  
England, from Tient and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east is to my part assign'd  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower —and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Tient  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,  
Which being sealed interchangeably,—  
A business that this night may execute,—  
To morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth  
To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days —  
[*To Glend*] Within that space you may have drawn together  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen  
*Glend* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,  
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,



Foi<sup>(68)</sup> there will be a world of water shed  
Upon the parting of your wives and you

*Hot* Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours  
See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel, fair and evenly  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here

*Glend* Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth

*Mort* Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side,  
Gelding th' opposed continent as much  
As on the other side it takes from you

*Wor* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land,  
And then he runs straightly and evenly<sup>(69)</sup>

*Hot* I'll have it so a little charge will do it

*Glend* I will not have it alter'd

*Hot*

Will not you?

*Glend* No, nor you shall not

*Hot*

Who shall say me nay?

*Glend* Why, that will I

*Hot*

Let me not understand you, then,

Speak it in Welsh

*Glend* I can speak English, lord, as well as you,  
For I was train'd up in the English court,  
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp  
Many an English ditty lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,—  
A virtue that was never seen in you

*Hot* Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad mongers,  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree,



And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry —

'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag

*Glend* Come, you shall have Tient turn'd

*Hot* I do not care\_ I'll give thine so much land  
To any well deserving friend,<sup>(70)</sup>

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hun

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

*Glend* The moon shines fair, you may away by night  
I'll in and<sup>(71)</sup> haste the writer, and withal

Break with your wives of your departure hence

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer [Exit

*Mort* Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

*Hot* I cannot choose sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,

A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skumble skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith I tell you what,—

He held me last night at the<sup>(72)</sup> least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names

That were his lackeys I cried "hum," and "well, go to,"<sup>(73)</sup>

But mark'd him not a word O, he's as tedious

As is<sup>(74)</sup> a tired horse, a railing wife,

Worse than a smoky house —I had rather live

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,

Than feed on cates and have him talk to me

In any summer house in Christendom

*Mort* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,

Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,

And wondrous affable, and as bountiful

As mines of India Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope

When you do cross his humour, faith he does



I wailiant you, that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you

*Wor* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful blame,<sup>(1)</sup>  
And since your coming hither have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain  
The least of which haunting a nobleman  
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation

*Hot* Well, I am school'd good manners be your speed!  
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave

*Re enter* GLENDOWER, with Lady MORTIMER and Lady PERCY

*Mort* This is the deadly spite that angers me,—  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh

*Glend* My daughter weeps she will not part with you,  
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars

*Mort* Good father, tell her she<sup>(2)</sup> and my aunt Percy  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily

[*Glendower speaks to Lady Mortimer in Welsh,  
and she answers him in the same*]

*Glend* She's desperate here, a peevish self will'd har-  
lotry,

One no<sup>(3)</sup> persuasion can do good upon

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to Mortimer in Welsh*]

*Mort* I understand thy looks that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens<sup>(4)</sup>  
I am too perfect in, and, but for shame,  
In such a parley should I answer thee

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to him again in Welsh*]  
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation



But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bowel,  
With ravishing division, to her lute

*Glend* Nay, if you melt, then will she run quite<sup>(79)</sup> mad

[*Lady Mortimer speaks to Mortimer again in Welsh*]

*Mort* O, I am ignorance itself in this

*Glend* She bids you

Upon<sup>(80)</sup> the wanton rushes lay you down,  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,  
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east

*Mort* With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing  
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn

*Glend* Do so,

And those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
Yet<sup>(81)</sup> straight they shall be here sit, and attend

*Hot* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down come,  
quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap

*Lady P* Go, ye giddy goose [The music plays]

*Hot* Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh,  
And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous  
By'r lady, he's a good musician

*Lady P* Then should you be nothing but musical, for  
you are altogether governed by humours Lie still, ye thief,  
and hear the lady sing in Welsh

*Hot* I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish

*Lady P* Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

*Hot* No

*Lady P* Then be still

*Hot* Neither, 'tis a woman's fault

*Lady P* Now God help thee!

*Hot* To the Welsh lady's bed



*Lady P* What's that?

*Hot* Peuce! she sings

[*A Welsh song sung by Lady Mortimer*]

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too

*Lady P* Not mine, in good sooth

*Hot* Not yours, in good sooth! Heart you swear like a comfit maker's wife! "Not you, in good sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as God shall mend me," and "as sure as day,"

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbury  
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
A good mouth filling oath and leave "in sooth,  
And such protest of pepper gingerbread,  
To velvet guards and Sunday citizens  
Come, sing

*Lady P* I will not sing

*Hot* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours, and so, come in when ye will [Exit

*Glend* Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go  
By this our book's drawn,<sup>(83)</sup> we'll but seal, and then  
To horse immediately

*Mort*

With all my heart

[Exit

## SCENE II London A room in the palace

Enter KING HENRY, Prince HENRY, and Lords

*K Hen* Lords, give us leave, the Prince of Wales and I  
Must have some private<sup>(84)</sup> conference but be near at hand,  
For we shall presently have need of you [Exit Lords  
I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me,  
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd



For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven  
 To punish my mistreadings Tell me else,  
 Could such inordinate and low desires,  
 Such poor, such base,<sup>(s)</sup> such lewd, such mean attempts,  
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*P Hen* So please your majesty, I would I could  
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
 As well as I am doubtless I can purge  
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal  
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—  
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
 By smiling pick thanks and base news mongers,  
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
 Find pardon on my true submission

*K Hen* God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,  
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors  
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the court and princes of my blood  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is run'd, and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically does forethink<sup>(st)</sup> thy fall  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,—  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession,  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at,  
 That men would tell their children, “This is he”  
 Others would say, “Where, which is Bolingbroke?”



And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,  
And won by rareness such solemnity  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shallow jesters and rash bawling wits,  
Soon kindled and soon burnt, carded his state,<sup>(87)</sup>  
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
Had his great name profaned with their scoins,  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
Of every beardless vain comparative,  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,  
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey, and began  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little<sup>(88)</sup>  
More than a little is by much too much  
So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded,—seen, but with such eyes  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes,  
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorge'd, and full  
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou,  
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
With vile participation not an eye  
But is a weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,



Which now doth that I would not have it do,—  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness

*P Hen* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself

*K Hen* For all the world,<sup>(8)</sup>  
As thou art to<sup>(90)</sup> this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur,  
And even as I was then is Percy now  
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou, the shadow of succession,  
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms  
What never dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas' whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority  
And military title capital  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
Th' Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, and<sup>(91)</sup> Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us, and are up  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate



*P Hen* Do not think so, you shall not find it so  
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son,  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favour<sup>(92)</sup> in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought of Harry, chance to meet  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled! for the time will come  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf,  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart  
This, in the name of God, I promise here  
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty, may save  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow

*K Hen* A hundred thousand rebels die in this —  
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT*

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed

*Blunt* So is<sup>(93)</sup> the business that I come to speak of  
Lord Montimer of Scotland hath sent word  
That Douglas and the English rebels met  
Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury



A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
 If promises be kept on every hand,  
 As ever offer'd foul play in a state

*K Hen* The Evil of Westmoreland set forth to day,  
 With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,  
 For this advertisement is five days old —  
 On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward,  
 On Thursday we ourselves will march <sup>(14)</sup>  
 Our meeting is Bridgenorth and, Harry, you  
 Shall march through Gloucestershire, by which account,  
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
 Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet  
 Our hands are full of business let's away,  
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Eastcheap A room in the Bow's Head Tavern*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH*

*Fal* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown, I am withered like an old apple John Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me

*Bard* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long

*Fal* Why, there is it —come, sing me a bawdy song, make me merry I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be, virtuous enough, swore little, dined not above seven times a week, went to a bawdy house not above once in a quarter—of an hour, paid money that I borrowed—three or four times, lived well, and in good compass and now I live out of all order, out of all compass

*Bard* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John

*Fal* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life



thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,  
—but 'tis in the nose of thee, thou art the Knight of the  
Burning Lamp

*Bard* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm

*Fal* No, I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many  
a man doth of a death's head or a *memento mori*. I never see  
thy face but I think upon hell fire, and Dives that lived in  
purple, for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If  
thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy  
face, my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel" —  
but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for  
the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou  
rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did  
not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wild  
fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual  
triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me  
a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in  
the night betwixt tavern and tavern — but the sack that thou  
hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap  
at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that  
salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty  
years, God reward me for it!

*Bard* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal* God a mercy! so should I be sure to be heart  
burned

*Enter Hostess*

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who  
picked my pocket?

*Host* Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do  
you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I  
have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy,  
servant by servant — the tithe of a hair was never lost in my  
house before

*Fal* Ye lie, hostess. Bardolph was shaved, and lost many  
a hair, and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you  
are a woman, go

*Host* Who, I? no, I defy thee. God's light, I was never  
called so in mine own house before

*Fal* Go to, I know you well enough

*Host* No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John. I



know you, Sir John you owe me money, Sir John and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back

*Fal* Dowlas, filthy dowlas I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them

*Host* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound

*Fal* He had his part of it, let him pay

*Host* He? alas, he is poor, he hath nothing

*Fal* How! poor? look upon his face, what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks I'll not pay a denier What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark

*Host* O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

*Fal* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak cup 'sblood, and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, marching FALSTAFF meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

*Bard* Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion

*Host* My lord, I pray you, hear me

*P Hen* What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man

*Host* Good my lord, hear me

*Fal* Prithce, let her alone, and list to me

*P Hen* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked this house is turned bawdy house, they pick pockets

*P Hen* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a piece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's



*P Hen* A trifle, some eight penny matter

*Host* So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your grace say so and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you

*P Hen* What! he did not?

*Host* There's neither futh, truth, nor womanhood in me else

*Fal* There's no more futh in thee than in a stewed prune, nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox, and for womanhood, Mud Marian may be the deputy's wife of the waid to thee Go, you thing, go

*Host* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal* What thing! why, a thing to thank God on

*Host* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest man's wife and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so

*Fal* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise

*Host* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

*Fal* What beast! why, an otter

*P Hen* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh, a man knows not where to have her

*Host* Thou art an unjust man in saying so thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

*P Hen* Thou sayest true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly

*Host* So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound

*P Hen* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal* A thousand pound, Hal! a million thy love is worth a million, thou owest me thy love

*Host* Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you

*Fal* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard* Indeed, Sir John, you said so

*Fal* Yea,—if he said my ring was copper

*P Hen* I say 'tis copper darest thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal* Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I



duc, but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp

*P Hen* And why not as the lion?

*Fal* The king himself is to be feared as the lion dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break

*P Hen* O if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sniah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine,—it is all filled up with guts and mischief. Chaige an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar candy to make thee long winded—if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong <sup>(95)</sup> art thou not ashamed?

*Fal* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more faulty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

*P Hen* It appears so by the story

*Fal* Hostess, I forgive thee go, make ready breakfast love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason, thou seest I am pacified—Still?—Nay, prithee, be gone [*Exit Hostess*] Now, Hal, to the news at court for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

*P Hen* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee—the money is paid back again

*Fal* O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour

*P Hen* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing

*Fal* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too

*Bard* Do, my lord

*P Hen* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot

*Fal* I would it had been of horse Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of



two and twenty or thereabouts ! I am heinously unprovided  
Well, God be thanked for these rebels,—they offend none  
but the virtuous I laud them, I praise them

*P Hen* Bardolph,—

*Bard* My lord ?

*P Hen* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,  
My<sup>(96)</sup> brother John, this to my Lord of Westmoreland

[*Exit Bardolph*]

Go, Pointz,<sup>(97)</sup> to hoise, to hoise, for thou and I

Have thirty miles to ride ere<sup>(98)</sup> dinner time [Exit *Pointz*]

Jack, meet me to morrow in the Temple hall

At two o'clock in the afternoon<sup>(99)</sup>

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either they or we must lower lie [Exit

*Fal* Rare words ! brave world !—Hostess, my breakfast,  
come —

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum ! [Exit

## ACT IV

### SCENE I *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury*

*Enter* HORSBUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS

*Hot* Well said, my noble Scot if speaking truth  
In this fine age were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world  
By God, I cannot flatter, I defy

The tongues of soothers, but a braver place  
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself  
Nay, task me to my word, approve me, lord

*Doug* Thou art the king of honour  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
But I will beard him



*Hot*

Do so, and 'tis well —

*Enter a Messenger with letters*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you

*Mess* These letters come from your father <sup>(100)</sup>*Hot* Letters from him? why comes he not himself?*Mess* He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous sick*Hot* Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

*Mess* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord <sup>(101)</sup>*Wor* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?*Mess* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians

*Wor* I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited

His health was never better worth than now

*Hot* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life blood of our enterprise,

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp —

He writes me here, that inward sickness,—<sup>(102)</sup>

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us,

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes What say you to it?

*Wor* Your father's sickness is a main to us*Hot* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off —

And yet, in faith, it's not, his present want

Seems more than we shall find it —were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set<sup>(103)</sup> so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good, for therein should we read



The very bottom and the soul of hope,<sup>(104)</sup>  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes

*Doug* Faith, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweet reversion,  
And<sup>(105)</sup> we may boldly spend upon the hope  
Of what is to come in  
A comfort of retirement lives in this

*Hot* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs

*Wor* But yet I would your father had been here  
The quality and han of our attempt<sup>(106)</sup>  
Brooks no division it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence  
And think how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause,  
For well you know we of the offering<sup>(107)</sup> side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight holes, every loop from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of

*Hot* You strain too far<sup>(108)</sup>  
I, rather, of his absence make this use —  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the earl were here, for men must think,  
If we, without his help, can make a head  
To push against the kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy turvy down —  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole

*Doug* As heart can think there is not such a word  
Spoke of in<sup>(109)</sup> Scotland as this term of fear



*Enter* SIR RICHARD VERNON

*Hot* My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul

*Ven* Praise God my news be worth a welcome, lord  
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards, with him Prince John

*Hot* No harm —what more ?

*Ven* And further, I have learn'd,  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
On hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation

*Hot* He shall be welcome too Where is his son,  
The nimble footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff<sup>(110)</sup> the world aside,  
And bid it pass ?

*Ven* All furnish'd, all in arms,  
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,  
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd,<sup>(111)</sup>  
Glittering in golden coats, like images,  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls  
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease<sup>(112)</sup> into his seat  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship

*Hot* No more, no more worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues Let them come,  
They come like sacrifices in their tim,  
And to the fire ey'd maid of smoky war,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them  
The mail'd Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to the ears in blood I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours —Come, let me taste<sup>(113)</sup> my horse,  
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales



HARRY to<sup>(114)</sup> Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a coise —  
Q that Glendower were come!

*Ver*

There is more news

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days

*Doug* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet

*Wor* Ay, by my faith that bears a frosty sound

*Hot* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver* To thirty thousand

*Hot* Forty let it be

My father and Glendower being both away

The powers of us may serve so great a day

Come, let us take a muster speedily

Doomsday is near — die all, die merrily

*Doug* Talk not of dying — I am out of fear

Of death or death's hand for this one half year [Exit

SCENE II *A public road near Coventry*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH*

*Fal* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a bottle of sack — our soldiers shall march through well to Sutton Co'hill<sup>(115)</sup> to night

*Bard* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal* Lay out, lay out

*Bard* This bottle makes an angel

*Fal* An if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage — Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end

*Bard* I will, captain — farewell [Exit

*Fal* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet — I have misused the king's press damnably — I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds — I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons, inquired<sup>(116)</sup> me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns, such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum, such



as fear the report of a caliver worse than a stuck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services, and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick<sup>(17)</sup> his sores, and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade fallen, the cunkers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat — nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on, for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but<sup>(18)</sup> a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves, and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND*

*P Hen* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

*Fal* What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy. I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West* Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all. We must away all, to night.

*Fal* Tut, never fear me. I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*P Hen* I think, to steal cream, indeed, for thy theft.



hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal* Mine, Hal, mine

*P Hen* I did never see such pitiful rascals

*Fal* Tut, tut, good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better tush, man, mortal men, mortal men

*West* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly

*Fal* Faith, for their poverty I know not where they had that, and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me

*P Hen* No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, smah, make haste. Percy is already in the field [Exit

*Fal* What is the king encamped?

*West* He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay<sup>(119)</sup> too long [Exit

*Fal* Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast  
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest [Exit

### SCENE III *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury*

*Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON*

*Hot* We'll fight with him to night

*Wor* It may not be

*Doug* You give him, then, advantage

*Ven* Not a whit

*Hot* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ven* So do we

*Hot* His is certain, ours is doubtful

*Wor* Good cousin, be advis'd, stay not to night

*Ven* Do not, my lord

*Doug* You do not counsel well

You speak it out of fear and cold heart <sup>(120)</sup>

*Ven* Do me no slander, Douglas, by my life,—  
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—



If well respected honour bid me on,  
 I hold as little counsel with weak fear  
 As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives —<sup>(121)</sup>  
 Let it be seen to morrow in the battle  
 Which of us fears

*Doug*                      Yea, or to night  
*Ve*    Content

*Hot* To night, say I

*Ve* Come, come, it may not be I wonder much  
 Being men of such great leading as you are,  
 That you foresee not what impediments  
 Drag back our expedition certain horse  
 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up  
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day  
 And now then pride and mettle is asleep,  
 Then courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
 That not a horse is half the half of himself<sup>(122)</sup>

*Hot* So are the horses of the enemy  
 In general, journey bated and brought low  
 The better part of ours are full of rest

*Wor* The number of the king exceedeth ours  
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in

[*The trumpet sounds a parley*]

*Enter* SIR WALTER BLUNT

*Blunt* I come with gracious offers from the king,  
 If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect

*Hot* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt, and would to God  
 You were of our determination!  
 Some of us love you well, and even those some  
 Envy your great deservings and good name,  
 Because you are not of our quality,  
 But stand against us like an enemy

*Blunt* And God defend but still I should stand so,  
 So long as out of limit and true rule  
 You stand against anointed majesty!  
 But to my charge — The king hath sent to know  
 The nature of your griefs, and whereupon  
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land



Audacious cruelty    If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed  
You shall have your desires with interest,  
And pardon absolute for yourself and these  
Herein misled by your suggestion

*Hot*    The king is kind, and well we know the king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears,  
And when he was not six and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gave him welcome to the shore,  
And when he heard him swear and vow to God,  
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
With tears of innocence<sup>(12)</sup> and terms of zeal,—  
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
Swole him assistance, and perform'd it too  
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee,  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him  
Even at the heels in golden multitudes  
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurge,  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs, and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for



Proceeded further, cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here  
When he was personal in the Irish war

*Blunt* Tut, I came not to hear this

*Hot*

Then to the point

In short time after, he depos'd the king,  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life,  
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,—  
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king,—to be engag'd<sup>(125)</sup> in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited,  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,  
Rat'd my uncle from the council board,  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court,  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This head of safety, and withal to pay  
Into his title, the which now<sup>(126)</sup> we find  
Too indirect for long continuance

*Blunt* Shall I return this answer to the king?

*Hot* Not so, Sir Walter we'll withdraw awhile  
Go to the king, and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes and so, farewell

*Blunt* I would you would accept of grace and love

*Hot* And may be so we shall

*Blunt*

Pray God you do

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *York A room in the Archbishop's palace*

*Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir MICHAEL*

*Arch* Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealed brief  
With wing'd haste to the lord marshal,  
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest



To whom they are directed If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste

*Sir M* My good lord,  
I guess then tenour

*Arch* Like enough you do  
To morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must bide the touch, for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick raised power,  
Meets with Lord Harry and, I fear, Sir Michael  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated sinew too,  
And comes not in, o'er rul'd by prophecies,—  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king

*Sir M* Why, my good lord, you need not fear, there's  
Douglas

And Lord Mortimer

*Arch* No, Mortimer's not there

*Sir M* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there's my Lord of Worcester, and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen

*Arch* And so there is but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together,—  
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,  
And many more courtrials and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms

*Sir M* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd

*Arch* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear,  
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed  
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him  
Therefore make haste I must go write again  
To other friends, and so, farewell, Sir Michael

[*Exeunt*



## ACT V

SCENE I *The King's camp near Shrewsbury*

*Enter* King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, Sir  
WALTER BLUNT, *and* Sir JOHN FALSTAFF

*K Hen* How bloodily the sun begins to pee!  
Above yon bosky<sup>(126)</sup> hill ' the day looks pale  
At his distemperature

*P Hen* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
Foietells a tempest and a blustering day

*K Hen* Then with the losers let it sympathise,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win

[*The trumpet sounds*]

*Enter* WORCESTER *and* VERNON

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet You have deceiv'd our trust,  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well  
What say you to 't? will you again unknot  
This churlish knot of all abhorred war?  
And move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor* Hear me, my liege  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag end of my life  
With quiet hours, for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike

*K Hen* You have not sought it! well,<sup>(127)</sup> how comes it,  
then?



*Fal* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it

*P Hen* Peace, chewet, peace!

*Wor* It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks  
Of favour from myself and all our house,  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time, and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time You swore to us,  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,  
That you did nothing purpose gainst the state,  
Nor claim no further than your new fall n'ight,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster  
To this we swore our aid But in short space  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—  
What with our help, what with the absent king,  
What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars  
That all in England did repute him dead —  
And,<sup>(1 8)</sup> from this swarm of fur advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand,  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,  
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,<sup>(1 9)</sup>  
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest,  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight  
For fear of swallowing, but with numble wing  
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight, and raise this present head  
Whereby we stand oppos'd<sup>(1 30)</sup> by such means



As you yourself have foig'd against yourself,  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise

*K Hen* These things, indeed, you have articulated,  
 Proclam'd at market crosses, read in churches,  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
 Of hurlyburly innovation  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 Such water colours to impaint his cause,  
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion

*P Hen* In both our armies there is many a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 If once they join in trial Tell your nephew,  
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
 In praise of Henry Percy by my hopes,  
 This present enterprise set off his head,  
 I do not think a braver gentleman,  
 More active valiant or more valiant young,  
 More daring or more bold, is now alive  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds  
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
 I have a truant been to chivalry,  
 And so I hear he doth account me too  
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—  
 I am content that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation,  
 And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight

*K Hen.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture  
 thee,  
 Albert considerations infinite  
 Do make against it—No, good Worcester, no,  
 We love our people well, even those we love  
 That are misled upon your cousin's part,  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,



Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his  
So tell your cousin, and then<sup>(131)</sup> bring me word  
What he will do but if he will not yield,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office So, be gone,  
We will not now be troubled with reply  
We offer fan, take it advisedly

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon*]

*P Hen* It will not be accepted, on my life  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms

*K Hen* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,  
For, on their answer, will we set on them  
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John*]

*Fal* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestide  
me, so, 'tis a point of friendship

*P Hen* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship  
ship Say thy prayers, and farewell

*Fal* I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well

*P Hen* Why, thou owest God a death [Exit]

*Fal* 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before  
his day What need I be so forward with him that calls not  
on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on Yea,  
but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then?  
Can honour set to a leg? no or an arm? no or take away  
the grief of a wound? no Honour hath no skill in surgery,  
then? no What is honour? a word What is that word  
honour? an<sup>(132)</sup> A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? he that  
died o' Wednesday Doth he feel it? no Doth he hear it?  
no Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead But will it not  
live with the living? no Why? detraction will not suffer it  
Therefore I'll none of it honour is a mere scutcheon—and  
so ends my catechism [Exit]



SCENE II *The rebel camp**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON*

*Wor* O no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
The liberal kind offer of the king

*Ver* 'Twere best he did

*Wor* Then are we all undone

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The king should keep his word in loving us,  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults  
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes,<sup>(133)</sup>  
For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,—  
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,  
And an adopted name of privilege,—  
A hare brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen  
All his offences he<sup>(134)</sup> upon my head  
And on his father's we did train him on,  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
In any case, the offer of the king

*Ver* Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so  
Here comes your cousin

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS, Officers and Soldiers behind*

*Hot* My uncle is return'd —deliver up  
My Lord of Westmoreland —Uncle, what news?

*Wor* The king will bid you battle presently

*Doug* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland

*Hot* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so

*Doug* Marry, and<sup>(135)</sup> shall, and very willingly [Exit



*Wol* There is no seeming mercy in the king

*Hot* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wol* I told him gently<sup>(136)</sup> of our grievances,  
Of his oath breaking which he mended thus,  
By new forswearing<sup>(137)</sup> that he is forsworn  
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us

*Re enter DOUGLAS*

*Doug* Aim, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown  
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,<sup>(138)</sup> did bear it,  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on

*Wol* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,  
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight

*Hot* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath to day  
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver* No, by my soul, I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms  
He gave you all the duties of a man,  
Timm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise valu'd with you  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself,  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
As if he master'd there a double spirit,  
Of teaching and of learning instantly  
There did he pause but let me tell the world,—  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness

*Hot* Cousin, I think thou art enamour'd  
Upon<sup>(139)</sup> his follies never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild a libertine<sup>(140)</sup>



But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's aim,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy —  
Aim, aim with speed —and, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mess* My lord,  
Here are letters for you

*Hot* I cannot read them now —  
O gentlemen, the time of life is short !  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings,  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !  
Now, for our consciences,—the aims are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just

*Enter another Messenger*

*Mess* My lord, prepare, the king comes on apace

*Hot* I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I profess not talking, only this,—  
Let each man do his best and here draw I  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day  
Now,—*Esperance* !—*Percy* !—and set on —  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that music let us all embrace,  
For, heaven to earth,<sup>(41)</sup> some of us never shall  
A second time do such a courtesy  
[*The trumpets sound They embrace, and exeunt*



SCENE III *Plain between the camps*

*Excursions, and parties fighting Alarum to the battle Then enter  
DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT, meeting*

*Blunt* What is thy name, that in the<sup>(142)</sup> battle thus  
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

*Doug* Know, then, my name is Douglas,  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus  
Because some tell me that thou art a king

*Blunt* They tell thee true

*Doug* The Lord of Stafford dear to day hath bought  
Thy likeness, for, instead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner

*Blunt* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot,<sup>(143)</sup>  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death [*They fight, and Blunt is slain*]

*Enter HOTSPUR*

*Hot* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot

*Doug* All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the king

*Hot* Where?

*Doug* Here

*Hot* This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,  
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself

*Doug* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot* The king hath many masking in his coats<sup>(144)</sup>

*Doug* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats,  
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king

*Hot* Up, and away!  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day

[*Exeunt*]



*Alarums Enter FALSTAFF*

*Fal* Though I could scape shot free at London, I fear the shot here, here's no scoring but upon the pate —Soft ! who are you ? Sir Walter Blunt —there's honour for you ! here's no vanity !—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too God keep lead out of me ! I need no more weight than mine own bowels —I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered there's but<sup>(145)</sup> three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end,—to beg during life —But who comes here ?

*Enter Prince HENRY*

*P Hen* What, stand'st thou idle here ? lend me thy sword

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths as yet are<sup>(146)</sup> unreveng'd I prithee,  
Lend me thy sword

*Fal* O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile —  
Trick Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done  
this day I have paid Percy, I have made him sure

*P Hen* He is, indeed, and living to kill thee  
I prithee, lend me thy sword

*Fal* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gettest  
not my sword, but take my pistol, if thou wilt

*P Hen* Give it me what, is it in the case ?

*Fal* Ay, Hal 'Tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will sack  
a city [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack*

*P Hen* What, is't a time to jest and dally now ?

[*Throws it at him, and exit*

*Fal* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him If he do  
come in my way, so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly,  
let him make a carbonado of me I like not such grinning  
honour as Sir Walter hath give me life, which if I can  
save, so, if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an  
end

[*Exit*



SCENE IV *Another part of the field*

*Alarums Escursions Enter* KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY,  
PRINCE JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND

*K Hen* I prithee,  
Hail, withdraw thyself, thou bleed'st too much —  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him

*P John* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too

*P Hen* I do<sup>(147)</sup> beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends

*K Hen* I will do so —  
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent

*West* Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent

*P Hen* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive  
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

*P John* We breathe too long — come, cousin Westmore-  
land,  
Our duty this way lies, for God's sake, come

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland*]

*P Hen* By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster,  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul

*K Hen* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior

*P Hen* O, this boy  
\* Lends mettle to us all!

[*Erit*]

*Alarums Enter* DOUGLAS

*Doug* Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads  
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them — what art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*K Hen* The king himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart,  
So many of his shadows thou hast met,



And not the very king I have two boys  
 Seek Percy and thyself about the field  
 But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
 I will assay thee so, defend thyself

*Doug* I fear thou art another counterfeit,  
 And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king  
 But mine I'm sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
 And thus I win thee

[*They fight the King being in danger, re-enters P Henry*

*P Hen* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
 Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
 Of valiant Shuley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my aim <sup>(148)</sup>  
 It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
 Who never promiseth but he means to pay

[*They fight Douglas flies*  
 Cheerily, my lord how fares your grace?—<sup>(149)</sup>

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
 And so hath Clifton I'll to Clifton straight

*K Hen* Stay, and breathe awhile —  
 Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
 And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me

*P Hen* O God, they did me too much injury  
 That ever said I hearken'd for your death!  
 If it were so, I might have let alone  
 Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you,  
 Which would have been as speedy in your end  
 As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
 And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son

*K Hen* Make up to Clifton I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey  
 [Exit

*Enter Hotspur*

*Hot* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth

*P Hen* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name

*Hot* My name is Harry Percy

*P Hen* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name  
 I am the Prince of Wales, and think not, Percy,  
 To share with me in glory any more  
 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,



Not can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales

*Hot* Not shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us, and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

*P Hen* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head

*Hot* I can no longer brook thy vanities [Thy flight

*Enter FALSTAFF*

*Fal* Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no  
boy's play here, I can tell you

*Re enter DOUGLAS, he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he  
were dead, and exit DOUGLAS HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls*

*Hot* O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!  
I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me,  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh —  
But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,  
And time that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop <sup>(150)</sup> O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue —no, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for— [Dies

*P Hen* For worms, brave Percy fare thee well great  
heart!—

I'll weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough —this earth that bears thee dead  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so dear a show of zeal —  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!



Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[Sees Falstaff on the ground]

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie [Exit

*Fal* [rising] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to day,  
I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow  
'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot  
had paid me scot and lot too Counterfeit? I he, I am no  
counterfeit to die, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the  
counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man but to  
counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no  
counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed  
The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better  
part I have saved my life Zounds, I am afraid of this gun  
powder Percy, though he be dead how, if he should coun-  
terfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove  
the better counterfeit Therefore I'll make him sure, yea,  
and I'll swear I killed him Why may not he rise as well  
as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me  
Therefore, smite [Stabbing him], with a new wound in your  
thing, come you along with me [Takes Hotspur on his back]

*Re enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN*

*P Hen* Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou  
flesh'd

Thy maiden sword

*P John* But, soft! whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*P Hen* I did, I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding  
On<sup>(151)</sup> the ground —

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speak,



We will not trust our eyes without our ears —  
Thou art not what thou seemst

*Fal* No, that's certain, I am not a double man but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack There is Percy [*Throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so, if not, let him kill the next Percy himself I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you

*P Hen* Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead

*Fal* Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock If I may be believed, so, if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh if the man were alive, and would deny it, wounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword

*P John* This is the strangest tale that ever I heard

*P Hen* This is the strangest fellow, brother John —  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have [*A retreat sounded*]  
The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours  
Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John*]

*Fal* I'll follow, as they say, for reward He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less, for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do

[*Exit, bearing off the body*]

#### SCENE V *Another part of the field*

*The trumpets sound Enter King HENRY, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, Westmoreland, and others, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners*

*K Hen* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke —  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?



Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?  
 Three knights upon our party slain to day,  
 A noble eail, and many a creature else,  
 Had been alive this hour,  
 If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne  
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence

*Wor* What I have done my safety urg'd me to,  
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me <sup>(152)</sup>

*K Hen* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too <sup>(153)</sup>  
 Other offenders we will pause upon —

*[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded]*

How goes the field?

*P Hen* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw  
 The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
 The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
 Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest,  
 And falling from a hill, he was so bruised  
 That the pursuers took him At my tent  
 The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace  
 I may dispose of him

*K Hen* With all my heart

*P Hen* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
 This honourable bounty shall belong  
 Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free  
 His valour, shown upon our crests to day,  
 Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
 Even in the bosom of our adversaries <sup>(154)</sup>

*K Hen* Then this remains,—that we divide our power —  
 You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
 Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,  
 To meet Northumberland and the pielate Scroop,  
 Who, as we hear, are busily in arms  
 Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,  
 To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March  
 Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
 Meeting the check of such another day  
 And since this business so far is done,  
 Let us not leave till all our own be won

*[Exeunt]*



P 207 (1)

*strands'*

Here Malone and some other editors retain the old spelling "stronds" though in *The Merchant of Venice* act 1 sc 1 they print Colchos *strand* — In early books we frequently meet with passages where the word is spelt "strond" and yet is to be pronounced *strand* e g in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act 1 sc 1 the folio has

That made great Ioue to humble him to her *hand*  
When with his knees he kist the Cretan *strond* '

P 207 (2)

*' levy*

Capell printed *lead* — To *levy* a power as far as to the sepulchre of Christ subjoins Mr Steevens 'is an expression quite unexampled if not corrupt — and he accordingly proposes to read *lead* for *levy* ' But there is no occasion The expression is neither *unexampled* nor *corrupt* but good authorized English One instance of it is before me Scipio before he *levied* his force to the walls of Carthage gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake to be devoured Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1587 E 4 Gif foid's note on Jonson's *Works* vol v p 138

P 208 (3) *' But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old**Therefore we meet not now '*

I may notice that the reading of the two earliest quartos, "*But this our purpose now is twelue month old*," is objectionable on account of the following "*meet not now*"

P 208 (4)

*A thousand '*

The folio has "*And a thousand*"

P 208 (5)

*' corpse '*

"*corpse*," i e corpses — Here the old eds have "corps and 'corpes'" — which perhaps might be considered as the plural of 'corp' (see Middleton's *Works* vol iv 82 and vol 1 lxxiii Add and Cor, ed Dyce) if other passages in our author's writings did not forbid us to suppose so e g the folio has in *Twelfth Night* (Song) act 11 sc 4 My poore *corpes* (i e corpse) in *The Winter's Tale*, act v sc 1, "Againe possesse her *corps* ' (i e corpse) &c

P 209 (6)

*Holmedon's plains '*

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 258) queries '*Holmedon plains*'?



P 215 (17)

*vapour*

The old eds have vaporous

P 215 (18)

*And'*

Mr W N Lettsom conjectures As

P 215 (19)

*My good lord —"*

So Pope Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, v c p 24) and see the continuation of this interrupted speech — The old eds have *My lord*

P 216 (20)

*H orchester*

Is sometimes I think a trisyllable says Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* v c p 25) where he cites the present line)

P 216 (21)

*neat trimly*

The old eds have neat and trimly

P 216 (22)

*Out of my grief and my impatience  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay*

These two lines are transposed in the old eds — The correction was suggested by Edwards and Johnson and made by Capell

P 217 (23)

*He should or he should not — for he made me mad*Here the folio omits the second *he* — and rightly perhaps

P 217 (24)

*fears*

Hanmer and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitute *foes* but note 142 on *Love's Labour's lost* (where various examples are given of the abstract being put for the concrete by our author) will prove that the above alteration is at least a rash one and that *fears*' may be equivalent to *objects of fear* — As to Mr Knight's emendation *feies* (*i e companions*) it is neither more nor less than ridiculous

Here Mr Collier boldly asserts that in two passages of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in one of Marlowe the reading of the old copies *fears* is a misprint for *foes* Now, to take only the first of the said passages *Valentinian*, act iv sc 1

"Is not

The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar  
(Were this Aecius more than man) sufficient  
To shake off all his honesty? he's dangerous  
Though he be good and *though a friend*, A FEAR'D ONE  
And such I must not sleep by — Are they come yet? —  
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him



Twas time to look about if I must perish  
Yet shall my FEARS go foremost —

more readers I conceive when the passage is thus fully cited will agree with me that *jeais* is right and equivalent to objects of fear than with Mr Collier that it is a misprint for *foes* (In another play by the same author *The Maid's Tragedy* act 11 sc 2 we have the singular *fear* )

Antiphila in this place work a quicksand  
And over it a shallow smiling water,  
And his ship plunging it and then a *Fear*  
Do that *Fear* bravely wench )

Not should it be forgotten that in *The Second Part of King Henry IV* act iv sc 4 *jeais* occurs in a passage where neither the Ms Corrector nor Mr Collier have attempted any alteration and where the word can have no other meaning than objects of fear

It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed  
Wounding supposed peace all these bold *fears*  
Thou seest with peril I have answer'd  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument &c

P 218 (25)                   “*thou dost betray him* ,  
This repetition was altered by Pope to “*thou believest him*”

P 218 (26) “*Art thou not ashamed? But swear henceforth*”  
“*Dele thou*,” says Mr W N Lettsom “ ‘*henceforth*’ is a trisyllable here”

P 219 (27)                   *is dead*”  
The old eds have “*dead is*” see Walker on “*Transposition of Words*” in his *Crit. Exam &c* vol 11 p 246

P 220 (28)                   “*hangman*  
Hammer substituted *hangmen*

P 220 (29)                   “*discontents*  
“ ‘*Discontent*’? for Hotspur alone seems to be addressed” Walker’s *Crit Exam &c* vol 1. p 258

P 220 (30)                  “*If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim —*”  
“*This*,” observes Mr W N Lettsom, “seems incompatible with what follows”



P 221 (31)

*wasp stung*

So the first quarto — The later eds have *waspe* tongue and *waspe* tongue d — The sense requires *waspish* and this perhaps was Shakespeare's word. It may have been badly written and the *redacteur* of the first quarto may have sophisticated the passage from the fourth line below. The reading of the second quarto [ *waspe* tongue ] seems a similar sophistication from the next line but one below ( 'Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ) which refers exclusively to the phrase 'woman's mood' W N LETTSON

P 222 (32)

*Nay if you have not to t again*

So the folio — Qy ' *Nay* cousin [or 'kinsman — see ante] *if you have not* &c — (The quartos have 'to it' and Capell printed *Nay if you have not* su to it again )

P 222 (33)

*' the Douglas son*

See note 7

P 224 (34)

*as dank here as a dog*

The Rev Mr Barry says Mr Collier suggests to me that we should read *dock* for 'dog' the error having easily arisen from the mishearing of the word. An unhappy suggestion ' for *as wet* as a *dog* ' is an expression still in use and compare the following passage. But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast vpon Dogges so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and vnderstand them. As I haue heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge. I sweat like a Dogge (when indeed a Dog neuer sweates) as drunke as a Dogge. hee swore like a Dogge. and one told a Man once That his Wife was not to be beleued for shee would lye like a Dogge, &c. *The World runnes on Wheels* p 252 — Taylor's *Workes* ed 1680. (I was the first who brought forward this passage of Taylor in illustration of our text see my *Remarks on Mr Collier's and Mr Knight's editions of Shakespeare* 1844 )

P 224 (35)

*' the*

So Hammer — The old eds have 'your' (the Ms having had *y*, which was mistaken for 'y<sup>r</sup> )

P 225 (36)

*' tranquillity,*

"Means," according to Capell, 'persons at their ease' *Notes*, &c vol 1 P 1 p 155 — Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "sanguinity"

P 225 (37)

*' great oneyers "*

Johnson supposes that this is merely a cant variation of 'great ones,' — "*great one cers*" — Theobald (at the suggestion of Nicholas Hardinge) substituted '*great moneyers*," Hammer, '*great owners*,' Capell, '*great myn heers*,' and Malone conjectured "*great onyers*, i.e. public accountants (But it should be remembered that Gadshill is speaking here of his companions, not of the persons to be robbed )



P 227 (38) 'Pointz O tis our setter I know his voice &c

The old eds have (with various spelling and arrangement)

*Poin* O tis our Setter I know his voyce Landoll, what newes?

*Bar* Case ye case ye' &c

Johnson saw the proper distribution of the speeches here

P 230 (39) *Of prisoners ransom d and of soldiers slain*  
*And all the currents*

The old eds have *Of prisoners iansome* (the certain correction of which was proposed by Capell and see Walker on *I n a l d and f i n a l e c o n f o u n d e d* in his *Crit Exam* &c vol ii p 61) — *the currents* i e the occurrences In old language *occurent* was used instead of *occurrence* MALONE — But perhaps we ought to print here th' *occurent*s

P 230 (40) *And thou hast so*

The old eds have *And thus hath so* — Read *And thou hast so* &c [Capell's conjecture] Perhaps in the Ms it was written *And thou hath* &c from the *hath* in the preceding line and hence the further corruption Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 133

P 231 (41) 'sudden

May be justly suspected as an interpolation. 'SIEVELNS

P 231. (42) 'As you are toss d with In faith "

Mutilated (and wretchedly amended by Capell)

P 231 (43) *Directly to* '

The old eds have "*Directly unto* — Perhaps Mr Grant White is right in conjecturing that the author wrote 'Direct unto

P 232 (44) "Come wilt thou see me ride?"

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector (with an eye to what Hotspur has a little before said to the Servant) immediately reads

*Come to the park, Kate wilt thou see me ride?"*

P 235 (45) "at a"

An anonymous critic proposes 'after

P 235 (46) 'butter "

So Theobald. — The old eds have *Titan* (in consequence it would seem, of the transcriber or the compositor of the first quarto, having repeated the wrong word)



P 237 (47) *came*

So quarto 1639 —The earlier eds have ' come

P 237 (48) *radish*

Plural [*radish*] surely Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c p 267

P 238 (49) *nott pated*"

The old eds have knotty *pated* —Corrected by Douce (We have already had the word *nott pated* p 234 )

P 238 (50) *'tallow keech* —

The old eds have '*tallow catch* —which we may presume is merely a variety of spelling (In the Sec Part of *Henry IV* act 11 sc 1 Mrs Quickly talks of goodwife *Keech* the butcher's wife " and in *Henry VIII* act 1 sc 1 Buckingham says of Wolsey

I wonder

That such a *keech* can with his very bulk

Take up the rays o the beneficial sun

And keep it from the earth )

A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump in order to be carried to the chandler PERCY

P 238 (51) *'eel skin,*

So Hammer —The old eds have ' *elke skin*

P 238 (52) *you*

So Pope —The old eds have and

P 241 (53) *'hundred* "

The old eds have 'hundreds

P 242 (54) *trustful* '

The old eds have trustfull

P 244 (55) *banish not him thy Harry's company* "

Was not Pope right in rejecting this as an accidental repetition?

P 244 (56) "P Hen "

Several of the quartos and the folio gave this speech to *Falstaff* and rightly perhaps



P 244 (57) "a counterfeit thou art essentially mad without seeming so

So the third folio — The earlier eds have — *essentially made without* &c — Capell very coolly printed *a counterfeit* if thou dost *thou art essentially mad* &c

P 245 (58)

Not in the old eds

P 245 (59)

[Exeunt all except the Prince and Pointz

Here the quartos have no stage direction the folio has *Exit* ' According to all the old eds the subsequent conversation about Falstaff and the contents of his pockets takes place between the Prince and 'Peto' but as Johnson saw the latter name is undoubtedly a mistake for *Pointz* — *Peto* is again printed elsewhere for *Poins* in this play [towards the close of act III Go *Peto* to horse &c] probably from a P only being used in the Ms What had *Peto* done (Dr Johnson observes) to be trusted with the plot against Falstaff? *Poins* has the Prince's confidence and is a man of courage This alteration clears the whole difficulty they all retired but *Poins* who with the Prince having only robbed the robbers had no need to conceal himself from the travellers MALONE

P 246 (60)

' ob "

It may be as well to mention here that ' ob (the contraction for ' *obolum* ) was formerly used in writing to signify a halfpenny

P 246 (61)

' Worcester

\* See note 20

P 246 (62)

' often

The old eds have ' oft

P 246 (63)

*cressets and"*

Capell gives "*cressets ay and,*"—which perhaps the poet wrote

P 247 (64)

*Had I titten d'*

The old eds have ' *had but kitted d'* "

P 247 (65)

to'

Pope substituted "m "

P 248 (66)

*How scapes he agues "*

So Mr Collier's Ms Corrector — The old eds have ' *How scapes he agues "* — 'Perhaps ' *ague "* Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 253



P 248 (67) 'The archdeacon hath divided it

'I suppose the line originally ran thus The archdeacon hath divided it  
already STEEVENS—who did not know (or did not choose to know) that  
such was the reading of Hamlet

P 249 (68) For '

Surely the sense requires Or Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 322

P 249 (69) And then he runs straightly and evenly

So Capell (and compare a little before run evenly )—The old  
eds have And then he runnes straight and even —Mr Collier's Ms Cor  
rector reads And then he runs all straight and evenly

P 250 (70) To any well deserving friend

Hamlet printed 'As that to any well deserving friend'—Walker proposes  
To any worthy will deserving friend but adds, Yet would not this be  
a tautology? *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 206

P 250 (71) in and '

'These two supplemental words which were suggested by Mr Steevens com-  
plete both the sense and metre, and were certainly omitted in the first copy  
by the negligence of the transcriber or printer' MALONE

P 250 (72) 'the'

Not in the old eds

P 250 (73) 'go to

'These two senseless monosyllables [which Pope omitted] seem to have been  
added by some foolish player purposely to destroy the measure' RITSON

P 250 (74) is''

Not in the old eds

P 251 (75) too wilful blame '

'This has been thought corrupt but the following passage shows that *too*  
*blame* in this sense [*too blameable*, *too blameworthy*] was a current expres-  
sion

Blush and confess that you be *too too blame* ' Harr *Ep* 1 84 '

NARES (*Gloss* in v *Blame*)—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c p 106,  
and *Crit Exam* &c vol III p 134) rather hastily patronizes the alteration  
proposed by Johnson, "*too wilful blunt*"

P 251 (76) 'her she'

The old eds have "her that she"



P 251 (77)

One no

The old eds have One that no

P 251 (78) Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens

In my former edition I here adopted the reading of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector — *these welling heavens* but in my Addenda and Corrigenda to that edition I remarked that I ought to have been content to mention the alteration without adopting it. The old reading is supported by a passage in *Macbeth* act 1 sc 2

So from that *spring* whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort *swells*

where however Thulby (see note *ad l*) proposed changing *swells* to wells — Read with Pope

Which thou pour'st down from *those two* swelling heavensFor *those*' compare *Richard II* act 11 sc 3Why have *those* banish'd and forbidden legs &c

where the first four quartos have *those* and the folio *these*' And for an undoubted omission of *two* after *the* compare *Much Ado about Nothing* act iv sc 1, where the folio has

Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie &amp;c

while the original quarto reads

'Would the *two* princes lie and Claudio lie &c

Collier's Corrector's 'welling' is certainly wrong. The eyes no doubt are meant ('I understand thy looks') In Webster's *Sen T Wyatt (Worl)* 11 267 ed Dyce) we find

'O, let *mine eyes*

In naming that sweet youth observe their part

*Pouring down tears* sent from my swelling heart'

Yet Staunton quotes this last line to show that in the present passage of Shakespeare the *bosom* is meant!' W N LINTSOM

P 252 (79)

quite

This addition occurred to me before I knew that Capell had inserted it. That here a word is wanting in the old eds I feel confident, though Dr Guest (*Hist of English Rhythms*, vol 1 p 221) thinks otherwise

P 252 (80)

Upon

The old eds have 'on'

P 252 (81)

Let

So Rowe — The old eds have 'And' (which was repeated by mistake from the preceding line but one)



P 253 (82)

*Not you, in good sooth*

Read says Mr W N Lettsom Not *I* in good sooth (compare as *I* live and mend *me*) Percy is retailing the oathlets of comfit makers wives Collier and Grant White are clearly wrong in following the Ms Corrector who reads Not *yours* in good sooth

P 253 (83)

*By this our books drawn, &c*

Ms Collier's Ms Corrector gives

*By this our book is drawn we'll seal and part  
To horse immediately*

Moit

*With all my heart*

P 253 (84)

*private*

Which makes the line over measure, is surely an interpolation (Steevens observes that as the lords were dismissed on this occasion they would naturally infer that *privacy* was the King's object)

P 254 (85)

*bare*

So Rowe — The old eds have 'bare' See on the confusion between *bare* and *base* Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 pp 279 280

P 254 (86)

*does forethink*

The old eds have 'do *forethink*' and perhaps rightly for Shakespeare may have considered *every man* as a plural and we have already had several examples of a verb plural following a nominative singular when a genitive plural intervenes

P 255 (87)

*carded his state*

Warburton reads 'scarded *his state*' — Heath proposes discarded *his state* " — Mr Grant White adopts the alteration of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector discarded *state* (which even Mr Collier does not venture to adopt) But there can be no doubt that the old reading is the right one Here *carded* means mixed debased by mixing See the examples of *card* given by Steevens in his note *ad l* to which may be added the following passage cited by Mr Arrowsmith in *Notes and Queries* vol vii p 566, First Series 'And these — for that by themselves they will not utter — to *minge* and to *card* with the Apostles doctrine' &c Andrewes' Sermons, v 55 *Lib Ang Cath Theol*

P 255 (88)

*'whereof a little*

Pope printed "*whereof little*" and so Walker too would read But I doubt if *a* can be dispensed with here

P 256 (89)

*"For all the world,"*

Hanmer printed "Harry, for all the world"



P 256 (90) to

Altered by Pope to "at

P 256 (91) 'and

Not in the old eds

P 257 (92) favour

The old eds have *fanous* — 'We should read *favour*' i.e. countenance [and so Hanmer] WARBURTON '*Favours* are *features*' JOHNSON I believe *favours* mean only some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets as a present from a mistress or a trophy from an enemy So afterwards in this play [act v sc 4]

But let my *favours* hide thy mangled face '

where the Prince must have meant his scarf STEEVENS The context 'mask and wash'd away' distinctly show that here Prince Henry does not 'mean his scarf' and assuredly Johnson is mistaken in supposing that the plural *favours* could be applied to a *single face*

P 257 (93) is"

The old eds have *hath* '

P 258 (94) 'On Thursday we ourselves will march '

Mutilated

P 262 (95) 'you will not pocket up wrong '

Some part of this merry dialogue seems to have been lost I suppose Falstaff in pressing the robbery upon his hostess, had declared his resolution *not to pocket up wrongs or injuries* to which the Prince alludes JOHNSON

P 263 (96) 'My'

The old eds have 'To my

P 263 (97) Pointz "

The old eds have 'Peto' See note 59

P 263 (98) "ride en."

The old eds have "ride yet ere '

P 263 (99) "At two o'clock in the afternoon "

Something is wanting here (That the whole of this speech is blank verse, I have not the slightest doubt though Mr Grant White declares that it "has not even the semblance of rhythm")



P 264 (100) *These letters come from your father*

Here again something is wanting —Capell gave ‘ *These letters, my good lord come from your father*

P 264 (101) *His letters bear his mind not I my lord*

The two first quaitos have — *not I my mind* the later eds — *not I his mind* —Capell made the present correction which is fully confirmed by the context

P 264 (102) *that inward sickness,—*

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 20) cites this as an example of *sickness* used as a trisyllable if nothing be lost —There is surely some error here —Capell prints *that inward sickness* holds him

P 264 (103) ‘ *To set*  
*to set*

One of the two *sets* must be corrupt Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 284

P 264 (104) *for therein should we read*  
*The very bottom and the soul of hope*

Conjecture has been busy on this passage but certainly without improving it

P 265 (105) ‘ *And*

Added by Capell (That this speech is mutilated, there can be little doubt )

P 265 (106) ‘ *The quality and hair of our attempt*

Here ‘ *The hair* seems to be the *complexion* the *character* The metaphor appears harsh to us, but perhaps was familiar in our author's time We still say something is *against the hair* as *against the grain*, that is, against the natural tendency ” JOHNSON, — whose explanation is unquestionably right In the anonymous play of *Sir Thomas More* (edited by me for the Shakespeare Society from *M. Harl* 7368), a fellow named Faulkner is brought in custody before Sir Thomas and when the said Faulkner — who, in consequence of a vow, wears *his hair very long*, — tells Sir Thomas that he is servant to a secretary we find (p 48),

‘ *Moore* A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt  
To be a secretaries follower !’ —

Sir Thomas using the word with a quibble, — “ grain texture, complexion, character

P 265 (107) ‘ *offering* ’

Which means ‘ assailing, was improperly altered to ‘ offending ’ by Pope



P 265 (108)

*You strain too far*Capell printed *Come you strain too far*

P 265 (109)

*'Spoke of in*

Mr W N Ietson would read *Spoken in* (the progress of the corruption having been *Spoken* — *Spoke on* — *Spoke of* )

P 266 (110)

*daff*

Here the *daft* of the old eds is a present tense — merely a corrupt spelling of *daff* — Formerly to words ending with *f* it was not unusual to add a *t* so in Chapman's *Home* we find both *pufft* and *puff*

The *puffs* of wind*Iliad* B xiv p 312 ed folio

the winds (that are

Masters at sea) no prosperous *pufft* would spare, &c*Odyssey*, B iv p 56With pace as speedie as a *puff* of wind*Ibid* B v p 73

P 266 (111)

*All furnish'd all in arms**All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind**Bated like eagles having lately bath'd*

The old eds have — with the wind — a verb to all appearance lying concealed under 'with' — I adopt the reading of Rowe '*wing the wind*' (which in the notes to the *Variorum Shakespeare* is called *Dr Johnson's emendation* ) not only because that reading affords a clear and good meaning but because it is far from improbable that '*wing*' might have been mistaken by a transcriber or compositor for 'with' in which word in the handwriting of the poet's time, the head of the *h* is often found carried below the line — '*Bated*' as Malone observes would seem to be used here for

'Bating' (i.e. beating the wings, fluttering), — the passive for the active [the past for the present] participle — There is a double comparison — the Prince and his followers are compared first to ostriches, and secondly to eagles — In what sense *the ostrich* may be said to *wing the wind* we are beautifully told by Claudian — who, if he was a native of Alexandria might not have had to trust entirely to his fancy for a picture, which indeed has quite the air of having been taken from the life,

*'Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales**Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,**Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis**Pulverulenta volat**In Lutrop* ii 310

(Some editors have "restored" the old reading and are persuaded that they have rendered it intelligible by printing

like estridges that with the wind

*Bated,*—

a construction which it is evident was never intended by the author who in that case would most assuredly have written "*Bate*" — The absurdity of Bowles's remarks on this passage is beyond belief — he labours to prove that



by *estruges*, we are not to understand *ostriches* but *estrudge falcons* —and that too in the very face of the lines quoted by Steevens *ad l* from Dryden's *Polyolbion* Song 22

Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been  
The Mountfords *all in plumes* like *estruges* were seen

And see Richardson's *Dict* sub *Estruch* )

1864 The Cambridge Editors (who exhibit the present passage *literatim* thus

All furnish'd all in arms  
All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
Barded like eagles having lately bathed )

affirm that my quotation from Claudian is not to the purpose for it means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing from winging the wind. But the Cambridge Editors in expounding the lines of Claudian take no notice of the important word *volat* by which he means of course that the ostrich *when once her wings are filled with the wind* *flies along the ground* (though she does not mount into the air) and I still continue to think that the whole description answers very sufficiently to that of her *winging the wind*. Let me add that the late Samuel Rogers ( a name to me forever dear ) has applied the verb *wing* to the flight of the ostrich and it must be allowed that whatever the deficiencies of his poetry in some respects he justly prided himself on never violating propriety of expression

Such to them grateful ear the gush of springs  
Who course *the ostrich as away she wings*  
Sons of the desert who delight to dwell  
Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well

*Columbus* canto viii

P 266 (112) *And vaulted with such ease*

Capell gives very plausibly *And vault with such an ease*

P 266 (113) *taste*

*take*—in which sense the word was frequently used by Shakespeare & contemporaries—So the two first quartos—The later quartos and the folio have 'take' which has been generally preferred by the modern editors

P 267 (114) 'to

Mr W N Lettsom proposes 'and

P 267 (115) 'Sutton Copill'

A contracted form of *Sutton Coldfield*—The old eds have "Sutton cophill" (and cop hill) —Mr Giant White (who himself retains the old spelling) states, by mistake that 'most editors print Copill'—I prefer with the Cambridge Editors, "Copill"



P 267 (116) *pressed* *inquired*

The old eds have 'presse *inquire (and enquire)* But the subsequent words *such as had been asked* and '*I pressed me none* show distinctly that the past tense was intended here

P 268 (117) *lick*

The old eds have *licked*

P 268 (118) *but*

The old eds have 'not

P 269 (119) *'we shall stay'*

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 258) says that this is '*contra metrum* and conjectures *well stay* ' or *we stay* But was any '*metrum* intended here?

P 269 (120) *fear and cold heart*"

Pope prints *fear and* from *cold heart* and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads '*fear and a cold heart* —According to Mr Giant White *fear* in this line is a dissyllable

P 270 (121) *that lives —*

The old eds have *that this day lives* (a manifest interpolation for as Mason observes it weakens the sense besides destroying the metre)

P 270 (122) *"half the half of himself*

Altered to '*half half of himself* ' by Pope and, more happily, to '*half the half himself* ' by Steevens

P 271 (1 3) *"innocence*

The old eds have '*innocencie* ' —On the words *innocence*" and '*innocency*' confounded in our early writers see Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 47

P 272 (124) *engag'd*

Which has been improperly altered to '*encag'd*'—means '*delivered (or detained) as a gage, pledge hostage* ' so in act v sc 2 "*And Westmoreland, that was engag'd did bear it* ' (The Cambridge Editors had for gotten both these passages when, at the beginning of act v, they so hastily followed the old copies in leaving the *Earl of Westmoreland* among the persons entering " see their note)

P 272 (125) *'now'*

Not in the old eds



P 274 (126)

' *bosky*

The old eds have *busky* (Milton writes the word perhaps more properly *bosky* STEEVENS—who appears to have forgotten that in *The Tempest* act iv sc 1 the folio has *my bosk'ne acres* &c)

P 274 (127)

' *u ell*

Not in the old eds

P 275 (128)

*And*

Was altered by Capell to *As* '

P 275 (129) ' *As that ungentle gull the cuckoo's bird*

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 254) says What is the *cuckoo's bird*? Read *cuckoo bird* — *The cuckoo's bird* is the cuckoo's chicken, who being hatched and fed by the sparrow in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid grows in time able to devour her nurse ' JOHNSON "*Gull*" here means unfledged nestling

P 275 (130)

*we stand opposed*

Capell printed *you stand opposed* but as Johnson observes the old text means 'we stand in opposition to you

P 277 (131)

' *then*

Added by Capell

P 277 (132)

“ *What is honour? a word What is that word honour? an*

Malone Mr Collier and the Cambridge Editors print almost nonsensically with the first and third quartos (from which the second quarto differs only in punctuation) ' *What is honour? A word What is in that word honour? What is that honour? An*

P 278 (133) " *Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes* '

So Rowe (in his sec ed) —The old eds have *Supposition all our lives,* ' &c —Steevens at Farmer's suggestion, printed

' *Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes* —

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 184) asks, 'Is something lost' here? I have little doubt of it

P 278 (134)

' *he* '

The old eds have "hue" See Walker on "*Lie and live confounded*," in his *Crit Exam* &c vol. ii p 209



P 278 (135) Hot *Lord Douglas go you and tell him so*  
Doug *Marry and*

Here *Douglas* is a trisyllable as Malone remarks —In the second speech Pope printed '*Marry, I*

P 279 (136) ' Hot *Did you beg any' God forbid'*  
Woi *I told him gently &c*

Walker (*Cut Exam &c* vol ii p 189) would read

Hot *Did you beg any of him'*  
Woi God forbid!

I told him gently &c

Lut compare *King Henry VIII* act iii sc 2

Su But will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal s'  
*The Lord forbid'*

where Walker (see note *ad l*) would give *The Lord forbid'* to a different speaker —Here Hammer added '*of him*' but did not alter the distribution of the speeches

P 279 (137) *By new forswearing*

The old eds have '*By now forswearing*' —On '*Now and new* confounded,  
see Walker's *Cut Exam &c* vol ii p 214

P 279 (138) '*engag d*

See note 124

P 279 (139) *Upon*

The old eds have "On "

P 279 (140) *a libertine*

So Capell.—The old eds have '*a libertie*' and '*at libertie*' (and '*at liberty*')

P 280 (141) *For heaven to earth*

On the very improper alteration made here by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector,  
"Fora heaven and earth see my *Few Notes &c* p 94 and my *Strictures*  
on Mr Collier's new edition of *Shakspeare* 1858 p 111 ("*heaven to earth*"—  
'i c one might wager heaven to earth' WARBURTON)

P 381 (142) '*the*

Not in the old eds

P 381 (143) '*I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot* "

"Grant White objects to this [the reading of the four earliest quartos] for



euphonistic reasons but *thou proud* occurs elsewhere in Shakespearian. He also considers 'triumph'd upon a Scot' [in the next speech] poor when compared with [the later reading] 'triumphed o'er a Scot' forgetting in *The Taming of the Shrew* iv 4 'That triumph thus upon my misery' W N LETTSON

P 281 (144) *'The King hath many masking in his coats*

The old eds have '—— marching in his coats' but Mr Collier & Ms Corrector has undoubtedly recovered the true reading by substituting *masking* for *marching* (In *Tambrlaine Part First* act v sc 2 the misprint *march* kept its place till in my ed of Malloves *Works* I altered it to 'mask')

P 282 (145) *but*

The old eds have not

P 282 (146) *deaths as yet are*

The old eds have *deaths* are yet and *deaths* are

P 283 (147) *do*

So Pope and Mr Collier & Ms Corrector —Not in the old eds

P 284 (148) *the spirits*

*Of valiant Shuley Stafford Blunt are in my arm*

The old eds have —— *are in my arms* —Pope restored the measure by the omission of "*valiant*" —Walker says I would suggest

*the spirits*

*Of valiant Shuley Stafford, Massy, Blunt*

*Are in my arm*

*It is' &c'*

*Crit Exam &c* vol ii p 14

P 284 (149) *Cheerly my lord how fares your grace?—*

Qy '*Cheerly my lord cheerly how &c'*

P 285 (150)

*They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh —*

*But thoughts the slaves of life and life time's fool*

*And time that takes survey of all the world*

*Must have a stop*

So the earliest quarto — The readings of the second quarto [ *Put* thoughts the slave of life &c and so the tobo] are sophistications by one who did not see that '*thoughts*' as well as *time* were nominative cases before *must* and consequently supposed that the syntax was defective for want of a verb



It is odd that Staunton who saw that *life* was a nominative to *must* did not see more Compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* act iii sc 1

My *thoughts* do harbour with my Silvia nightly  
And *slaves* they are to me that send them flying

W N LETTSON

P 286 (151)

On

Altered to Upon by Capell and rightly perhaps

P 288 (152)

*Since not to be avoided it falls on me*

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes Which *not to be avoided falls on me*

P 288 (153)

*Beat Worcester to the death and Vernon too*

Here the folio omits *the* making *Worcester* a trisyllable see note 20

P 288 (154)

*'Even in the bosom of our adversaries*

At this line in the four earliest quartos Prince John replies to his brother's follows

I thank your grace for this high courtesy  
Which I shall give away immediately



THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY THE FOURTH







## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

WE have already seen p 204 that in the only quarto of this play 1600

*Old* has been by mistake allowed to stand as the prefix to a speech of Falstaff and p 205 that before the entry of *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* in the Stationers Registers Feb 25th 1597 8, Shakespenae had changed the name *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* —it is certain therefore that *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was composed previous to that date. —See its entry in the Stationers Registers under the account of *Much Ado about Nothing* vol ii p 72



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY the Fourth  
 HENRY prince of Wales afterwards King Henry V  
 THOMAS duke of Clarence  
 PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER  
 PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER  
 EARL OF WARWICK  
 EARL OF WESTMORLAND  
 EARL OF SURREY  
 GOWER  
 HARCOURT  
 BLUNT  
 Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench  
 An Attendant on the Chief Justice  
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
 SCROOP archbishop of York  
 LORD MOWBRAY  
 LORD HASTINGS  
 LORD BARDOLPH  
 SIR JOHN COLEVILE  
 TRAVERS and MORTON retainers of Northumberland  
 SIR JOHN FALSTAFF  
 His Page  
 BARDOLPH  
 PISTOL  
 POINTEZ  
 PETO  
 SHALLOW } country justices  
 SILENCE, }  
 DAVY servant to Shallow  
 MOULDY SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF recruits  
 FANG and SNARE sheriff's officers  
 LADY NORTHUMBERLAND  
 LADY PERCY  
 MISTRESS QUICKLY hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap  
 DOLL TEARSHEET

Lords and Attendants Porter, Diawcis, Beadles Grooms, &c

Rumour, the Presenter

A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue

SCENE—*England*



THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY IV

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INDUCTION

*Warkworth Before Northumberland's castle*

*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues*

*Rum* Open your ears, for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,  
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,  
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
My well known body to anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
I run before King Harry's victory,  
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,



Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
 Even with the rebels' blood But what mean I  
 To speak so true at first? my office is  
 To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,  
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death  
 This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
 And this worm eaten hold<sup>(2)</sup> of ragged stone,  
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
 Lies crafty sick the posts come tuing on,  
 And not a man of them brings other news  
 Than they have learn'd of me from Rumour's tongues  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs  
[Exit

---

## ACT I

SCENE I *The same*

*Enter* Lord BARDOLPH

*L Bard* Who keeps the gate here, ho?

*Enter* Porter, *above*

Where is the earl?

*Port* What shall I say you are?

*L Bard* Tell thou the earl  
 That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here

*Port* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard  
 Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
 And he himself will answer

*L Bard* Here comes the earl

[Exit Porter *above*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND

*North* What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now  
 Should be the father of some stratagem



The times are wild, contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him

*L Bard* Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury

*North* Good, an God will!

*L Bard* As good as heart can wish —

The king is almost wounded to the death,  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright, and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas, young Prince John  
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field,  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

*North* How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*L Bard* I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence,

A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true

*North* Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news

*L Bard* My lord, I overtook him on the way,  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties  
More than he haply may retail from me

*Enter TRAVERS*

*North* Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

*Tr* My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings, and, being better hors'd,  
Out rode me After him came spurring hard  
A gentleman, almost foinpent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse  
He ask'd the way to Chester, and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury  
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold



With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
And, bending forward, struck his aimed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel head, and starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question

North

## Ha !—Again

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion  
Had met ill luck?

L Band

My lord, I'll tell you what,

If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
I'll give my brony ne'er talk of it

*North* Why should the gentleman that rode by Travels Give, then, such instances of loss?

L Band

Who, he ?

He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n  
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture — Look, here comes more news

*Enter* MORTON

*North* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,  
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume  
So looks the strand<sup>(8)</sup> whereon th' impetuous flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation —

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mon I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,  
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask  
To fright our party

North

How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt,  
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it  
This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus and thus ;



You brother thus, so fought the noble Douglas,  
Stopping my greedy ear with then bold deeds  
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead"

*Mor* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet,  
But, for my lord your son,—

*North* Why, he is dead  
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
He that but fears the thing he would not know  
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes  
That what he feared is chanced <sup>(4)</sup> Yet speak, Morton,  
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong

*Mor* You are too great to be by me gainsaid  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain

*North* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead  
I see a strange confession in thine eye  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin  
To speak a truth If he be slain, say so,  
The tongue offends not that reports his death  
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,  
Not he which says the dead is not alive  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend

*L Bard* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead

*Mor* I'm sorry I should force you to believe  
That which I would to God I had not seen,  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,  
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down  
The never daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he never more sprung up  
In few, his death—whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp—  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best temper'd courage in his troops,



For from his metal was his party steel'd,  
 Which once in him abated, all the rest  
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead  
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
 Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,  
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
 That arrows fly not<sup>(5)</sup> swifter toward their aim  
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
 Fly from the field. Then was the<sup>(6)</sup> noble Worcester  
 Too soon ta'en prisoner, and that furious Scot,  
 The bloody Douglas, whose well labouring sword  
 Had three times slun th' appearance of the king,  
 Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame  
 Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,  
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
 Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out  
 A speedy power t' encounter you, my lord,  
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
 And Westmoreland. This is the news at full

*North* For this I shall have time enough to mourn  
 In poison there is physic, and these news,  
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well  
 And as the wretch, whose fever weaken'd joints,  
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a flie  
 Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,  
 Are thence themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!  
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
 Must glove this hand, and hence, thou sickly quouf!  
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit  
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach  
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring  
 To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!  
 Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand  
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
 And let this world no longer be a stage



To feed contention in a lingering act,  
But let one spirit of the first born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burial of the dead !

*Tha* This stained passion doth you wrong, my lord  
*L Bard* Sweet eail, divorce not wisdom from your  
honour

*Mo* The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health, the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay  
You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,  
And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,  
" Let us make head " It was your presumption  
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop,  
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,  
More likely to fall in than to get o'er,  
You were advis'd his flesh was capable  
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd  
Yet did you say, " Go forth," and none of this,  
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
The stiff borne action what hath, then, befall'n,  
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
More than that being which was like to be ?

*L Bard* We all that are engaged to this loss  
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one,  
And yet we ventur'd, for the gun propos'd  
Shok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,  
And since we are o'eriset, venture again  
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods

*Mo* 'Tis more than time and, my most noble lord,  
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,<sup>(1)</sup>  
The gentle Archbishop of York is up  
With well appointed powers he is a man  
Who with a double surety binds his followers  
My lord your son had only but the corpse,<sup>(2)</sup>  
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight,  
For that same word, rebellion, did divide



The action of their bodies from their souls,  
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
 As men drink potions, that their weapons only  
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their sprits and souls,  
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
 As fish are in a pond But now the bishop  
 Turns insurrection to religion  
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind,  
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
 Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,  
 Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause,  
 Tells them he doth bestirre a bleeding land,  
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,  
 And more and less do flock to follow him

*Noth* I knew of this before, but, to speak truth,  
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind  
 Go in with me, and counsel every man  
 The aptest way for safety and revenge  
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,—  
 Never so few, and never yet more need [Exeunt

## SCENE II *London A street*

*Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler*

*Fal* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

*Page* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water, but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for

*Fal* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me the brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to



wait at my heels I was never manned with an agate till now but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek, and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face royal God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a han amiss yet he may keep it still as<sup>(9)</sup> a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it, and yet he'll be crowing as if he had wit man ever since his father was a bachelor He may keep his own grace, but he 's almost out of mine, I can assure him —What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

*Page* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph he would not take his bond and yours, he liked not the security

*Fal* Let him be damned, like the glutton ' pray God his tongue be 'hotter'!—A whoreson Achitophel ' a rascally yeaforsooth knave' to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth pates do now wear no thing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles, and if a man is thorough<sup>(10)</sup> with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security I looked 'a should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him —Where's Bardolph?

*Page* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse

*Fal* I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived

*Page* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph

*Fal* Wait close, I will not see him



*Enter the Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant*

*Ch Just* What's he that goes there ?

*Atten* Falstaff, an't please your lordship

*Ch Just* He that was in question for the robbery ?

*Atten* He, my lord but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster

*Ch Just* What, to York ? Call him back again

*Atten* Sir John Falstaff !

*Fal* Boy, tell him I am deaf

*Page* You must speak louder, my master is deaf

*Ch Just* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good —Go, pluck him by the elbow, I must speak with him

*Atten* Sir John,—

*Fal* What ! a young knave, and begging ! Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it

*Atten* You mistake me, sir

*Fal* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so

*Atten* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man

*Fal* I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me, if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged You hunt counter<sup>(1)</sup> hence ! avaunt !

*Atten* Sir, my lord would speak with you

*Ch Just* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you

*Fal* My good lord !—God give your lordship good time of day I am glad to see your lordship abroad I heard say your lordship was sick. I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice Your lordship, though not clean past your youth,



hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the salt  
ness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to  
have a reverent care of your health

*Ch Just* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition  
to Shrewsbury

*Fal* An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is re-  
turned with some discomfort from Wales

*Ch Just* I talk not of his majesty—you would not come  
when I sent for you

*Fal* And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into  
this same whoreson apoplexy

*Ch Just* Well, God mend him!—I pray you, let me speak  
with you

*Fal* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy,  
an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a  
whoreson tingling

*Ch Just* What tell you me of it? be it as it is

*Fal* It hath its original from much grief, from study, and  
perturbation of the brain I have read the cause of his effects  
in Galen it is a kind of deafness

*Ch Just* I think you are fallen into the disease, for you  
hear not what I say to you

*Fal* <sup>(12)</sup> Very well, my lord, very well rather, an't please  
you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not mark-  
ing, that I am troubled withal

*Ch Just* To punish you by the heels would amend the  
attention of your ears, and I care not if I do become your  
physician

*Fal* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient  
your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me  
in respect of poverty, but how I should be your patient to  
follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a  
scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself

*Ch Just* I sent for you, when there were matters against  
you for your life, to come speak with me

*Fal* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the  
laws of this land service, I did not come

*Ch Just* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great  
infamy

*Fal* He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less



*Ch Just* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great

*Fal* I would it were otherwise, I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer

*Ch Just* You have misled the youthful prince

*Fal* The young prince hath misled me I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog

*Ch Just* Well, I am loth to gall a new healed wound your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er posting that action

*Fal* My lord,—

*Ch Just* But since all is well, keep it so wake not a sleeping wolf

*Fal* To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox

*Ch Just* What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

*Fal* A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth

*Ch Just* There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity

*Fal* His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity

*Ch Just* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel

*Fal* Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light, but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go—I cannot tell Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger<sup>(13)</sup> times, that true valour is turned bear herd pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young, you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too

*Ch Just* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing



belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

*Fal* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he that will cope with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents,—manly, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

*Ch* *Just* Well, God send the prince a better companion!

*Fal* God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch* *Just* Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

*Fal* Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day, for, by the Lord,<sup>(4)</sup> I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily if it be a hot day, nor I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it well, I cannot last ever but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch* *Just* Well, be honest, be honest, and God bless your expedition!

*Fal* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

*Ch* *Just* Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impa



tient to bear crosses    Fare you well    commend me to my  
cousin Westmoreland    [*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant*]

*Fal* If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle — A man  
can no more separate age and covetousness than 'a can put  
young limbs and lechery    but the gout galls the one, and the  
pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees<sup>(a)</sup> prevent my  
curses — Boy !

*Page* Sir ?

*Fal* What money is in my purse ?

*Page* Seven groats and two pence

*Fal* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the  
purse    borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the dis-  
ease is incurable — Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancas-  
ter, this to the prince, this to the Earl of Westmoreland,  
and this to old Mistress Uisula, whom I have weekly sworn  
to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin  
About it    you know where to find me    [*Exit Page*] A pox  
of this gout !    or, a gout of this pox !    for the one or the other  
plays the rogue with my great toe    'Tis no matter if I do  
halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall  
seem the more reasonable    A good wit will make use of any  
thing    I will turn diseases to commodity    [*Exit*]

SCENE III    *York*    A room in the Archbishop's palace

*Enter the Archbishop, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and  
BARDOLPH*

*Arch* Thus have you heard our cause and know our means,  
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes —  
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

*Mowb* I well allow th' occasion of our arms,  
But gladly would be better satisfied  
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the king

*Hast* Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five and twenty thousand men of choice,



And our supplies lie<sup>(16)</sup> largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries

*L Bard* The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth  
thus,—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland?

*Hast* With him, we may

*L Bard* Ay, many, there's the point

But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by the hand,  
For, in a theme so bloody fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted

*Arch* 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury

*L Bard* It was, my lord, who lin'd himself with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction

*Hast* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope

*L Bard* Yes, in this present quality of war,—  
Indeed, the instant action—a cause on foot—  
Lives so in hope,<sup>(17)</sup> as in an early spring  
We see th' appearing buds, which to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection,  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or at last<sup>(18)</sup> desist  
To build at all? Much more, in this great work—  
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,



And set another up—should we survey  
 The plot of situation and the model,  
 Consent upon a sure foundation,  
 Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
 How able such a work to undergo,  
 To weigh against his opposite, or else<sup>(19)</sup>  
 We fortify in paper and in figures,  
 Using the names of men instead of men  
 Like one that draws the model of a house  
 Beyond his power to build it, who, half through,  
 Gives over, and leaves his part created cost  
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny

*Hast* Giant that our hopes—yet likely of fan both—  
 Should be still born, and that we now possess'd  
 The utmost man of expectation,  
 I think we are a body strong enough,  
 Even as we are, to equal with the king

*L Bard* What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

*Hast* To us no more, nay, not so much, Lord Bauldolph  
 For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
 Are in three heads one power against the French,  
 And one against Glendower, perforce a third  
 Must take up us so is the unfirm king  
 In three divided, and his coffers sound  
 With hollow poverty and emptiness

*Arch* That he should draw his several strengths together,  
 And come against us in full puissance,  
 Need not be dreaded

*Hast* If he should do so,  
 To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,  
 They baying him at the heels <sup>(20)</sup> never fear that

*L Bard* Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

*Hast* The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland,  
 Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth  
 But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
 I have no certain notice

*Arch* Let us on,  
 And publish the occasion of our arms  
 The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,



Then over greedy love hath suferited  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart  
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,  
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it    What trust is in these times ?  
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
Are now become enamour'd on his grave  
Thou, that thiew'st dust upon his goodly head  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After th' admird heels of Bolingbroke,  
Criest now, " O earth, yield us that king again,  
And take thou this ! " O thoughts of men accurst !  
Past, and to come, seems best, things present, worst  
*Moub* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?  
*Hast* We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone  
[*Exeunt*

## ACT II

SCENE I *London A street*

*Enter Hostess, FANG and his Boy with her, and SNARE following*

*Host* Master Fang, have you entered the exion? <sup>(21)</sup>

*Fang* It is entered

*Host* Where's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will 'a stand to 't?

Fang Simah, where's Snare?

*Host* O Lord, ay! good Master Snare

*Snare* Here, here

*Fang* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff



*Host* Yea, good Master Snaie, I have entered him and all

*Snaie* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab

*Host* Alas the day! take heed of him, he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly in good faith, 'a cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out he will foin like any devil, he will spue neither man, woman, nor child

*Fang* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust

*Host* No, nor I neither I'll be at your elbow

*Fang* An I but fist him once, 'n 'a come but within my vice,—

*Host* I am undone by his going, I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score —good Master Fang, hold him sure, —good Master Snaie, let him not scape 'A comes continually to Pie corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer A hundred mark is a long one<sup>(22)</sup> for a poor lone woman to bear and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong —Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey nose knave Bardolph with him Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snaie, do me, do me, do me your offices

*Enter FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH*

*Fal* How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Fang* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly

*Fal* Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph cut me off the villain's head, throw the quean in the channel

*Host* Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey suckle villain! wilt thou



kill God's officers and the king's? O thou honey seed rogue!  
thou art a honey seed, a man queller, and a woman queller

*Fal* Keep them off, Bardolph

*Fang* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host* Good people, bring a rescue or two — Thou wot,  
wo't thou? thou wot, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou  
hemp seed!

*Fal* <sup>(2)</sup> Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilianian!  
I'll tickle your catastrophe

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended*

*Ch Just* What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you,  
stand to me!

*Ch Just* How now, Sir John! what are you bawling  
here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?  
You should have been well on your way to York —  
Stand from him, fellow wherefore hang'st upon him?

*Host* O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I  
am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit

*Ch Just* For what sum?

*Host* It is more than for some, my lord, it is for all, — all  
I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath  
put all my substance into that fat belly of his — but I will have  
some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare

*Fal* I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any  
vantage of ground to get up

*Ch Just* How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man  
of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?  
Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough  
a course to come by her own?

*Fal* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and  
the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel gilt  
goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by  
a sea coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the  
prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man  
of Windsor, — thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing  
thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife



Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath—deny it, if thou canst

*Fal* My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you—she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them

*Ch Just* Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident blow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person

*Host* Yea, in truth, my lord

*Ch Just* Pithee, peace—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her—the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance

*Fal* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness—if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous—no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs

*Ch Just* You speak as having power to do wrong—but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman

*Fal* Come hither, hostess

[*Takes her aside*]

*Enter GOWER*

*Ch Just* Now, Master Gower,—what news?



*Gow* The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales  
Are near at hand the rest the paper tells [*Gives a letter*

*Fal* As I am a gentleman,—

*Host* Faith, you said so before

*Fal* As I am a gentleman —come, no more words of it

*Host* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain  
to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining cham-  
bers

*Fal* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking and for thy  
walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal,  
or the German Hunting in water work, is worth a thousand  
of these bed hangings and these fly bitten tapestries Let it  
be ten pound, if thou canst Come, an 'twere not for thy  
humours, there's not a better wench in England Go, wash  
thy face, and draw thy action Come, thou must not be in  
this humour with me, dost not know me? come, come, I  
know thou wast set on to this

*Host* Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles  
or farth, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la

*Fal* Let it alone, I'll make other shift you'll be a fool  
still

*Host* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown  
I hope you'll come to supper You'll pay me all together?

*Fal* Will I live?—[*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with  
her, hook on, hook on

*Host* Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

*Fal* No more words, let's have her

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy*]

*Ch Just* I have heard better news

*Fal* What's the news, my lord?

*Ch Just* Where lay the king last night?

*Gow* At Basingstoke, my lord

*Fal* I hope, my lord, all's well what is the news, my  
lord?

*Ch Just* Come all his forces back?

*Gow* No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,  
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop

*Fal* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Ch Just* You shall have letters of me presently



Come, go along with me, good Master Gower

*Fal* My lord !

*Ch Just* What's the matter ?

*Fal* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner ?

*Gow* I must wait upon my good lord here,—I thank you, good Sir John

*Ch Just* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go

*Fal* Will you sup with me, Master Gower ?

*Ch Just* What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John ?

*Fal* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me —This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part for

*Ch Just* Now, the Lord lighten thee ! thou art a great fool

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II *The same Another street*

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ* <sup>(24)</sup>

*P Hen* Before God, I am exceeding weary

*Poin* Is't come to that ? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood

*P Hen* Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer ?

*Poin* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition

*P Hen* Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name ! or to know thy face to-morrow ! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz these, and those that were thy peach coloured ones ! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use !—but that the tennis court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou



keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland and God knows whether those that bawl out of<sup>(25)</sup> the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom but the midwives say the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened

*Poin* How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

*P Hen* Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

*Poin* Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing

*P Hen* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine

*Poin* Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell

*P Hen* Many, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick albeit I could tell to thee,—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,—I could be sad, and sad indeed too

*Poin* Very hardly upon such a subject

*P Hen* By this hand, thou thinkest me as full in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency let the end try the man But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow

*Poin* The reason?

*P Hen* What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

*Poin* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite

*P Hen* It would be every man's thought, and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks never a man's thought in the world keeps the road way better than thine every man would think me an hypocrite indeed And what accuses your most worshipful thought to think so?

*Poin* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff

*P Hen* And to thee

*Poin* By this light, I am well spoke on, I can hear it



with mine own ears the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things, I confess, I cannot help — By the mass, here comes Bardolph

*P Hen* And the boy that I gave Falstaff 'a had him from me Christian, and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him aye

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page*

*Bard* God save your grace!

*P Hen* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

*Bard* <sup>(20)</sup> [to the Page] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle pot's maidenhead?

*Page* He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and so peeped through

*P Hen* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*Page* Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

*P Hen* Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

*Page* Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream

*P Hen* A crown's worth of good interpretation — there 'tis, boy! [Gives money]

*Poin* O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! — Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee [Gives money]

*Bard* An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong

*P Hen* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*Bard* Well, my lord He heard of your grace's coming to town there's a letter for you [Gives a letter]

*Poin* Delivered with good respect — And how doth the martlemas, your master?

*Bard* In bodily health, sir

*Poin* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him though that be sick, it dies not



*P Hen* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog and he holds his place, for look you how he writes  
*[Gives the letter to Pointz]*

*Poin [reads]* "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say, "There's some of the king's blood spilt" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive The answer is as ready as a bollowers cap,<sup>(27)</sup> "I am the king's poor cousin, sir"

*P Hen* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet But to the letter —

*Poin [reads]*<sup>(28)</sup> "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting" —Why, this is a certificate

*P Hen* Peace!

*Poin [reads]* "I will imitate the honourable Roman<sup>(29)</sup> in brevity"—sure he means brevity in breath, short winded—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee Be not too familiar with Pointz, for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell Repent at idle times as thou mayest, and so, farewell

"Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him), JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe"

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it

*P Hen* That's to make him eat twenty<sup>(30)</sup> of his words But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Poin* God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so

*P Hen* Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the sprits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us —Is your master here in London?

*Bard* Yes, my lord

*P Hen* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

*Bard* At the old place, my lord,—in Eastcheap

*P Hen* What company?

*Page* Ephesians, my lord,—of the old church



*P Hen* Sup any women with him ?

*Page* None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet

*P Hen* What pagan may that be ?

*Page* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's

*P Hen* Even such kin as the parish heirs are to the town bull—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper ?

*Poin* I am your shadow, my lord, I'll follow you

*P Hen* Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master that I am yet come to town there's for your silence  
[*Gives money*]

*Bard* I have no tongue, sir

*Page* And for mine, sir,—I will govern it

*P Hen* Fare ye well, go [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page*]  
—This Doll Tearsheet should be some road

*Poin* I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London

*P Hen* How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

*Poin* Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers

*P Hen* From a god to a bull ? a heavy descension ! it was Jove's case From a prince to a pientice ? a low transformation ! that shall be mine, for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly Follow me, Ned [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III *Warkworth Before the castle*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and  
Lady PERCY

*North* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,<sup>(31)</sup>  
Give even way unto my rough affairs  
Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome

*Lady N* I have given over, I will speak no more  
Do what you will, your wisdom be your guide

*North* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,



And, but my going, nothing can redeem it

*Lady P* O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!  
The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now,  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear<sup>(32)</sup> Harry,  
Threw many a northward look to see his father  
Bring up his powers, but he did long<sup>(33)</sup> in vain  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
There were two honours lost,—yours and your son's  
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!  
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts—he was, indeed, the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves  
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait,  
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant,  
For those that could speak low and tardily  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him—so that in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others—And him,—O wondrous him!  
O miracle of men!—him did you leave—  
Second to none, unseconded by you—  
To look upon the hideous god of war  
In disadvantage, to abide a field  
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
Did seem defensible—so you left him<sup>(34)</sup>  
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong  
To hold your honour more precise and nice  
With others than with him! let them alone  
The marshal and the archbishop are strong  
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave

*North*

Beshrew your heart,

Fare daughter, you do draw my spirits from me



With new lamenting ancient oversights  
But I must go, and meet with danger there ,  
Or it will seek me in another place,  
And find me worse provided

*Lady N* O, fly to Scotland,  
Till that the nobles and the armed commons  
Have of their puissance made a little taste

*Lady P* If they get ground and vantage of the king,  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger , but, for all our loves,  
First let them try themselves So did your son ,  
He was so suffer'd so came I a widow ,  
And never shall have length of life enough  
To lean upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
For recordation to my noble husband

*North* Come, come, go in with me 'Tis with my mind  
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
That makes a still stand, running neither way  
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back  
I will resolve for Scotland there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company

[*Exeunt*

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SCENE IV *London A room in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap*

*Enter two Drawers*

*First Draw* What the devil hast thou brought there ?  
apple Johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-  
John

*Sec Draw* Mass, thou sayest true The prince once set  
a dish of apple Johns before him, and told him there were  
five more Sir Johns , and, putting off his hat, said, " I will  
now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered  
knights " It angered him to the heart but he hath forgot  
that

*First Draw* Why, then, cover, and set them down and  
see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise , Mistress Tearsheet



would fain hear some music Dispatch —the room where they supped is too hot, they 'll come in straight

*Sec Draw* Sniash, here will be the prince and Master Pointz anon, and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sn John must not know of it Bardolph hath brought woid

*First Draw* By the mass, here will be old utis it will be an excellent stratagem

*Sec Draw* I'll see if I can find out Sneak [Exit

*Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET*

*Host* I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say "What's this?"—How do you now?

*Dol* Better than I was —hem

*Host* Why, that's well said, a good heart's worth gold —Lo, here comes Sn John

*Enter FALSTAFF*

*Fal* [singing] When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan [Exit First Drawer]—[singing] And was a worthy king —How now, Mistress Doll?

*Host* Sick of a calm, yea, good faith

*Fal* So is all her sect, an they be once in a calm, they are sick

*Dol* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal* You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll

*Dol* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not

*Fal* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to

*When Arthur first in court—And was a worthy king* ] From a ballad given by Percy under the title of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, in his *Rel. of A. E. P.* vol. 1 p. 214, ed. 1794, where it opens thus

' *When Arthur first in court began  
And was approved king &c*



make the diseases, Doll we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you, grant that, my pure<sup>(35)</sup> virtue, grant that

*Dol* Ay, marry,—our chains and our jewels

*Fal* “Your brooches, pearls, and ouches ’\*—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely, to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

*Dol* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*Host* By my troth, this is the old fashion, you two never meet but you fall to some discord you are both, in good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another’s confimities What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you [*To Doll*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel

*Dol* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs head? there’s a whole merchant’s venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him, you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold—Come, I’ll be friends with thee, Jack thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares

*Re enter First Drawer*

*First Draw* Sir, Ancient Pistol’s below, and would speak with you

*Dol* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither it is the foul mouth’dst rogue in England

*Host* If he swagger, let him not come here no, by my faith, I must live among my neighbours, I’ll no swaggerers I am in good name and fame with the very best—shut the door,—there comes no swaggerers here I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now—shut the door, I pray you

*Your brooches pearls and ouches ’]* In the collection just quoted are two versions of the ballad entitled *The Boy and the Mantle* in the older one (vol. iii. p. 3) we find

“With brouches and rings

Full richelye bedone

in the more modern one (vol. iii. p. 341),

“With brooches, rings and ouches

Full dauntly bedone



*Fal* Dost thou hear, hostess?—

*Host* Play you, pacify yourself, Sir John there comes no swaggeers here

*Fal* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient

*Host* Tilly fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day, and, as he said to me,—'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly, says he,—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he, “receive those that are civil, for,” saith he, “you are in an ill name”—now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon, “for,” says he, “you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive receive,” says he, “no swaggering companions”—There comes none here—you would bless you to hear what he said—no, I'll no swaggeers

*Fal* He's no swaggerer, hostess, a tame cheater, i' faith, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance—Call him up, drawer

[*Exit First Drawer*]

*Host* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater but I do not love swaggering, by my troth, I am the worse when one says ‘swagger’ feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I wariant you

*Dol* So you do, hostess

*Host* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf I cannot abide swaggeers

[*Enter* PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page]

*Pist* God save you, Sir John!

*Fal* Welcome, Ancient Pistol Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack do you discharge upon mine hostess

*Pist* I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets

*Fal* She is pistol-proof, sir, you shall hardly offend her

*Host* Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I

*Pist* Then to you, Mistress Dorothy, I will charge you

*Dol* Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion What!



you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master!

*Pist* I know you, Mistress Dorothy

*Dol* Away, you cut purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, and you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle ale rascal! you basket hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

*Pist* God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this

*Fal* No more, Pistol, I would not have you go off here discharge yourself of our company, Pistol

*Host* No, good Captain Pistol, not here, sweet captain

*Dol* Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whores ruff in a bawdy house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word "occupy," which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't

*Band* Pray thee, go down, good ancient

*Fal* Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll

*Pist* Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph,—I could tear her.—I'll be revenged of her

*Page* Pray thee, go down

*Pist* I'll see her damned first,—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fanners! <sup>(86)</sup> Have we not Hiren here?

*Have we not Hiren here?* These words quoted also in some other old plays, are most probably from a lost drama by Peele, entitled *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren* [i.e. Irene] the Fair Greek. See *Account of Peele and his Writings* p. 341 prefixed to his *Works*, ed. Dyce, 1861.—The word 'Hiren' was purposely designed by the author to be ambiguous though used by Pistol with reference *only* to his sword. When the hostess replies, 'There's none such here' do you think I would deny her? she evidently conceives that he is calling for some wench. Pistol not regarding her blunder, continues to handle his sword and in his next speech reads [at least re



*Host* Good Captain Peesel, be quiet, 'tis very late, I' faith I beseeke you now, aggravate your choler

*Pist* These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,  
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,  
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with  
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar †  
Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Host* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words

*Bard* Be gone, good ancient this will grow to a brawl anon

*Pist* Die men like dogs! † give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host* O' my word, captain, there's none such here What the good year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet

peats] the motto on it— *Si fortuna me tormenta sperato me contenta* It is to be observed that most of the ancient swords had inscriptions on them and there is no doubt that if diligent search were made the one before us in a less corrupted state would be found On an old French rapier in the author's possession these lines are engraved *Si fortune me tourmente l'esperance me contente* In further illustration the following story [just quoted by Farmer] from *Wits Its and Fancies* 1614 4to is added Hamball Gon saga being in the Low Countries overthrowne from his horse by an English captaine, and commanded to yeeld himselfe prisoner list his sword, and gave it to the Englishman saying *Si fortuna me tormenta il speranza me contenta* DOUGL

*hollow pamper d jades of Asia*

*Which cannot go but thirty miles a day*] From *Malloves Tamburlaine the Great Part Second*

*Holla ye pamper d jades of Asia'*

*What can ye draw but twenty miles a day, &c*

*Malloves Works* p 64, ed Dyce 1858

† *let the welkin roar*] "Part of the words of an old ballad entitled *What the Father Gathereth with the Rake, the Son doth Scatter with the Forke*

*Let the welkin roare*

*He never give ore, &c STEEVENS*

† *Die men like dogs*] Stevens having mentioned that he had found this expression in *Ram Alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611, —Mr Grant White states that the expression ' is from *Ram Alley*, &c But surely that comedy (the work of Lodowick Barry) was originally produced at a later period than the present play



*Pist* Then feed, and be fat, my fau Calipolis \*  
 Come, give s some sack  
*Se fortuna*<sup>(37)</sup> *mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta* —  
 Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire  
 Give me some sack —and, sweetheart, lie thou there  
 [Laying down his sword  
 Come we to full points here, and are *et ceteras* nothing?]

*Fal* Pistol, I would be quiet

*Pist* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif what! we have seen  
 the seven stais

*Dol* For God's sake, thrust him down stais I cannot  
 endure such a fustian rascal

*Pist* Thurst him<sup>(38)</sup> down stais! know we not Galloway  
 nags?

*Fal* Quoit him down, Baidolph, like a shove groat shil-  
 ling nay, an a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be  
 nothing here

*Baid* Come, get you down stais

*Pist* What! shall we have incision? shall we 'imbue?—  
 [Snatching up his sword

Then death rock me asleep,† abide my doleful days!

\* *Then feed and be fat my fau Calipolis* ] From Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*

"*Feed then and faint not, fau Calipolis*

*Feed and be fat &c*

Peele's *Works* pp 428 9 ed Dyce, 1861

† *Then death rock me asleep &c* ] Here we have the opening words of a song (attributed with great improbability to Anne Boleyn and perhaps with as little likelihood to her brother Viscount Rochford) which was first printed by Sir J Hawkins in his *Hist of Music*, vol iii p 31, where it is given as follows

*O Death rocke me on slepe*

Bringe me on quiet reste

Let passe my verye [werye] guiltlesse goste

Out of my carefull brest &c

(See a somewhat different text in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c vol 1 p 238 sec ed)—And we can hardly doubt that in this rant of Pistol, our poet had also an eye to a passage of *Buckingham's Complaynt* written by Sackville

And what may boote to stay the Sisters three,

When *Atropos* perforce will cut the thred?

The dolefull day was come, when you might see

Northampton fieldes with armed men orespred, ' &c

St b (*Mirroure for Magistrates*)



Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

*Host* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal* Give me my rapier, boy

*Dol* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw

*Fal* Get you down stairs

*[Drawing, and drawing Pistol out]*

*Host* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house,  
afore I'll be in these truits and fights. So, murder, I warrant  
now—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up  
your naked weapons.

*[Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph]*

*Dol* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet, the rascal's gone. Ah,  
you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

*Host* Are you not hurt in the groin? methought 'a made  
a shrewd thrust at your belly

*Re enter BARDOLPH*

*Fal* Have you turned him out o' doors?

*Bard* Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk, you have hurt him,  
sir, in the shoulder.

*Fal* A rascal! to brave me!

*Dol* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape,  
how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face,—come on,  
you whoreson chops—ah, rogue! in faith, I love thee. Thou  
art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon,  
and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain!

*Fal* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket

*Dol* Do, an thou darest for thy heart. An thou dost, I'll  
canvass thee between a pair of sheets

*Enter Musicians*

*Page* The music is come, sir

*Fal* Let them play—play, sirs—Sit on my knee, Doll  
*[Music.]* A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me  
like quicksilver

*Dol* I futh, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou  
whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar pig, when wilt thou  
leave fighting o' days and forning o' nights and begin to  
patch up thine old body for heaven?



*Enter, behind, Prince HENRY and POINTZ disguised as Drawers*

*Fal* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head, do not bid me remember mine end

*Dol* Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

*Fal* A good shallow young fellow 'a would have made a good pantler, 'a would ha' chipped bread well

*Dol* They say Pointz has a good wit

*Fal* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard, there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet

*Dol* Why does the prince love him so, then?

*Fal* Because their legs are both of a bigness, and 'a plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avondupos

*P Hen* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

*Poin* Let's beat him before his whore

*P Hen* Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot

*Poin* Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

*Fal* Kiss me, Doll

*P Hen* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

*Poin* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not hisping to his master's old tables, his note book, his counsel keeper

*Fal* Thou dost give me flattering busses

*Dol* By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart

*Fal* I am old, I am old

*Dol* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all



*Fal* What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday shalt have a cap to morrow A merry song, come it grows late, we'll to bed Thou'lt forget me when I am gone

*Dol* By my troth, thou hast set me weeping, and thou sayest so prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return —well, hearken the end

*Fal* Some sack, Francis

*P Hen* } Anon, anon, sir [Advancing  
*Poin* }

*Fal* Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Pointz his brother?<sup>(9)</sup>

*P Hen* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

*Fal* A better than thou I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer

*P Hen* Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears

*Host* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

*Fal* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome

[Leaning his hand upon Doll]

*Dol* How, you fat fool! I scorn you

*Poin* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat

*P Hen* You whoreson candle mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

*Host* God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth

*Fal* Didst thou hear me?

*P Hen* Yes, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience

*Fal* No, no, no, not so, I did not think thou wast within hearing

*P Hen* I shall drive you, then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you



*Fal* No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour, no abuse

*P Hen* Not,—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread chipper, and I know not what !

*Fal* No abuse, Hal

*Poin* No abuse !

*Fal* No abuse, Ned, i' the world, honest Ned, none I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him,—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it No abuse, Hal,—none, Ned, none,—no, faith, boys, none

*P Hen* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close<sup>(40)</sup> with us ? is she of the wicked ? is thine hostess here of the wicked ? or is thy boy of the wicked ? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

*Poin* Answer, thou dead elm, answer

*Fal* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph unrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt worms For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too

*P Hen* For the women ?

*Fal* For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul !<sup>(41)</sup> For the other,—I owe her money, and whe ther she be damned for that, I know not

*Host* No, I warrant you

*Fal* No, I think thou art not, I think thou art quit for that Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl

*Host* All victuals do so what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

*P Hen* You, gentlewoman,—

*Dol* What saves your grace ?

*Fal* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against

[Knocking within

*Host* Who knocks so loud at door ?—Look to the door there, Francis

*Enter PETO*

*P Hen* Peto, how now ! what news ?



*Peto* The king your father is at Westminster,  
 And there are twenty weak and wearied posts  
 Come from the north and, as I came along,  
 I met and overtook a dozen captains,  
 Bare headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
 And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff

*P Hen* By heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,  
 So idly to profane the precious time,  
 When tempest of commotion, like the south,  
 Boine with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
 And drop upon our bare unarmed heads  
 Give me my sword and cloak —Falstaff, good night

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Pointz, Peto, and Bardolph*]

*Fal* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and  
 we must hence, and leave it unpicked [*Knocking within*]  
 More knocking at the door!

*Re enter BARDOLPH*

How now! what's the matter?

*Bard* You must away to court, sir, presently,  
 A dozen captains stay at door for you

*Fal* [*to the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah —Farewell,  
 hostess,—farewell, Doll —You see, my good wenches, how  
 men of merit are sought after the undeserver may sleep,  
 when the man of action is called on Farewell, good wenches  
 if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go

*Dol* I cannot speak,—if my heart be not ready to burst,  
 —well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself

*Fal* Farewell, farewell [*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph*]

*Host* Well, fare thee well I have known thee these twenty  
 nine years, come peascod time, but an honest and truer-  
 hearted man,—well, fare thee well

*Bard* [*within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

*Host* What's the matter?

*Bard* [*within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master

*Host* O, run, Doll, run, run, good Doll come [*Doll comes*  
*blubbered*], yea, will you come, Doll?<sup>(42)</sup> [*Exeunt*]



## ACT III

SCENE I *Westminster A room in the palace*

*Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page*

*K Hen* Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick,  
But, ere they come, bid them o'er read these letters,  
And well consider of them make good speed [*Exit Page*]  
How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep,<sup>(48)</sup> O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I flighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the<sup>(49)</sup> canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A watch case or<sup>(45)</sup> a common 'larum bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,<sup>(46)</sup>  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?—  
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
To the wet sea boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!<sup>(47)</sup>  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown



*Enter WARWICK and SURREY*

*War* Many good morrows to your majesty!

*K Hen* Is it good morrow, lords?

*War* 'Tis one o'clock, and past

*K Hen* Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords (48)  
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War* We have, my liege

*K Hen* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom  
How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it

*War* It is but as a body yet distemper'd,  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd  
With good advice and little medicine  
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd

*K Hen* O God, that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips, how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die  
'Tis not ten years gone  
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,  
Did feast together, and in two years after  
Were they at wars it is but eight years since  
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,  
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
And lud his love and life under my foot,  
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard  
Gave him defiance But which of you was by—  
[*To Warwick*] You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—  
When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,  
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—  
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?



“ Northumberland, thou ladder by the which  
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,”—  
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,  
 But that necessity so bow’d the state,  
 That I and greatness were compell’d to kiss —  
 “ The time will<sup>(49)</sup> come,” thus did he follow it,  
 “ The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,  
 Shall break into corruption ”—so went on,  
 Foretelling this same time’s condition,  
 And the division of our amity

*War* There is a history in all men’s lives,  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas’d,  
 The which observ’d, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur’d  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time,  
 And, by the necessary form of this,<sup>(50)</sup>  
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,  
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
 Unless on you

*K Hen* Are these things, then, necessities?  
 Then let us meet them like necessities,—  
 And that same word even now cries out on us  
 They say the bishop and Northumberland  
 Are fifty thousand strong

*War* It cannot be, my lord,  
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
 The numbers of the fear’d Please it your grace  
 To go to bed Upon my soul, my lord,  
 The powers that you already have sent forth  
 Shall bring this prize in very easily  
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv’d  
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead  
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,  
 And these unseason’d hours perforce must add  
 Unto your sickness

*K Hen* I will take your counsel



And were these inward waies once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land [Exeunt

---

SCENE II *Court before Justice SHALLOW'S house in  
Gloucestershire*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting MOULDY, SHADOW, WART,  
FEEBLE, BULLCalf, and Servants, behind*

*Shal* Come on, come on, come on, *SIL*, give me your hand, *SIL*, give me your hand, *SIL* an early stunner, by the rood And how doth my good cousin Silence?

*Sil* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow

*Shal* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god daughter Ellen?

*Sil* Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

*Shal* By yea and nay, *SIL*, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar he is at Oxford still, is he not?

*Sil* Indeed, sir, to my cost

*Shal* 'A must, then, to the inns o' court shortly I was once of Clement's inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet

*Sil* You were called "lusty Shallow" then, cousin

*Shal* By the mass, I was called any thing, and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too There was I, and little John Dort of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squeale a Cotsol' man,—you had not four such swinge buckles in all the inns o' court again and, I may say to you, we knew where the bonachas were, and had the best of them all at commandment Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk <sup>(51)</sup>

*Sil* This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

*Shal* The same Sir John, the very same I saw him break Slogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack not thus high and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's inn Jesu,



Jesu, the mad days that I have spent ' and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead '—

*Sil* We shall all follow, cousin

*Shal* Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die —How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil* Truly, cousin, I was not there

*Shal* Death is certain —Is old Double of your town living yet?

*Sil* Dead, sir

*Shal* Jesu, Jesu, dead '—'a diew a good bow,—and dead '—'a shot a fine shoot —John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head Dead '—'a would have clapped i the clout at twelve score, and carried you a fore hand shaft a<sup>(s)</sup> fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man s heart good to see —How a score of ewes now?

*Sil* Thereafter as they be a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds

*Shal* And is old Double dead?

*Sil* Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him*

*Bard* Good mornow, honest gentlemen I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

*Shal* I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace what is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard* My captain, sir, commends him to you, my captain, Sir John Falstaff,—a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader

*Shal* He greets me well, sir I knew him a good back sword man How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth? \*

*Bard* Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife

*Shal* It is well said, in faith, sir, and it is well said in deed too Better accommodated '—it is good, yea, indeed, is it good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commend



able Accommodated '—it comes of *accommodo* very good ,  
a good phrase

*Bard* Pardon, sir , I have heard the word Phrase call  
you it ? by this good day, I know not the phrase , but I will  
maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier like word,  
and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven Accom-  
modated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated,  
or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be  
accommodated , which is an excellent thing

*Shal* It is very just —Look, here comes good Sir John

*Enter FAIRSTAFF*

Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand  
by my troth, you like well,<sup>(6)</sup> and bear your years very well  
welcome, good Sir John

*Fal* I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shal-  
low —Master Surecard, as I think ?

*Shal* No, Sir John , it is my cousin Silence, in commis-  
sion with me

*Fal* Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of  
the peace

*Sil* Your good worship is welcome

*Fal* Fie ! this is hot weather —Gentlemen, have you pro-  
vided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

*Shal* Marry, have we, sir Will you sit ?

*Fal* Let me see them, I beseech you

*Shal* Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the  
roll ?—Let me see, let me see, let me see So, so, so, so yea,  
marry, sir —Ralph Mouldy !—let them appear as I call , let  
them do so, let them do so —Let me see , where is Mouldy ?

*Moul* Here, an't please you

*Shal* What think you, Sir John ? a good limbed fellow ,  
young, strong, and of good friends

*Fal* Is thy name Mouldy ?

*Moul* Yea, an't please you

*Fal* 'Tis the more time thou wert used

*Shal* Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things that are  
mouldy lack use very singular good !—in faith, well said,  
Sir John , very well said

*Fal* [to Shallow] Prick him



*Moul* I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery you need not to have pricked me, there are other men fitter to go out than I

*Fal* Go to peace, Mouldy, you shall go Mouldy, it is time you were spent

*Moul* Spent !

*Shal* Peace, fellow, peace, stand aside know you where you are?—For the others,<sup>(54)</sup> Sir John —let me see,—Simon Shadow !

*Fal* Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under he's like to be a cold soldier

*Shal* Where's Shadow ?

*Shad* Here, sir

*Fal* Shadow, whose son art thou ?

*Shad* My mother's son, sir

*Fal* Thy mother's son ! like enough, and thy father's shadow so the son of the female is the shadow of the male it is often so, indeed, not much of the father's substance <sup>(55)</sup>

*Shal* Do you like him, Sir John ?

*Fal* Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster book

*Shal* Thomas Wait !

*Fal* Where's he ?

*Wart* Here, sir

*Fal* Is thy name Wart ?

*Wart* Yea, sir

*Fal* Thou art a very ragged wart

*Shal* Shall I prick him, Sir John ?

*Fal* It were superfluous, for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins prick him no more

*Shal* Ha, ha, ha !—you can do it, sir, you can do it I commend you well—Francis Feeble !

*Fee* Here, sir

*Fal* What trade art thou, Feeble ?

*Fee* A woman's tailor, sir

*Shal* Shall I prick him, sir ?

*Fal* You may but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd



ha' pricked you — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fle* I will do my good will, sir, you can have no more

*Fal* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove on most magnanimous mouse — Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow, deep, Master Shallow

*Fec* I would Wait might have gone, sir

*Fal* I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble

*Fec* It shall suffice, sir

*Fal* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble — Who is next?

*Shal* Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

*Fal* Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf

*Bull* Here, sir

*Fal* 'Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bullcalf till he rot again

*Bull* O Lord! good my lord captain, —

*Fal* What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

*Bull* O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man

*Fal* What disease hast thou?

*Bull* A whoreson cold, sir, — a cough, sir, — which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir

*Fal* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown, we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee — Is here all?

*Shal* Here is two more called than your number,<sup>(56)</sup> you must have but four here, sir — and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner

*Fal* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow

*Shal* O Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?<sup>(57)</sup>

*Fal* No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that

*Shal* Ha, 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?



*Fal* She lives, Master Shallow

*Shal* She never could away with me

*Fal* Never, never, she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow

*Shal* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart She was then a bona ioba Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal* Old, old, Master Shallow

*Shal* Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old, certain she's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's inn

*Sil* That's fifty five year ago

*Shal* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen '—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

*Fal* We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow

*Shal* That we have, that we have, that we have, in faith, Sir John, we have our watch word was, "Hem, boys" — Come, let's to dinner, come, let's to dinner — Jesus, the days that we have seen '—come, come

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence*]

*Bull* Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here's four Hairy ten shillings in French crowns for you In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care, but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends, else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much

*Bard* Go to, stand aside

*Moul* And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she is old, and cannot help herself you shall have forty, sir

*Bard* Go to, stand aside

*Fee* By my troth, I care not, a man can die but once, —we owe God a death I'll ne'er bear a base mind and be my destiny, so, and't be not, so no man's too good to serve 's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next

*Bard* Well said, thou'rt a good fellow

*Fee* Faith, I'll bear no base mind.



*Re enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE*

*Fal* Come, *SIL*, which men shall I have ?

*Shal* Four of which you please

*Bard* *SIL*, a word with you —I have three pound<sup>(53)</sup> to free Mouldy and Bullcalf

*Fal* Go to, well

*Shal* Come, *SIL* John, which four will you have ?

*Fal* Do you choose for me

*Shal* Many, then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow

*Fal* Mouldy and Bullcalf —for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service <sup>(59)</sup>—and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it —I will none of you

*Shal* *SIL* John, *SIL* John, do not yourself wrong they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best

*Fal* Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow —Here's Wart,—you see what a ragged appearance it is 'a shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket And this same half faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man he presents no mark to the enemy,—the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off ! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones —Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph

*Bard* Hold, Wart, traverse, thus, thus, thus

*Fal* Come, manage me your caliver So —very well —go to —very good —exceeding good —O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot —Well said, I' faith, Wart thou'rt a good scab hold, there's a tester for thee

*Shal* He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right I remember at Mile end Green,—when I lay at Clement's inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a would manage you his piece thus, and 'a would about and about, and come you in



and come you in “iah, tah, tah,” would ‘a say, “bounce” would ‘a say, and away again would ‘a go, and again would ‘a come —I shall ne’er see such a fellow

*Fal* These fellows will do well, Master Shallow — God keep you, Master Silence I will not use many words with you —Fare you well, gentlemen both I thank you I must a dozen mile to night —Bardolph, give the soldiers coats

*Shal* Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! As you return, visit my house, let our old acquaintance be renewed peradventure I will with you to the court

*Fal* Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow

*Shal* Go to, I have spoke at a word Fare you well

*Fal* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence*] On, Bardolph, lead the men away [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Tunbull street, and every third word a lie, due paid to the hearer than the Turk’s tribute I do remember him at Clement’s inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese paring when ‘a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife, ‘a was so foiloin, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible <sup>(30)</sup> ‘a was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake a came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good nights And now is this Vice’s dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o’ Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him, and I’ll be sworn ‘a ne’er saw him but once in the Tilt yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal’s men I saw it, and told John o’ Gaunt he beat his own name, for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel skin, the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court —and now has he land and beeves Well, I’ll be acquainted with him, if I return, and it shall



go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me  
if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason,  
in the law of nature, but I may snap at him Let time shape,  
and there an end [Exit

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## ACT IV

SCENE I *Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others*

*Arch* What is this forest call'd ?

*Hast* 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your grace

*Arch* Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth  
To know the numbers of our enemies

*Hast* We have sent forth already

*Arch* 'Tis well done

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New dated letters from Northumberland,  
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus —  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy, whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite

*Mowb* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces

*Enter a Messenger*

*Hast* Now, what news ?

*Mess* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy,  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand



*Mowb* The just proportion that we gave them out  
Let us sway on,<sup>(61)</sup> and face them in the field

*Arch* What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

*Mowb* I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland

*Enter WESTMORELAND*

*West* Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster

*Arch* Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,  
What doth concern you coming

*West* Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by heady youth, guarded with rags,  
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,—  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,<sup>(62)</sup>  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of bare and bloody insurrection<sup>(63)</sup>

With your fair honours You, lord archbishop,—  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,  
Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war,  
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war ?<sup>(64)</sup>

*Arch* Wherefore do I this ?—so the question stands  
Briefly to this end —we are all diseas'd,  
And with our suffering and wanton hours  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died  
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,



I take not on me here as a physician,  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men,  
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,  
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our offences  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere<sup>(65)</sup>  
By the rough torrent of occasion,  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles,  
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain our audience  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong  
The dangers of the days but newly gone  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet appearing blood, and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, present now,  
Have put us in these ill beseeeming aims,  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality

*West* When ever yet was your appeal denied,  
Wherein have you been galled by the king,  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,—  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

*Arch* My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular<sup>(66)</sup>

*West* There is no need of any such redress,  
Or if there were, it not belongs to you

*Mowb* Why not to him in part, and to us all



That feel the bruises of the days before,  
 And suffer the condition of these times  
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
 Upon our honours?

*West* O, my good Lord Mowbray,  
 Construe the times to their necessities,  
 And you shall say indeed, it is the time,  
 And not the king, that doth you injuries  
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
 Either from the king, or in the present time,  
 That you should have an inch of any ground  
 To build a grief on were you not restored  
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,  
 Your noble and right well remember'd fathers?

*Mowb* What thing, in honour, had my father lost,  
 That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?  
 The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
 Was, force<sup>(67)</sup> perforce, compell'd to banish him  
 And when that<sup>(68)</sup> Henry Bolingbroke and he—  
 Being mounted and both roused in their seats,  
 Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,  
 Their arm'd staves in charge, their beavers down,  
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,  
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together,—  
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
 O, then<sup>(69)</sup> the king did throw his warder down  
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw  
 Then threw he down himself, and all their lives  
 That by indictment and by dint of sword  
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke

*West* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not  
 what

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then  
 In England the most valiant gentleman  
 Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?  
 But if your father had been victor there,  
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry  
 For all the country, in a general voice,  
 Cried hate upon him, and all their prayers and love



We're set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
 And bless'd and grac'd indeed,<sup>(70)</sup> more than the king  
 But this is mere digression from my purpose —  
 Here come I from our princely general  
 To know your griefs, to tell you from his grace  
 That he will give you audience, and wherein  
 It shall appear that your demands are just,  
 You shall enjoy them,—every thing set off  
 That might so much as think<sup>(71)</sup> you enemies

*Mowb* But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,  
 And it proceeds from policy, not love

*West* Mowbiay, you overween to take it so,  
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear  
 For, lo! within a ken our army lies,  
 Upon mine honour, all too confident  
 To give admittance to a thought of fear  
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best,  
 Then reason wills<sup>(72)</sup> our hearts should be as good  
 Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd

*Mowb* Well, by my will we shall admit no pailey

*West* That argues but the shame of your offence  
 A rotten case abides no handling

*Hast* Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
 In very ample virtue of his father,  
 To hear and absolutely to determine  
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

*West* That is intended in the general's name  
 I muse you make so slight a question

*Arch* Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,  
 For this contains our general grievances  
 Each several article herein redress'd,  
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
 That are insinew'd to this action,  
 Acquitted by a true substantial form,  
 And present execution of our wills  
 To us and to our purposes confirm'd,—<sup>(73)</sup>  
 We come within our awful banks again,  
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace



*West* This will I show the general Please you, lords,  
In sight of both our battles we may meet,  
And<sup>(74)</sup> either end in peace,—which God so frame!—  
On to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it

*Arch* My lord, we will do so [*Exit West*]

*Mowb* There is a thing within my bosom tells me  
That no conditions of our peace can stand

*Hast* Fear you not that if we can make our peace  
Upon such large terms and so absolute  
As our conditions shall consist upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains

*Mowb* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every slight and false derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
Shall to the king taste of this action,  
That, were our loyal faiths<sup>(75)</sup> martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our coin shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition

*Arch* No, no, my lord Note this,—the king is weary  
Of dainty and such picking grievances  
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
And keep no tell tale to his memory  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance for full well he knows  
He cannot so precisely weed this land  
As his misdoubts present occasion  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend  
So that this land, like an offensive wife  
That hath enrag'd him on<sup>(76)</sup> to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolv'd correction in the aim  
That was uprear'd to execution

*Hast* Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack



The very instruments of chastisement  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold

*Arch*

Tis very true

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking

*Mowb*

Be it so

Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland

*Re enter WESTMORELAND*

*West* The prince is here at hand pleaseth your lordship  
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies

*Mowb* Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward

*Arch* Before, and greet his grace —my lord, we come  
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *Another part of the forest*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others, from the other side, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers and Attendants*

*P John* You're well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray —

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop, —  
And so to you, Lord Hastings, —and to all —  
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text,  
Than now to see you here an iron man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death  
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,



In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,  
 It is even so Who hath not heard it spoken,  
 How deep you were within the books of God ?  
 To us the speaker in his parliament,  
 To us th' imagin'd<sup>(77)</sup> voice of God himself,  
 The very opener and intelligencer  
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven  
 And our dull workings O, who shall believe,  
 But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
 In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up,  
 Under the counterfeit seal<sup>(78)</sup> of God,  
 The subjects of his substitute, my father,  
 And both against the peace of heaven and him  
 Have here up swam'd them

*Arch*

Good my Lord of Lancaster,

I am not here against your father's peace,  
 But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,  
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,  
 Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,  
 To hold our safety up I sent your grace  
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,—  
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,—  
 Whereon this Hydia son of war is born,  
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be chain'd asleep  
 With grant of our most just and right desires,  
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty

*Mowb* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
 To the last man

*Hast*

And though we here fall down,  
 We have supplies to second our attempt  
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them,  
 And so success of mischief shall be born,  
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
 Whiles England shall have generation

*P John* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,  
 To sound the bottom of the after times

*West* Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,



How far forth you do like then articles

*P John* I like them all, and do allow them well,  
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook,  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wiested his meaning and authority —  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd,  
Upon my soul, they shall If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers unto them several counties,  
As we will ours and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
Of our restored love and amity

*Arch* I take your princely word for these redresses

*P John* I give it you, and will maintain my word  
And thereupon I drink unto your grace [*Drinks*]

*Hast* [*to an Officer*] Go, captain, and deliver to the army  
This news of peace let them have pay, and part  
I know it will well please them Hie thee, captain

[*Exit Officer*]

*Arch* To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland [*Drinks*]

*West* I pledge your grace [*Drinks*], and, if you knew  
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter

*Arch* I do not doubt you

*West* I am glad of it —

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray [*Drinks*]

*Mowb* You wish me health in very happy season,  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill

*Arch* Against ill chances men are ever meriy,  
But heaviness foreruns the good event

*West* Therefore be meriy, coz, since sudden sorrow  
Serves to say thus,<sup>(79)</sup> "Some good thing comes to morrow"

*Arch* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit

*Mowb* So much the worse, if your own rule be true

[*Shouts within*]

*P John* The word of peace is render'd hark, how they  
shout!



*Mowb* This had been cheerful after victory  
*Arch* A peace is of the nature of a conquest,  
 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
 And neither party loser

*P John* Go, my lord,  
 And let our army be discharged too [*Exit Westmoreland*  
 And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains<sup>(80)</sup>  
 March by us, that we may peruse the men  
 We should have cop'd withal

*Arch* Go, good Lord Hastings,  
 And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by  
 [*Exit Hastings*  
*P John* I trust, lords, we shall lie to night together

*Re enter WESTMORELAND*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?  
*West* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
 Will not go off until they hear you speak  
*P John* They know their duties

*Re enter HASTINGS*

*Hast* My lord, our army is dispers'd already  
 Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
 East, west, north, south, or, like a school broke up,  
 Each hurries toward his home and sporting place  
*West* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings, for the which  
 I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason —  
 And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,—  
 Of capital treason I attach you both

*Mowb* Is this proceeding just and honourable?

*West* Is your assembly so?

*Arch* Will you thus break your faith?

*P John* I pawn'd thee none  
 I promis'd you redress of these same grievances<sup>(81)</sup>  
 Whereof you did complain which, by mine honour,  
 I will perform with a most Christian care  
 But for you, rebels,—look to taste the due  
 Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours  
 Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
 Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence —



Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray  
God, and not we, hath safely fought to day —  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath [Exeunt

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SCENE III *Another part of the forest*

*Alarums excursions Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting*

*Fal* What's your name, sir? of what condition are you,  
and of what place, I pray?

*Cole* I am a knight, sir, and my name is Colevile of the  
dale

*Fal* Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your  
degree, and your place the dale Colevile shall be still your  
name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place,—  
a dale deep enough, <sup>(82)</sup> so shall you be still Colevile of the  
dale

*Cole* Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

*Fal* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am Do ye  
yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are  
the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death there  
fore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my  
mercy

*Cole* I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that  
thought yield me

*Fal* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of  
mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word  
but my name An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I  
were simply the most active fellow in Europe my womb, my  
womb, my womb, undoes me —Here comes our general

*Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and  
others*

*P John* The heat is past, follow no further now —  
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland

[Exit Westmoreland

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come



These tardy ticks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back

*Fal* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus  
I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of  
valour Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet?  
have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought?  
I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possi-  
bility, I have foundered nine score and odd posts and here,  
travel tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate  
valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious  
knight and valorous enemy But what of that? he saw me,  
and yielded, that I may justly say with the hook nosed fellow  
of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame

*P John* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving

*Fal* I know not —here he is, and here I yield him and  
I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this  
day's deeds, or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular  
ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville  
kissing my foot to the which course if I be enforced, if you  
do not all show like gilt two pences to me, and I, in the  
clear sky of fame, overshadow you as much as the full moon  
doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads  
to her, believe not the word of the noble therefore let me  
have right, and let desert mount

*P John* Thine's too heavy to mount

*Fal* Let it shine, then

*P John* Thine's too thick to shine

*Fal* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me  
good, and call it what you will

*P John* Is thy name Coleville?

*Cole* It is, my lord

*P John* A famous rebel art thou, Coleville

*Fal* And a famous true subject took him

*Cole* I am, my lord, but as my betters are,  
That led me hither had they been rul'd by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have

*Fal* I know not how they sold themselves but thou, like  
a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis, and I thank thee for  
thee



*Re enter WESTMORELAND*

*P John* Now, have you left pursuit?

*West* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd

*P John* Send Colevile,<sup>(83)</sup> with his confederates,  
To York, to present execution —  
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure

*[Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile]*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords

I hear the king my father is sore sick

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him,

And we with sober speed will follow you

*Fal* My lord, beseech<sup>(84)</sup> you, give me leave to go  
Through Glostershire and when you come to court,  
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report

*P John* Fare you well, Falstaff I, in my condition,  
Shall better speak of you than you deserve

*[Exeunt all except Falstaff]*

*Fal* I would you had but the wit 'twere better than  
your dukedom — Good faith, this same young sober blooded  
boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh,—  
but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine There's never any  
of these demure boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth  
so over cool their blood, and making many fish meals, that  
they fall into a kind of male green sickness, and then, when  
they marry, they get wenches they are generally fools and  
cowards,—which some of us should be too, but for inflamma-  
tion A good sherris sack hath a twofold operation in it It  
ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and  
dull and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehen-  
sive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable  
shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue),<sup>(85)</sup>  
which is the birth, become excellent wit The second pro-  
perty of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood,  
which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale,  
which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice, but the  
sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to  
the parts extreme <sup>(86)</sup> it illumineth the face, which, as a  
beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom,



man, to arm, and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage and this valour comes of sheen. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a work, and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sheen, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

*Enter* BARDOLPH

How now, Bardolph?

*Bard* The army is discharged, all, and gone.

*Fal* Let them go. I'll through Glostershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *[Exeunt]*

#### SCENE IV *Westminster The Jerusalem Chamber*

*Enter* King HENRY, Duke of CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others

*K Hen* Now, lords, if God doth give successful end To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified,  
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish.  
Only, we want a little personal strength,  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.



*Was* Both which we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy

*K Hen* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the prince your brother?

*P Humph* I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Wind  
sor

*K Hen* And how accompanied?

*P Humph* I do not know, my lord

*K Hen* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with  
him?

*P Humph* No, my good lord, he is in presence here

*Cla* What would my lord and father?

*K Hen* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence  
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?  
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas,  
Thou hast a better place in his affection  
Than all thy brothers cherish it, my boy,  
And noble offices thou mayst effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other bretherien  
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his love,  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace  
By seeming cold or careless of his will,  
For he is gracious if he be observ'd  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity  
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day  
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,  
But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working Learn this, Thomas,  
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion—  
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—



Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash gunpowder

*Cla* I shall observe him with all care and love

*K Hen* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

*Cla* He is not there to day, he dines in London

*K Hen* And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

*Cla* With Pointz, and other his continual followers

*K Hen* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,

And he, the noble image of my youth,

Is overspread with them therefore my grief

Stretches itself beyond the hour of death

The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,

In forms imaginary, th' unguided days

And rotten times that you shall look upon

When I am sleeping with my ancestors

For when his headstrong not hath no curb,

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,

When means and lavish manners meet together,

O, with what wings shall his affections fly

Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

*War* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite

The prince but studies his companions,

Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon and learn'd, which once attain'd,

Your highness knows, comes to no further use

But to be known and hated So, like gross terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,

Cast off his followers, and their memory

Shall as a pattern or a measure live,

By which his grace must mete the lives of others,

Turning past evils to advantages

*K Hen* 'Tis seldom-when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrion

*Enter WESTMORELAND*

Who's here? Westmoreland?

*West* Health to my sovereign, and new happiness  
Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand



Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
 Are brought to the correction of your law,  
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
 But Peace puts forth her olive every where  
 The manner how this action hath been borne,  
 Here at more leisure may your highness read,  
 With every course in his particular [Giving packet  
*K Hen* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
 The lifting up of day — Look, here's more news

*Enter HARCOURT*

*Har* From enemies heaven keep your majesty,  
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
 As those that I am come to tell you of!  
 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Baidolph,  
 With a great power of English and of Scots,  
 Are by the shrieve of Yorkshure overthrow'n  
 The manner and true order of the fight,  
 This packet, please it you, contains at large [Giving packet  
*K Hen* And wherefore should these good news make me  
 sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
 Such are the poor, in health, or else a feast,  
 And takes away the stomach,—such are <sup>(61)</sup> the rich,  
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not  
 I should rejoice now at this happy news,  
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy —  
 O me! come near me, now I am much ill [Falls back

*P Humph* Comfort, your majesty!

*Cla* O my royal father!

*West* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up

*War* Be patient, princes, you do know, these fits  
 Are with his highness very ordinary  
 Stand from him, give him an, he'll straight be well

*Cla* No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs  
 Th' incessant care and labour of his mind  
 Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,



So thin, that life looks through, and will break out

*P Humph* The people fear me, for they do observe  
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature  
The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over

*Cla* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between,  
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say it did so a little time before  
That our great-grandson, Edward, sick'd and died

*War* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers

*P Humph* This apoplex<sup>(68)</sup> will certain be his end

*K Hen* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber softly, pray

[*They place the King<sup>(69)</sup> on a bed a change of scene  
being supposed here*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit

*War* Call for the music in the other room

*K Hen* Set me the crown upon my pillow here

*Cla* His eye is hollow, and he changes much

*War* Less noise, less noise!

*Enter Prince HENRY*

*P Hen* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

*Cla* I am here, brother, full of heaviness

*P Hen* How now! I am within doors, and none abroad!  
How doth the king?

*P Humph* Exceeding ill

*P Hen* Heard he

The good news yet? tell't him

*P Humph* He alter'd much

Upon the hearing it

*P Hen* If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic

*War* Not so much noise, my lords —sweet prince, speak  
low,

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep

*Cla* Let us withdraw into the other room

*War* Will't please your grace to go along with us?



*P Hen* No, I will sit and watch here by the king

[*Exeunt all except P Henry*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet  
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound  
Snores out the watch of night O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather which stirs not  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move—My gracious lord! my father!—  
This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep,  
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd  
So many English kings Thy due from me  
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously  
My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head*]

Which God shall guard and put the world's whole strength  
Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me this from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me

[*Lut*]

*K Hen* Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

*Re enter WARWICK and the rest*

*Cla* Doth the king call?

*War* What would your majesty? how fares your grace?

*K Hen* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

*Cla* We left the prince my brother here, my liege,  
Who undertook to sit and watch by you

*K Hen* The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see  
him

He is not here



*War* This door is open, he is gone this way

*P Humph* He came not through the chamber where we stay'd

*K Hen* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

*War* When we with hiew, my liege, we left it here

*K Hen* The prince hath taken it hence —go, seek him out

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my Lord of Warwick, chide him hither

[*Exit Warwick*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me —See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over careful fathers

Have broke their sleeps with thought,<sup>(90)</sup> their brains with care,

Then bones with industry,

For this they have engrossed and piled up

The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold,

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises

When, like the bee, culling from every flower

The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,<sup>(91)</sup>

We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father

*Re-enter WARWICK*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

*War* My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye drops He is coming hither

*K Hen* But wherefore did he take away the crown?



*Re enter Prince HENRY*

Lo, where he comes — Come hither to me, Harry —  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone

*[Exeunt all except K Hen and P Hen]*

*P Hen* I never thought to hear you speak again

*K Hen* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee  
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chan,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee  
Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind  
That it will quickly drop my day is dim  
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,  
Were thine without offence, and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation  
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life  
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
Then, get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head  
Only compound me with forgotten dust,  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees,  
For now a time is come to mock at form —  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd — up, vanity!  
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness!  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit



The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more,  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt,—  
 England shall give him office, honour, might  
 For the Fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
 When that my cue could not withhold thy notes,  
 What wilt thou do when not is thy care ?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

*P Hen* O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,

[*Kneeling*]

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
 The course of it so far    There is your crown,  
 And He that wears the crown immortally  
 Long guard it yours !    If I affect it more  
 Than as your honour and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,—  
 Which my most inward true and dutious spirit<sup>(92)</sup>  
 Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending !  
 God witness with me, when I here came in,  
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart !    If I do feign,  
 O, let me in my present wildness die,  
 And never live to show th' incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed !  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—  
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—  
 I spake unto the Crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it “ The care on thee depending  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father,  
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in medicine potable,  
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up ”    Thus, my most royal liege,

[*Rising*]



Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
 To try with it—as with an enemy  
 That had before my face murder'd my father—  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any stain of pride,  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did with the least affection of a welcome  
 Give entertainment to the might<sup>(9)</sup> of it,—  
 Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

*K. Hen.* O my son,

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it  
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe—God knows, my son,  
 By what by paths and indirect crook'd ways  
 I met this crown, and I myself know well  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation,  
 For all the soil of the achievement<sup>1</sup> goes  
 With me into the earth—It seem'd in me  
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,  
 And I had many living to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances,  
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
 Wounding supposed peace—all these bold fears  
 Thou see'st with peril I have answered,  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument—and now my death  
 Changes the mode, for what in me was purchas'd,<sup>(10)</sup>  
 Falls upon thee in a more fearful sort,  
 So thou the garland wear'st successively  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,  
 And all my foes,<sup>(11)</sup> which thou must make thy friends,



Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd which to avoid,  
 I cut some<sup>(66)</sup> off, and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
 Too near unto my state Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me  
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive,  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

*P Hen* My gracious hege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, give it me,  
 Then plain and right must my possession be  
 Which I with more than with a common pain  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain

*K Hen* Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster

*Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others*

*P John* Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father !

*K Hen* Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John,  
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
 From this bare wither'd trunk upon thy sight,  
 My worldly business makes a period —  
 Where is my Lord of Warwick ?

*P Hen* My Lord of Warwick !

*K Hen* Doth any name particular belong  
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

*War* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord

*K Hen* Laud be to God !—even there my life must end  
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
 I should not die but in Jerusalem,  
 Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land —  
 But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie,  
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die

[*Exeunt*



## ACT V

SCENE I *Gloucestershire A hall in SHALLOW's house**Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page*

*Shal* By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to night  
—What, Davy, I say!

*Fal* You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow

*Shal* I will not excuse you, you shall not be excused,  
excuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall serve,  
you shall not be excused —Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY*

*Davy* Here, sir

*Shal* Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy, let  
me see, Davy let me see —yea, marry, William cook, bid  
him come hither —Sir John, you shall not be excused

*Davy* Marry, sir, thus, those precepts cannot be served  
and again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

*Shal* With red wheat, Davy But for William cook —  
are there no young pigeons?

*Davy* Yes, sir —Here is now the smith's note for shoe-  
ing and ploughing

*Shal* Let it be cast, and paid —Sir John, you shall not  
be excused

*Davy* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be  
had —and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages,  
about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal* 'A shall answer it —Some pigeons, Davy, a couple  
of short legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little  
tiny kickshaws, tell William cook

*Davy* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal* Yea, Davy I will use him well a friend i' the  
court is better than a penny in purse Use his men well,  
Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite

*Davy* No worse than they are backbitten, sir, for they  
have marvellous foul linen.



*Shal* Well concerted, Davy —about thy business, Davy

*Davy* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill

*Shal* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor that Visor is an aiant knave, on my knowledge

*Davy* I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir, but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years, and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir, therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced

*Shal* Go to, I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy [*Exit Davy*]. Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots —Give me your hand, Master Bardolph

*Bard* I am glad to see your worship

*Shal* I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph —[*To the Page*] and welcome, my tall fellow —Come, Sir John

*Fal* I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow [*Exit Shallow*]. Bardolph, look to our horses [*Reunt Bardolph and Page*]. If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his —they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices, he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concert, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master. If to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another. Therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions,



—which is four terms, or two actions,—and 'a shall laugh without *intervallums* O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad blow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

*Shal* [*within*] Sir John!

*Fal* I come, Master Shallow, I come, Master Shallow

[*Exit*]

SCENE II *Westminster A room in the palace*

*Enter, severally, WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice*

*War* How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

*Ch Just* How doth the king?

*War* Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended

*Ch Just* I hope, not dead

*War* He's walk'd the way of nature,

And, to our purposes, he lives no more

*Ch Just* I would his majesty had call'd me with him

The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries

*War* Indeed I think the young king loves you not

*Ch Just* I know he doth not, and do aim myself

To welcome the condition of the time,

Which cannot look more hideously upon me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy

*War* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry

O that the living Harry had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to squits of vile sort!

*Ch Just* O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

*Enter* Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, Duke of CLARENCE, WEST  
MORELAND and others

*P John* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good mor-  
row<sup>(97)</sup>

*P Humph* } Good morrow, cousin  
*Cla* }



*P John* We meet like men that had forgot to speak

*Was* We do remember, but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk

*P John* Well, peace be with him that hath made us  
heavy!

*Ch Just* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*P Humph* O, good my lord, you've lost a friend in  
deed,

And I dare swear you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow,—it is sure your own

*P John* Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,  
You stand in coldest expectation

I am the sinner, would 'twere otherwise

*Cla* Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fan,  
Which swims against your stream of quality

*Ch Just* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul,

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and foistall'd remission

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him

*Was* Here comes the prince

*Enter King HENRY THE FIFTH, attended*

*Ch Just* Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

*King* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think —

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear

This is the English, not the Turkish court,

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, by my faith, it very well becomes you

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart why, then, be sad,

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd

I'll be your father and your brother too,



Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares  
 Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I,  
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,  
 By number, into hours of happiness

*Cla*

*P John*

*P Humph*

} We hope no other from your majesty

*King* You all look strangely on me — and you most,

[*To the Chief Justice*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not

*Ch Just* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me

*King* No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great<sup>(98)</sup> indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten?

*Ch Just* I then did use the person of your father,

The image of his power lay then in me

And in th' administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment,

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you — If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the gailand,

To have a son set your decrees at naught,

To pluck down justice from your awful bench,

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person,

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,

Be now the father, and propose a son,

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,



Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And, in your power, so<sup>(90)</sup> silencing your son  
 After this cold consideration, sentence me,  
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,  
 What I have done that misbecame my place,  
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty

*King* You are right, justice, and you weigh this well  
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword  
 And I do wish your honours may increase,  
 Till you do live to see a son of mine  
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did  
 So shall I live to speak my father's words  
 "Happy am I, that have a man so bold  
 That dares do justice on my proper son,  
 And not less happy, having such a son  
 That would deliver up his greatness so  
 Into the hands of justice"—You did commit me  
 For which, I do commit into your hand  
 Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear,  
 With this remembrance,—that you use the same  
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
 As you have done 'gainst me—There is my hand  
 You shall be as a father to my youth  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,  
 And I will stoop and humble my intents  
 To your well practis'd wise directions—  
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,—  
 My father is gone wild into his grave,  
 For in his tomb lie my affections,  
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
 To mock the expectation of the world,  
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming—The tide of blood in me  
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now  
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty  
 Now call we our high court of parliament



And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our state may go  
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation,  
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand

[*To the Lord Chief Justice*

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
 As I before remember'd, all our state  
 And, God consigning to my good intents,  
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,  
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day!<sup>(100)</sup> [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Gloucestershire The garden of SHALLOW's house*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and  
 DAVY*

*Shal* Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an  
 arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting,  
 with a dish of calaways, and so forth —come, cousin Silence  
 —and then to bed

*Fal* 'Foie God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a  
 rich

*Shal* Batten, batten, batten, beggars all, beggars all,  
 Sir John —marry, good an —Spiead, Davy, spiead, Davy  
 well said, Davy

*Fal* This Davy serves you for good uses, he is your  
 serving man and your husband<sup>(101)</sup>

*Shal* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet,  
 Sir John —by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at  
 supper —a good varlet Now sit down, now sit down —  
 come, cousin

*Sil* Ah, sush! quoth a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [*Singing*  
 And praise God for the merry year,

*Do nothing but eat, &c* } This fragment, and the next three fragments  
 sung by Silence, are known only from the present play



When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
 And lusty lads roam here and there  
 So merrily,

And ever among so merrily

*Fal* There's a merry heart '—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon

*Shal* Give Master Budolph some wine, Davy

*Davy* Sweet sir, sit, I'll be with you anon, most sweet sir, sit —Mas'ter page, good master page sit [*Bard and Page sit at another table*]—Pioface! What you want in merr, we'll have in drink but you must bear,—the heart's all [*Exit*

*Shal* Be merry, Master Budolph,—and, my little soldier there, be merry

*Sil* Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,<sup>(109)</sup> [*Singing*  
 For women are shrews, both short and tall  
 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,  
 And welcome merry Shrove tide

Be merry, be merry, &c

*Fal* I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle

*Sil* Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now

*Re enter DAVY*

*Davy* There's a dish of leather coats for you  
 [*Setting them before Bardolph*

*Shal* Davy,—

*Davy* Your worship?—[*To Bardolph*] I'll be with you straight—A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil* A cup of wine that's bush and fine, [*Singing*  
 And drunk unto the leman mine,  
 And a merry heart lives long a

*Fal* Well said, Master Silence

*Sil* And we shall be merry,—now comes in the sweet o' the night<sup>(108)</sup>

*Fal* Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all] "Mr. Warton in his *History of English Poetry*, observes that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called *The Life of Alexander*

'Merry swithe it is in halle  
 When the berdes waveth alle'' STEEVENS

These words were, in fact, proverbial



*Sil* Fill the cup, and let it come, [*Singing*  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom

*Shal* Honest Baidolph, welcome if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart — [*To the Page*] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too — I'll drink to Master Baidolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London

*Davy* I hope to see London once ere I die

*Bard* An I might see you there, Davy,—

*Shal* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,—ha! will you not, Master Baidolph?

*Bard* Yea, sir, in a pottle pot

*Shal* By God's liggens, I thank thee — the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that 'a will not out, he is true bried

*Bard* And I'll stick by him, sir

*Shal* Why, there spoke a king Lac! nothing be merry [*Knocking within*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy*]

*Fal* Why, now you have done me right

[*To Silence, who has just drunk a bumper*]

*Sil* Do me right, [*Singing*  
And dub me knight  
Samingo

Is't not so?

*Fal* 'Tis so

*Sil* Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat

*Re enter DAVY*

*Davy* An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news

*Fal* From the court! let him come in

*Do me right, &c*] "In one of Nashe's plays entitled *Summer's last Will and Testament* 1600, Bacchus sings 'the companions of Bacchus sing' the following catch,

'Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass  
In cup in can, or glass  
God Bacchus, do me right,  
And dub me knight

Domingo' ' STEEVENS

See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol ix p 47, last ed — By 'Samingo' Silence means 'San Domingo'



*Enter Pistol*

How now, Pistol !

*Pist* Sir John, God save you !

*Fal* What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

*Pist* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good —<sup>(104)</sup>  
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm

*Sil* By a lady, I think a be, but goodman Puff of Baison

*Pist* Puff !

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base !—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price

*Fal* I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world

*Pist* A foutra<sup>(105)</sup> for the world and worldlings base !  
I speak of Africa and golden joys

*Fal* O base Assyrian knight,\* what is thy news ?  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof

*Sil* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John † [Singing]

*Pist* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?  
And shall good news be baffled ?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap

*Shal* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding

*Pist* Why, then, lament therefore

*Shal* Give me pardon, sir —if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways,—either to utter them, or to conceal them I am, sir, under the king, in some authority

*Pist* Under which king, besonian ? speak, or die

*Shal* Under King Harry

*Pist* Harry the Fourth ? or Fifth ?

*Shal* Harry the Fourth

*Pist* A foutra for thine office !—

\* O base Assyrian knight &c ] Possibly this speech and the preceding one are acted (with alterations) from some drama now unknown

† And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.] A line (the first word altered) from the ballad of *The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield* &c see *Rutson's Robin Hood*, vol. ii p. 16



Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king,  
 Hail the Fifth's the man I speak the truth  
 When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like  
 The bragging Spaniard

*Fal* What, is the old king dead?

*Pist* As nail in door the things I speak are just

*Fal* Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse — Master Robert  
 Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine —  
 Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities

*Bard* O joyful day! —

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune <sup>(106)</sup>

*Pist* What, I do bring good news?

*Fal* Carry Master Silence to bed — Master Shallow, my  
 Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward  
 Get on thy boots we'll ride all night — O sweet Pistol! —  
 Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard*] — Come, Pistol, utter more  
 to me, and, withal, devise something to do thyself good —  
 Boot, boot, Master Shallow I know the young king is sick  
 for me Let us take any man's horses, the laws of England  
 are at my commandment Blessed are they that have been  
 my friends, and wo to my lord chief justice!

*Pist* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

"Where is the life that late I led?"\* say they  
 Why, here it is, — welcome this pleasant day <sup>(107)</sup> [*Exeunt*]

#### SCENE IV London A street

*Enter* Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess and DOLL LEAPSHEET

*Host* No, thou arrant knave, I would to God that I  
 might die, that I might have thee hanged thou hast drawn  
 my shoulder out of joint

*Fust Bead* The constables have delivered her over to  
 me, and she shall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her  
 there hath been a man or two lately killed about her

*Dol* Nut hook, nut-hook, you lie! Come on, I'll tell  
 thee what, thou damned tripe visaged rascal, an the child I

\* "Where is the life that late I led?" A line from some ballad, already  
 quoted in *The Taming of the Shrew* see vol. iii p. 153, and foot note there



go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper faced villain

*Host* O the Lord, that Sir John were come ! he would make this a bloody day to somebody But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry !

*First Bead* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again, you have but eleven now Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you

*Dol* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this,—you blue bottle rogue, you filthy furnished correctioner, if you be not swung, I'll forswear half knittles

*First Bead* Come, come, you she knight errant, come

*Host* O God, that right should thus overcome might ! Well, of sufferance comes ease

*Dol* Come, you rogue, come, bring me to a justice

*Host* Ay, come, you starved bloodhound

*Dol* Goodman death, goodman bones !

*Host* Thou atomy, thou !

*Dol* Come, you thin thing, come, you rascal

*First Bead* Very well [*Exeunt*]

# SCENE V A public place near Westminster Abbey

*Enter three Grooms, strewing rushes*

*First Groom* More rushes, more rushes

*Sec Groom* The trumpets have sounded twice

*Third Groom* 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation

*First Groom* Dispatch, dispatch <sup>(108)</sup> [*Exeunt*]

*Enter* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the Page*

*Fal* Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow, I will make the king do you grace I will lean upon him as 'a comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me

*Pist* God bless thy lungs, good knight



*Fal* Come here, Pistol, stand behind me!—[*To Shallow*]  
 O if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter, this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him,—

*Shal* It doth so

*Fal* It shows my earnestness of affection,—

*Shal* It doth so

*Fal* My devotion,—

*Shal* It doth, it doth, it doth <sup>(10)</sup>

*Fal* As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

*Shal* It is most certain

*Fal* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him

*Pist* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* 'tis all in every part

*Shal* 'Tis so, indeed

*Pist* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
 And make thee rage  
 Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
 Is in base durance and contagious prison,  
 Hal'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand —  
 Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,  
 For Doll is in. Pistol speaks naught but truth

*Fal* I will deliver her

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound*]

*Pist* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet clangor sounds

*Enter the King and his Train, the Lord Chief Justice among them*

*Fal* God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

*Pist* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal umpire of fame!

*Fal* God save thee, my sweet boy!

*King* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man

*Ch. Just* Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?



*Fal* My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !  
*King* I know thee not, old man fill to thy prayers,  
 How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !  
 I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
 So suifet swell'd, so old, and so profane,  
 But, being awake, I do despise my dream  
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace,  
 Leave goimandizing, know the grave doth gape  
 For thee thrice wider than for other men —  
 Reply not to me with a fool born jest  
 Presume not that I am the thing I was,  
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
 That I have turn'd away my former self,  
 So will I those that kept me company  
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots  
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—  
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
 Not to come near our person by ten mile  
 For competence of life I will allow you,  
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil  
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
 We will, according to your strength and qualities,  
 Give you advancement —Be't your charge, my lord,  
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word —  
 Set on

[*Exeunt King and his Train*]

*Fal* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound

*Shal* Yea, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me

*Fal* That can hardly be, Master Shallow Do not you grieve at this, I shall be sent for in private to him look you, he must seem thus to the world fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that shall make you great

*Shal* I cannot perceive how,—unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand

*Fal* Sir, I will be as good as my word this that you heard was but a colour

*Shal* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John



*Fal* Fear no colours go with me to dinner — come,  
 Lieutenant Pistol,<sup>(110)</sup> — come, Bauldolph — I shall be sent for  
 soon at night

*Re enter* Prince JOHN, the Lord Chief Justice, Officers, &c

*Ch Just* Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet,  
 Take all his company along with him

*Fal* My lord, my lord,—

*Ch Just* I cannot now speak I will hear you soon —  
 Take them away

*Pist* *Se fortuna*<sup>(111)</sup> *mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta*  
 [*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bauldolph,*  
*and Page, with Officers*

*P John* I like this fair proceeding of the king's  
 He hath intent his wonted followers  
 Shall all be very well provided for,  
 But all are banish'd till their conversations  
 Appear more wise and modest to the world

*Ch Just* And so they are

*P John* The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord

*Ch Just* He hath

*P John* I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,  
 We bear our civil swords and native fire  
 As far as France I heard a bird so sing,  
 Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king  
 Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt*

## EPILOGUE

*Spoken by a Dancer*

First my fear, then my court'sy, last my speech My  
 fear is, your displeasure, my court'sy, my duty, and my  
 speech, to beg your pardons If you look for a good speech  
 now, you undo me for what I have to say is of mine own  
 making, and what indeed I should<sup>(112)</sup> say will, I doubt,  
 prove mine own marring But to the purpose, and so to  
 the venture — Be it known to you, — as it is very well, — I  
 was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pay  
 your patience for it, and to promise you a better I did



mean, indeed, to pay you with this, which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies. Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France, where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions, for Oldcastle<sup>(113)</sup> died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary, when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you, —but, indeed, to pray for the queen.



P 314 (1)

*pleasant towns*

The old eds have *peasant townes* — The alteration which I have now introduced occurred to me long ago suggested itself also to Mr Robson while reading the sheets of the former edition of this work for his own press and moreover is found in Mr Collier's corrected folio Mr Singer indeed (*Shakespeare Vindicated* p 111) reckons it among the crudities of the corrector but one may wonder why Rumour should mention only the *peasant towns* (a most strange expression) as if so busy a personage in the long journey from Shrewsbury to Warl worth had failed to call in at the more important places (That the fact of the folio having a hyphen here—*peasant Townes* — weighs absolutely nothing in support of the old reading my note on the words in *King John* thin bestam'd cloal ' p 93 will show distinctly )

P 314 (2)

*hold*The old eds have *hole*

P 316 (3)

*'strand*The old eds have *'strond* See note 1 p 289

P 317 (4)

*'That what he fear'd is chanced let speak Morton'*

Here the folio has *'chanc'd* but the earlier, and in some respects much better edition of this play the quarto of 1600 has *chanced* — Walker (whose acquaintance with the old copies was confined to the folio) declares that Shakespeare certainly did not write *chanced* (*Shakespeare's Verification* &c p 134) and proceeds to amend by conjecture a line which opposed his theory But compare *The Merchant of Venice*, act v sc 1

You shall not know by what strange accident

I *chanced* on this letter*Ant*

I am dumb'

and *Titus Andronicus*, act iii sc 2

I'll to thy closet and go read with thee

Sad stories *chanced* in the times of old

P 318 (5)

*'fly not'*

The old eds have *"fled not"* — Corrected by Walker (*Crit Dram* &c vol ii p 68)

P 318 (6)

*"the"*

The old eds have *"that"* (an error perhaps originating in the *that* immediately above)



P 319 (7) *and do speal the truth*

So the folio —The quarto has *and dare speale the truth* hence Mr W N Lettsom would read *and dare speal for truth*

P 319 (8) *the corpses*

*i e the corpses* the bodies Here the folio has *the Coupes* (This line is not in the quarto) See note 5 p 289

P 321 (9) *as*

So the second folio —The earlier eds have ‘at

P 321 (10) *thorough*

The old eds have ‘through’

P 322 (11) *hunt counter*

So the quarto —The folio has ‘Hunt counter’ —which has been understood as a term of reproach used with a quibble —with an allusion to *hunting counter* (*i e* hunting the wrong way turning and following the scent the way the chase has come), and to the Attendant’s office of catchpole one who *hunts* for the *Counter* prison But Naies (*Gloss* in ‘Hunt counter’) remains ‘It seems to be an error to join the two words into one as if to make a name in this passage Falstaff means rather to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent ‘You are *hunting counter* that is, the wrong way In the old quartos [quarto] the words are disjoined accordingly’’

P 323 (12) ‘Fal’

See Introduction to *The First Part* of this play p 204

P 324 (13) *costermonger*

Both the quarto and the folio add an *s* to this word (Here the folio omits ‘*times*’ —The third folio has *costermongera dayes*’)

P 325 (14) *for by the Lord, &c*

Walker says ‘Write and point ‘for by the Lord I take but two shirts out with me *an* I mean not to sweat extraordinarily—! if it be &c An elliptical threat’ *Crit Exam &c* vol. II p 158

P 326 (15) ‘degrees

Altered by Mr Collier’s Ms Corrector and by Mr Singer’s Ms Conector to—diseases —wrongly



P 327 (16)

*lie*

The old eds have "lie '—On *Lie* and *live* confounded see *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 209, by Walker who suggests that the error here may have been occasioned by the words quoted in my next note,— *Lives so in hope*

P 327 (17)

*I es in this present quality of uan —**Indeed the instant action—a cause on foot—**Lives so in hope*

This very difficult passage is not in the quarto —The folio has *I es if this* &c —from which by altering the punctuation, Mr Knight vainly attempts to extract a meaning—I adopt the emendation of Johnson *in* which is also that of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector—who in the next line reads '*In deed the instant act and cause on foot* &c

P 327 (18)

'last'

So Capell and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The old eds have 'least'

P 328 (19) '*To weigh against his opposite or else*'

Capell printed '*How weigh against,*' &c and Mr Staunton proposes *And u eigh against* &c —Here '*his*' is equivalent to '*its*' —Before this line Mr Collier's Ms Corrector inserts

*A careful leader sums what force he brings*

P 328 (20)

*To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd**They baying him at the heels*

So the quarto except that it omits '*To*' —The passage is unskilfully mended in the folio thus

*"He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch*

*Baying him at the heeles'*

P 329 (21)

*"exion?"*

Here both the quarto and the folio have *action*," but, presently after, they agree in making the Hostess say "*exion*."

P 330 (22)

*"a long one"*

Theobald substitutes '*a long loan*.' Mr Collier's Ms Corrector *a long score*," and Mr Grant White "*a long own*." —The alteration on the suggestion of Theobald has been very unnecessarily and improperly made. The Hostess means to say that a hundred mark is a long *mark* that is, *score*, *reckoning*, for her to bear. The use of *mark* in the singular number in familiar language admits very well of this equivocal. Douce —'I prefer Theobald's *loan*,' though not altogether satisfactory. At any rate if Shakespeare had intended to pun on the word *mark* he would have written '*mark*,' not '*one*.' W N LITTLE



P 331 (23)

Fal

The quarto has ' *Boy* ' the folio Page '—Corrected in the third folio

P 334 (24)

" *Poyntz* "

So here and throughout this scene the name is spelt in the folio See note 1. p 290

P 335 (25)

" *of*

Added by Pope —Capell supplied ' *from* '—The Prince (as Malone observes) is speaking of bastard children wrapt up in old shirts

P 336 (26)

' *Bard*

The old eds have *Poynes* ' and ' *Poin*

P 337 (27)

' *borrower's cap*

The old eds have ' *borrowed cap* —Corrected by Warburton

P 337 (28)

' *Poin* [*reads*] '

The quarto has *Poynes*, ' the folio *Poin* Letter " and both eds make some confusion in the arrangement of this dialogue

P 337 (29)

*Roman*

The old eds have " *Romanes* " and " *Romaines* " —Corrected by Warburton The words of Julius Cæsar (*veni, vidi, vici*) are here alluded to by Falstaff, who afterwards cites them (p 374)

P 337 (30)

" *twenty*

Steevens considers this as an instance of a certain number put for an uncertain one —Hammer (Warburton) reads (very badly) ' *plenty* '—Mr W N Lettsom conjectures " *twenty* score

P 338 (31)

*I pray thee loving wife and gentle daughter* '

See note 107 on *The Tempest*

P 339 (32)

*heart's dear*

So the quarto —The folio has ' *heart deere* '—" This compound is a Germanism it does not appear to me in Shakespeare's style and Walker has shown that in a few instances a hyphen has usurped the place of the final *s* ' W N Lettsom

P 339 (33)

" *long* "

Altered by Theobald to " *look* , ' which is probably the poet's word



P 339 (34) *Did seem defensible —so you left him*

There is no emphasis on the pronouns and consequently the line is defective W N LETTSOM

P 342 (35) *pure*

The old eds have *poore* which I retained in my former edition because *poor* was often used as an epithet of endearment but I now believe that Mr Collier's Ms Corrector was right in altering it to *pure*

P 344 (36) *fators*"

The quarto has 'fater the folio fates — Dyce *Remarks* p 111 adopts the quarto's reading *faters* which he supposes to be a various spelling of *faitours* I think he is right Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 55

P 346 (37) *Se fortuna ' &c*

Here the old eds have "Si fortune me tormente, speiato me contento" (the folio *contente*) and towards the close of the Fifth Act the quarto has

Si fortuna me tormenta speio contenta while the folio gives Si fortuna me tormento speia me contento' —The Cambridge Editors observe "As the quotation is made by Pistol who has just spoken of Cannibals (for Haniabals) and of Trojan Greeks, we have left it uncorrected. It would be scarcely consistent to put correct Italian or Spanish into his mouth All the editors assume that Italian is the language meant and give it, as such, more or less correctly If Pistol's sword were a Toledo blade the motto would be Spanish &c —See foot note p 344

P 346 (38) *"him"*

Mr W N Lettsom would read "me

P 349 (39) *"Pointz his brother"*

*z e* Pointz's brother

P 350 (40) *'close*

Altered by Mr Grant White to "glose," —wrongly see note 170 on *Measure for Measure*

P 350 (41) *"and burns, poor soul"*

'This is Sir T Hanmer's reading Undoubtedly right The other editions had and burns poor souls' The venereal disease was called in those times, the *brennyng* or *burning* " JOHNSON —It is surprising that the earlier editors, Rowe, Pope, and Theobald, did not anticipate Hanmer in this certain emendation and it is still more surprising to find the ridiculous old blunder thrust back into the text in two recent editions —in Mr Collier's and the Cambridge Shakespeare (Falstaff calls Doll *poor soul*, 'because she was in hell already burning (with the *lues venerea*) about Mrs Quickly's 'damnation he is uncertain)



P 301 (4-) 'come [Doll comes blubbered] *yea will you come, Doll?*'  
 These words are found only in the quarto where they stand thus *come*  
*shee comes blubbered yea &c* —a stage direction (as not unfrequently hap-  
 pens in early dramas) having crept into the text

P 352 (43) *O sleep*  
 An interpolation I conceive

P 352 (44) 'the  
 M<sup>r</sup> Collier's M<sup>s</sup> Corrector substitutes *high* —M<sup>r</sup> W N Lettsom suggests  
 then ' (referring to *the great* )

P 352 (45) *on*  
 Hammer printed *to* —According to Capell who retains the old reading  
*Bell* in this line is put for the case or box it is hung upon so that the  
 comparison is double and thus *couch* 'as sleepless as the *case of a watch*  
*man*, or of a *sentinel* that tends on a *lawm* Notes &c vol 1 P 1 p 175

P 352 (46) *the slippery shrouds,*  
 So Pope and M<sup>r</sup> Collier's M<sup>s</sup> Corrector —The old eds have '*the slippy*'  
 Clouds which reading I now reject on account of the strange impropriety  
 of the epithet '*slippery*' applied to '*clouds*'

P 352 (47) "*Then happy low lie down*"  
 Here writes Capell '*lie down*' has the force of—*lie you down, contented,*  
*and secure of repose*" Notes &c vol 1 P 1 p 175 —On Warburton's inge-  
 nious alteration, '*Then happy lowly clown, see my Remarks on Mr Col-*  
*lier's and Mr Knight's eds of Shakespeare, p 113*

P 353 (48) "*to you all, my lords*"  
 Malone compares *The Second Part of King Henry VI* act ii sc 2, where  
 York addressing only his *two* friends, Salisbury and Warwick says, "*as all*  
*you know*" —Theobald substituted '*to you Well, my lords,*' &c

P 354 (49) *will*  
 The old eds have "*shall*, —a stark error

P 354 (50) "*this,*"  
 Johnson conjectures "*things,*" and Capell prints "*these*"

P 355 (51) "*page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk*"  
 See Introduction to *The First Part* of this play, p 204

P 356 (52) "*a*"  
 The folio has '*at*' which Mr Grant White pronounces to be right on ac-  
 count of the preceding words '*at twelve score*' but the more immediately  
 preceding word, "*carried,*" shows that the "*a*" of the quarto is right



P 357 (53) *you like well* '

So the quarto —The folio has *you looke well* &c —(Compare *Love's Labour's lost*, act v sc 2 vol ii p 218 *Well liking* wits they have gross gross fat fat and *First Part* of the present play act iii sc 3 p 258 "Well, I'll repent and that suddenly while I am in some *living* ")

P 358 (54) *the others*

The old eds have *th' other* and ' *the other*

P 358 (55) ' *not much of the father's substance*

The quarto has ' but *much of the father's substance* (where "but" is, as it often is a mistake for 'not') —The folio has but *not of the father's substance* ' —The Cambridge Editors retain the reading of the quarto under standing much in the nominal sense in which it is often found '

P 359 (56) *Here is two more called than your number* '

' *Five* only have been called, and the number required is *four* Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber The restoration of this sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are set aside Falstaff, as Dr Farmer has observed, gets but *three* recruits Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy "MALONE — 'Chapell omits the word *two* ' BOSWELL — Mr Swynfen Jervis conjectures ' *Here is one more*, &c

P 359 (57) " *Saint George's field* ?

The fourth folio has " *Saint George's fields* ? But compare

Meet me to morrow in Saint George's *field* ' &c

*King Henry VI Part Sec act v sc 1*

P 361 (58) " *three pound* "

' Here seems to be a wrong computation He had forty shillings for each Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit " JOHNSON

P 361 (59)

" *for you, Mouldy stay at home till you are past service*

Tyrwhitt would read ' *for you Mouldy, stay at home still you are past service*

P 362 (60)

" *that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible*

In *Every Man in his Humour*, act 1 sc 3 Cob says, "and they flout him *invincibly* " —on which Gifford has the following note, "I have some doubt whether we rightly comprehend this word as understood by our ancestors Here, and elsewhere, it is used where we should now write *invisibly* 'He was so forlorn,' says Falstaff of Justice Shallow, 'that his dimensions to any thick sight were *invincible* ' This reading Steevens pronounces to be abso-



lutely spurious and adopts with great applause *invisible* the *correction* of Rowe The *correction* as it is termed is sufficiently obvious to those who are not conversant with our old writers but not so I should have thought to Steevens However this may be I have met with the expression so frequently that I incline to the opinion of the judicious Ortes and think there is need of more deliberation before it be utterly proscribed *Johnson's Notes* vol 1 p 30

P 364 (61)

' *Let us sway on*

I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense but I believe it is the true word and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body JOHNSON —Nares explains *sway* in this passage *press on in motion pass on* *Gloss* —Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads (most wisely) ' *Let us away on* ' —Mr W N Lettsom proposes ' *Away* ' let's on

P 364 (62)

' *If that rebellion*

*Came like itself in base and abject routs  
Led on by heady youth guarded with rags  
And countenanced by boys and beggary —  
I say if damn'd commotion so appear'd*

The old eds have ' *Led on by bloody (and bloodie) youth guarded with rage* ' in which line "*heady*" is the emendation of Mr Singer's Ms Corrector and of Warburton and ' *rags* ' the alteration of Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and of Walker (*Crit Exam &c* vol iii p 136) —The old eds have also *commotion so appear* —(Johnson, who once conjectured *moody* instead of ' *bloody* ' afterwards acquiesced in the latter reading explaining it full of blood ' but would Shakespeare have written *in the same sentence* *bloody youth* ' and *bloody insurrection* ?)

P 364 (63)

*to dress the ugly form**Of bare and bloody insurrection*

The old eds have ' *Of base and* ' &c — Perhaps, says Walker "*bare*" the image seems to require it " *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 280 The alteration is I think necessary

P 364 (64)

' *Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood  
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war* '

The old eds have ' *Turning your bookes to graues* ' &c —Mr Singer (*Shalepeare Vindicated* p 117) says, ' Warburton's correction of *glaves* for *graves* has been adopted by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector yet the reading of Steevens *greaves*, is at least equally probable, and nearer to the old word ' —the fact is, our early authors frequently write "*graves*" when (as here) '*greaves*' are meant —In the last line Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads ' —and report of war ' while Mr Singer (*ubi supra*) would substitute ' —and a bruit of war ' —neither of them being aware that ' *a point of war* ' is a not uncommon expression so in Greene's *Orlando Furioso*



Tell him from me false coward as he is  
 That Orlando the County Palatine  
 Is come this morning, with a band of French  
 To play him hunt s up with a point of war &c

*Diam Works* p 94 ed Dyce 1861

1864 In a note on his *Shakespeare Fabrications &c* p 6 Di Ingleby declares that I having the failing of borrowing from others without acknowledgment 'stand indebted to Mr Staunton for the knowledge that *point of war* ought not to be altered Now whence does Mr Staunton adduce his quotations to show that the phrase is right? From 'Dyce's ed of Greene and from Peele and Shirley authors also edited by me

P 360 (65) *And are enforced from our most quiet sphere*

So Hammer (Warburton) and his alteration is at least better than the corruption of the folio — *our most quiet* there (though Henley gravely tells us that there refers to the new channel which the rapidity of the flood from the stream of time would force itself into !!) — Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads — *most quiet chan* but in this line the Arch bishop is evidently talking of his associates as well as of himself — This passage is not in the quarto

P 365 (66) *My brother general the commonwealth  
 To brother born an household cruelty  
 I make my quarrel in particular*

The second of these lines is not in the folio — The passage being plainly mutilated defies any satisfactory explanation — In *Notes and Queries* for July 21 1866 is a long article wherein the writer vainly labours to elicit a meaning from it

P 366 (67) *'force*

The folio has "forc'd" — This passage is not in the quarto

P 366 (68) *And when that"*

The folio has *And then that* ' — This is not in the quarto — I give the alteration of Rowe and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector — Pope reads, a little more violently *'And then when'* which, however agrees well with the eleventh line of the speech *'Then, then when,' &c*

P 366 (69) *'then*

So Capell — The folio has *'when* — This is not in the quarto

P 367 (70) *'indeed,*

So Thirlby — The folio has "and did." — This is not in the quarto

P 367 (71) *'think*

Was altered by Hammer to "mark" by Capell to "hint"

P 367 (72) *'wills'*

The old eds have *'will'*



P 367 (73)

confirm d —'

So Hammer — The old eds have ' confinde ' and " confind

P 368 (74)

And

The old eds have At

P 368 (75)

royal faiths

Altered by Hammer to *loyal faiths* — *Royal faith* [as Capell observes] means *the faith due to a king* So in *King Henry VIII* [act iv sc 1] 'The citizens have shown at full their *royal minds* that is then minds well affected to the king' Wolsey in the same play when he discovers the king in masquerade says [act i sc 4] here I'll make my *royal choice* i e not such a choice as a king would make but such a choice as has a king for its object So *royal faith*, the faith which is due to a king which has the sovereign for its object MALONE

P 368 (76)

him on

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector does not scruple to substitute "her man"

P 370 (77)

imagin d

The old eds have imagine "

P 370 (78)

' seal '

The old eds have zeale' — Corrected by Walker (see Preface to *Shakespeare's Versification* &c p xxi) and by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector (Capell in his *Various Readings* has 'seal 1st F' giving, it would seem by mistake, his own conjecture as the lection of the folio)

P 371 (79)

"Serves to say thus"

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 137) would read "Seems to say this"

P 372 (80)

"your trains"

The old eds have our *trains* " which Steevens defends very unsatisfactorily (As to the plural "*trains*", compare the words of the Prince, a few speeches earlier,

"Discharge your powers unto their several counties," &c)

P 372 (81) "I promis'd you redress of these same grievances"

Steevens, objecting to the length of this line, would omit "*these same*" — Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c p 251) would alter "*grievances*" to the contracted plural 'grievance'

P 373 (82) and the dungeon your place — a dale deep enough "

So Tyrwhitt — The old eds have 'and the dungeon your place a place deep



*enough* (the word *place* 'having been repeated by mistake) — Here Mr Collier's Ms Corrector alters the former as well as the latter *place* to 'dale

P 375 (83)

*Coleville*

Is a trisyllable Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c p 2

P 375 (84)

'*beseech*

The old eds have 'I *beseech*'

P 375 (85)

*to the voice (the tongue)*

Hanmer printed *to the voice in the tongue* — '*Tongue* was possibly only an interjection the poet not having determined whether to adopt '*voice*' or *tongue* STANTON

P 375 (86)

'*extreme*

So the third folio — The earlier eds have 'extremes

P 379 (87)

*are*"

Omitted by Pope and rightly perhaps

P 380 (88)

*apoplex*'

The old eds have 'apoplex' and "apoplexie" (The form '*apoplex*' is very common both in the poets and prose writers of Shakespeare's days)

P 380 (89)

"*Into some other chamber softly, pray*

[*They place the King,*" &c

Here the old eds have no stage direction In fact the audience of Shakespeare's time were to suppose that a change of scene took place as soon as the King was laid on the bed — 1864 The Cambridge Editors make the following very odd alteration (marking a new scene without an *Exeunt* preceding it)

*Into some other chamber softly, pray*

*Scene V Another Chamber*

*The King lying on a bed CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER WARWICK, and others in attendance*

*King* Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,' &c

(Perhaps it is hardly worth noticing that in the acting copy of the play the passage stands thus

"*K Hen* I pray you, bear me to my couch, my sons

[*They support the King to his couch—the Chief Justice lays the King's pillow, and Westmoreland goes behind and lays the mantle over him, then goes to L of Chief Justice—the Princes and L of the couch*

*Softly pray*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ' &c )



P 382 (90) ' *I have brole then sleeps with thought*

The old eds have ——— *with thoughts* (Here the quarto has *sleeps* ' but compare *Hamlet* act iv sc 7 *Breale* not you *sleeps* for that )

P 382 (91)

*Our thigh, with uaxe our mouths with honey pack d*

The old eds have *Our thigh* (and *thighes* ) *packt with uaxe our mouthes with hony*

P 384 (92) ' *Which my most inward true and dutious spirit*

So the quarto —The folio has *Which my most true and inward dutious Spirit* ' ,

P 385 (93) *might* ' ,

Altered by Mr Collier s Ms Corrector to *weight*

P 385 (94) *purchas'd*

*is* acquired by unjust and indirect methods *Purchase* in Shakespeare frequently means *stolen goods* or goods dishonestly obtained ' Mason —Here Mr W N Lettsom would read with Mr Collier s Ms Corrector, *purchase* '

P 385 (95) *my foes* "

The old eds have ' *thy friends* ' (an error most probably caused by the occurrence of the words *thy friends* at the end of the line) —Tyrwhitt and Mr Collier s Ms Corrector read ' *my friends* ' and Walker (*Crit Exam* & vol i p 300) *thy foes* " —In confirmation of the reading which I have given (and which Mr W N Lettsom also suggested), compare the following passage of *King Henry V* act ii sc 2, in which Grey addresses that prince

*those that were your father s enemies*  
Have steep'd then galls in honey, and do serve you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal

P 386 (96) ' *some*

So Mason and Mr Collier s Ms Corrector —The old eds have ' *them*

P 389 (97) ' *good morrow* "

Seems to be an interpolation

P 391 (98) *So great* "

" ' *So great*, I think ' Walker's *Crit Exam* & vol i p 289

P 392 (99) *so* "

The old eds have ' *soft* ' —When Mr Collier proposed to substitute ' *so*, ' he was not aware that the alteration had been made by Theobald



- P 393 (100) *And God consigning to my good intents  
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,  
God shorten Harry's happy life one day'*

As in most of the modern editions the reader will find 'God consigning &c and 'Heaven shorten &c I think it right to mention that while the quarto has *God consigning* &c and *God shorten* &c the folio has *heaven consigning* &c and "Heaven shorten, &c

- P 393 (101) *'husband*

Altered in the third folio to *husbandman* which was given by Rowe &c who did not know how common the word *husband* formerly was in the sense of *husbandman* (We find it in use long before the days of Shakespeare so in *A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode*

But loke ye do no housbonde harme  
That tylleth with his ploughe' Fytte 1)

- P 394 (102) *my wife has all'*

Folmer would read *my wife s as all* i e *my wife is as all women are*

- P 394 (103)

*And we shall be merry —now comes in the weete of the night"*

So the quarto.—The person who made the transcript of this play used for the folio, being accustomed *passim* to alter *and* (i e *an*) to *if* misunderstood the force of the word in the present passage and wrote *If we shall be merry* &c but here the *And* of the quarto is not equivalent to *An* (if)—it is the copulative conjunction

- P 396 (104) *no man to good —"*

So the quarto.—The folio has *none to good* —Pope gave *no man good* —(Malone quotes from *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pretifull* by William Bulleyn 1564 sig F 5

'No winde but it doth turn some man to good")

- P 396 (105) *'foutia'*

The Cambridge Editors here and in a subsequent speech print *foutie* (the quarto having *'footie* and *'fowtie*) But compare 'A *foutia* for promoters" Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*,—*Worls* vol iv p 33 ed Dyce and

'Fontra [*Foutia*] for you!

*Moun Fontia* [*Foutia*] for mee? *futtia*, *futtra*, *futtia* five towmand *futtia* s for you' *Jacke Drims* *Interlaiment* &c sig E ed 1616

- P 397 (106) "Bard O joyful day!—

*I would not take a lighthood for my fortune"*

So this speech stands in the folio and so, most probably Shakespeare intended it to stand.—We have before had blank verse from Bauldolph, when he was not under such excitement as at present see p 351



P 397 (107) *this pleasant day "*

So Pope and Mr Collier s Ms Corrector (a couplet having been evidently intended here) —The old eds have ' these (and those ) *pleasant dayes* '

P 398 (108)

First Groom *More rushes more rushes*

Sec Groom *The trumpets have sounded twice*

Thud Groom *I will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation*

First Groom *Dispatch dispatch*

So the quarto except that it gives the words ' *Dispatch dispatch*' to the Thud Speaker —The folio omits these words, and divides the dialogue between two Grooms

P 399 (109)

Shal *It doth so*

Shal *It doth so*

Shal *It doth, it doth, it doth* '

In the quarto the prefix to these three speeches is "*Pist*" In the folio the first of them is rightly assigned to Shallow but by an oversight the two others are left with the old prefix

P 401 (110)

"*Lauteuant Pistol* "

See note 34 on the next play

P 401 (111)

"*Se fortuna,*" &c

See note 37

P 401 (112)

"*should* '

Surely *shall* both the word *indeed* and the context seem to demand this' Walker s *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 139

P 402 (113)

'*Oldcastle* '

See Introduction to *The First Part* of this play, p 205



# KING HENRY THE FIFTH







## KING HENRY V

A PASSAGE of the Chorus before act v evidently refers to Essex

Were now the general of our gracious empress—

As in good time he may—from Ireland coming &c

and Malone remarks Lord Essex went to Ireland April 15 1599 and returned to London on the 26th of September in the same year So that this play (unless the passage relative to him was inserted after the piece was finished) must have been composed between April and September 1599 Supposing that passage a subsequent insertion the play was probably not written long before for it is not mentioned by Meres (in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c) in 1598 *Life of Shakespeare* p 360 It was first printed in 1600 & with a text wretchedly disfigured and incomplete nor did it appear in its genuine form till the publication of the folio of 1623 According to Malone

the fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play published in 1600 1602, and 1608 is not that the whole play as we now have it, did not then exist but that those copies were surreptitious and that the editor in 1600 not being able to publish the whole published what he could ' *Ubi supra* p 365 Mr Collier however —while he allows that the quartos ' bear strong external and internal evidence of fraud —is of opinion ' that Shakespeare did not originally write his Henry V by any means as we find it in the folio of 1623 and that it was first produced without various scenes and speeches subsequently written and introduced ' *Introduct to King Henry the Fifth* —Concerning the earlier anonymous play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, &c see ante, p 205



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY the Fifth  
DUKE OF GLOSTER } brothers to the King  
DUKE OF BEDFORD }  
DUKE OF EXETER uncle to the King  
DUKE OF YORK cousin to the King  
EARL OF SALISBURY  
EARL OF WESTMORLAND  
EARL OF WARWICK  
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY  
BISHOP OF ELY  
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE  
LORD SCROOP  
SIR THOMAS GREY  
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM GOWER FLUELLEN MACMORIS JAMY officers  
in King Henry's army  
JOHN BATES ALEXANDER COURT MICHAEL WILLIAMS soldiers in the  
same  
PISTOL  
NYM  
BARDOLPH  
Boy  
A Herald

CHARLES the Sixth, king of France  
LOUIS, the Dauphin  
DUKE OF BURGUNDY  
DUKE OF ORLEANS  
DUKE OF BOURBON  
The Constable of France  
RAMBOUR GRANDPRÉ, French lords  
Governor of Harfleur  
MONTJOY, a French herald  
Ambassadors to the King of England

ISABEL queen of France  
KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel  
ALICE a lady attending on her  
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap (formerly Mistress Quickly, and now  
married to Pistol)

Lords Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers and Attendants  
Chorus

SCENE—During the earlier part of the play in England, afterwards in France



## KING HENRY V

---

*Enter Chorus*

*Chor* O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,—  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employment But pardon gentles all,  
The flat unmaised spirits that have dar'd  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields<sup>(1)</sup> of France ? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?  
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may  
Attest in little place<sup>(2)</sup> a million,  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work  
Suppose within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts,  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance,  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth,—



For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,  
Turning th' accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour glass for the which supply,  
Admit me Chorus to this history,  
Who, prologue like, your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play

[Exit

---

## ACT I

SCENE I *London An ante chamber in the King's palace*

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Fly*

*Cant* My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,  
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scrambling and unquiet time  
Did push it out of further question

*Ely* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

*Cant* It must be thought on If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our possessions,<sup>(8)</sup>  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us, being valu'd thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,  
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires,  
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,  
A hundred almshouses right well supplied,  
And to the coffers of the king, beside,  
A thousand pounds by th' year thus runs the bill

*Ely* This would drink deep.

*Cant* 'Twould drink the cup and all.

*Ely* But what prevention?

*Cant* The king is full of grace and fair regard



*Ely* And a true lover of the holy church

*Cant* The courses of his youth promis'd it not  
 The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
 Seem'd to die too, yea, at that very moment,  
 Consideration, like an angel, came,  
 And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,  
 Leaving his body as a paradise,  
 T' envelop and contain celestial spirits  
 Never was such a sudden scholar made,  
 Never came reformation in a flood,  
 With such a heady current,<sup>(1)</sup> scouring faults,  
 Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness  
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
 As in this king

*Ely* We are blessed in the change

*Cant* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
 And, all admiring, with an inward wish  
 You would desire the king were made a prelate  
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
 You'd say it hath been all in all his study  
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
 A fearful battle render'd you in music  
 Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter —that, when he speaks,  
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences,  
 So that the art and practice part of life  
 Must be the mistress to this theoretic<sup>(2)</sup>  
 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,  
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,  
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,  
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,  
 And never noted in him any study,  
 Any retirement, any sequestration  
 From open haunts and popularity

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best



Neighbour'd by fruit of base quality  
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
 Under the veil of wildness, which, no doubt,  
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
 Unseen, yet cressive in his faculty

*Cant* It must be so, for miracles are ceas'd,  
 And therefore we must needs admit the means  
 How things are perfected

*Ely* But, my good lord,  
 How now for mitigation of this bill  
 Uig'd by the commons? Doth his majesty  
 Incline to it, or no?

*Cant* He seems indifferent,  
 Or, rather, swaying more upon our part  
 Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us  
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—  
 Upon our spiritual convocation,  
 And in regard of causes now in hand,  
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
 Did to his predecessors part withal

*Ely* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

*Cant* With good acceptance of his majesty,  
 Save that there was not time enough to hear—  
 As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done—  
 The severals and unhidden passages<sup>(6)</sup>  
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,  
 And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather

*Ely* What was th' impediment that broke this off?

*Cant* The French ambassador upon that instant  
 Crav'd audience,—and the hour, I think, is come  
 To give him hearing—is it four o'clock?

*Ely* It is

*Cant* Then go we in, to know his embassy,  
 Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,  
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it

*Ely* I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it [Exeunt



SCENE II *The same The presence chamber in the same*

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WEST  
MORELAND, *and* Attendants

*K Hen* Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

*Exe* Not here in presence

*K Hen* Send for him, good uncle

*West* Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

*K Hen* Not yet, my cousin we would be resolv'd,  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and Fiance

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely*

*Cant* God and his angels guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it!

*K Hen* Sure, we thank you  
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,  
And justly and religiously unfold  
Why the law Salique, that they have in Fiance,  
O! should, or should not, bar us in our claim  
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,  
O! nicely charge your understanding soul  
With opening titles miscreate, whose right  
Suits not in native colours with the truth,  
For God doth know how many, now in health,  
Shall drop their blood in approbation  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to  
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,  
How you awake the sleeping sword of war  
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed,  
For never two such kingdoms did contend  
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint  
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the sword<sup>(1)</sup>  
That makes such waste in brief mortality  
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,  
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart



That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
As pure as sin with baptism

*Cant* Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you  
peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services  
To this imperial throne —There is no bar  
To make against your highness' claim to France  
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,*  
“No woman shall succeed in Salique land”  
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze  
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this law and female bar  
Yet then own authors faithfully affirm  
That the land Salique is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe,  
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certain French,  
Who, holding in disdain the German women  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen  
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After defunction of King Pharamond,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,  
Who died within the year of our redemption  
Four hundred twenty six, and Charles the Great  
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
Eight hundred five Besides, then writers say,  
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,  
Did, as hear general, being descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France  
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown



Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male  
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—  
 To fine his title<sup>(8)</sup> with some show of truth,  
 Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,  
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,  
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
 To Louis the emperor, and Louis the son  
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Louis the Tenth,  
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
 Was lineal of the Lady Eimengue,  
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine  
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great  
 Was re-united to the crown of France  
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
 King Louis his satisfaction, all appear  
 To hold in right and title of the female  
 So do the kings of France unto this day,  
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law  
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,  
 And rather choose to hide them in a net  
 Than amply to imbare<sup>(9)</sup> their crook'd titles  
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors

*K. Hen.* May I with right and conscience make this  
 claim?

*Cant.* The sun upon my head, dread sovereign!  
 For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,—  
 When the man dies, let the inheritance  
 Descend unto the daughter<sup>(10)</sup> Gracious lord,  
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,  
 Look back into your mighty ancestors  
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,  
 From whom you claim, invoke his warlike spirit,  
 And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,  
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
 Making defeat on the full power of France,  
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill



Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp  
 Forage in blood of French nobility  
 O noble English, that could entertain  
 With half their forces the full pride of France,  
 And let another half stand laughing by,  
 All out of work and cold for action !

*Ely* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats  
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,  
 The blood and courage that renowned them  
 Runs in your veins, and my thrice puissant liege  
 Is in the very May morn of his youth,  
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises

*Erc* Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth  
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
 As did the former lions of your blood  
 They know your grace hath cause and means and might <sup>(1)</sup>

*West* So hath your highness, never king of England  
 Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,  
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France

*Cant* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
 With blood and sword and fire to win your right  
 In aid whereof we of the spirituality  
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum  
 As never did the clergy at one time  
 Bring in to any of your ancestors

*K Hen* We must not only arm t' invade the French,  
 But lay down our proportions to defend  
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
 With all advantages

*Cant* They of those marches, gracious sovereign,  
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers

*K Hen* We do not mean the couraging snatchers only,  
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
 Who hath been still a giddy <sup>(2)</sup> neighbour to us  
 For you shall read that my great grandfather  
 Never went with his forces into France,  
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom



Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
 With ample and bium fulness of his force,  
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,  
 Guiding with grievous siege castles and towns,  
 That England, being empty of defence,  
 Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood

*Cant* She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my  
 liege,

For hear her but exampled by herself —  
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
 She hath herself not only well defended  
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
 The King of Scots, whom she did send to France,  
 To fill King Edward's fame<sup>(1,3)</sup> with prisoner kings,  
 And make her<sup>(4)</sup> chronicle as rich with praise  
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasures

*West* But there's a saying, very old and true,—

“If that you will France win,  
 Then with Scotland first begin”

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,  
 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
 To spoil and havoc more than she can eat

*Exe* It follows, then, the cat must stay at home  
 Yet that is but a curst<sup>(5)</sup> necessity,  
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,  
 And pretty<sup>(6)</sup> traps to catch the petty thieves  
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
 Th' advised head defends itself at home,  
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,  
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
 Congreering in a full and natural close,  
 Like music

*Cant* Time therefore doth heaven divide  
 The state of man in divers functions,  
 Setting endeavour in continual motion,  
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,



Obedience for so work the honey bees ,  
 Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach  
 The art of order<sup>(17)</sup> to a peopled kingdom  
 They have a king, and officers of sorts  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ,  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ,  
 Others, like soldiers, aimed in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ,  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
 To the tent royal of their emperor  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ,  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ,  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ,  
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to executors pale  
 The lazy yawning drone I this infer,—  
 That many things, having full reference  
 To one consent, may work contrariously  
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
 Fly to one mark ,  
 As many several streets meet in one town ,  
 As many fresh streams run in one salt sea ,<sup>(18)</sup>  
 As many lines close in the dial's centre ,  
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
 Without defeat Therefore to France, my liege  
 Divide your happy England into four ,  
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake  
 If we, with three such powers left at home,  
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
 Let us be worried, and our nation lose  
 The name of hardiness and policy

*K. Hen* Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin

[*Exeunt some Attendants*]

Now are we well resolv'd , and, by God's help,  
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,



Or break it all to pieces there<sup>(19)</sup> we'll sit,  
Ruling in large and ample empery  
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them  
Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worshipp'd with a wren epitaph<sup>(20)</sup>

*Enter Ambassadors of France, attended*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fan cousin Dauphin, for we hear  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king

*First Amb* May't please your myesty to give us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge,  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

*K Hen* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,  
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject  
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons  
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind

*First Amb*    Thus, then, in few  
Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third <sup>(21)</sup>  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,  
And bids you be advis'd, there's naught in France  
That can be with a nimble galliard won,—  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure, and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim  
Hear no more of you    This the Dauphin speaks

*K Hen* What treasure, uncle?

*Ere*

Tennis balls, my liege

*K Hen* We're glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us,  
His present and your pains we thank you for



When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
 We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set  
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard  
 Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler  
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
 With chases And we understand him well,  
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
 Not measuring what use we made of them  
 We never valu'd this poor seat of England,  
 And therefore, living here,<sup>(22)</sup> did give ourself  
 To barbarous license, as 'tis ever common  
 That men are merriest when they are from home  
 But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,  
 Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,<sup>(23)</sup>  
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France  
 For that<sup>(24)</sup> I have laid by my majesty,  
 And plodded like a man for working days,  
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us  
 And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his  
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun stones, and his soul  
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
 That shall fly with them for many a thousand widows  
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,  
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,  
 And some are yet unborn  
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn  
 But this lies all within the will of God,  
 To whom I do appeal and in whose name,  
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,  
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well hallow'd cause  
 So, get you hence in peace, and tell the Dauphin,  
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it —  
 Convey them with safe conduct — Fare you well

[*Exeunt Ambassadors*]

*Exe.* This was a merry message

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it



Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour  
 That may give furtherance to our expedition,  
 For we have now no thought in us but France,  
 Save those to God, that run before our business  
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars  
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon  
 That may with reasonable swiftness add  
 More feathers to our wings,<sup>(2)</sup> for, God before,  
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door  
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,  
 That this fair action may on foot be brought

[*Flourish* *Exeunt*]

---

*Enter Chorus*

*Chor* Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies  
 Now thrice<sup>(26)</sup> the armourers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man  
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,  
 Following the muner of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries  
 For now sits Expectation in the air,  
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,  
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers  
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,  
 Shake in their fear, and with pale policy  
 Seek to divert the English purposes  
 O England!—model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind and natural!  
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
 With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,—  
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,  
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,



Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—  
 Have, for the guilt of France—O guilt indeed !—  
 Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France,  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 If hell and treason hold their promises,  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton  
 Linger your patience on, and well digest  
 Their abuse of distance, while we force a play<sup>(19)</sup>  
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,  
 The king is set from London, and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,—  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
 To give you gentle pass, for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play  
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,<sup>(20)</sup>  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene

[Exit

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## ACT II

SCENE I *London Before the Boar's head Tavern, Eastcheap*

*Enter, severally, Nym and BARDOLPH*

*Bard* Well met, Corporal Nym

*Nym* Good mornow, Lieutenant Bardolph

*Bard* What, are Ancient Pistol and your friends yet?

*Nym* For my part, I care not I say little, but when  
 time shall serve, there shall be smites,<sup>(21)</sup>—but that shall be  
 as it may I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out  
 mine iron it is a simple one, but what though? it will toast  
 cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will  
 and there's an end

*Bard* I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and  
 we'll be all three sworn brothers in<sup>(22)</sup> France let't be so,  
 good Corporal Nym

*Nym* Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-



tun of it, and when I cannot live any longer, I will die<sup>(31)</sup> as I may that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it

*Bard* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly and, certainly, she did you wrong, for you were troth plight to her

*Nym* I cannot tell —things must be as they may men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and, some say, knives have edges It must be as it may though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod There must be conclusions Well, I cannot tell

*Bard* Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife —good corporal, be patient here

*Inter Pistol and Hostess* <sup>(3)</sup>

How now, mine host Pistol!

*Pist* Base take, call'st thou me host?  
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term,  
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers

*Host* No, by my troth, not long, for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needle, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight [*Nym draws his sword*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn! [*Pistol also draws his sword*] Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed <sup>(3)</sup>

*Bard* Good lieutenant, — good corporal, — offer nothing here <sup>(4)</sup>

*Nym* Pish!

*Pist* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick ear'd cur of Iceland!

*Host* Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword

*Nym* Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*

[*Sheathing his sword*]

*Pist* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, peidy,  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels,  
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,



And flashing fire will follow

*Nym* I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me I have an humour to knock you indifferently well If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms if you would walk off, I would pick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may and that's the humour of it

*Pist* O biaggart vile, and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,  
Therefore exhale

[*Nym draws his sword*]

*Bard* Hear me, hear me what I say—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier

[*Draws his sword*]

*Pist* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate—  
Give me thy fist, thy fore foot to me give  
Thy spirits are most tall

[*They sheathe their swords*]

*Nym* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms that is the humour of it

*Pist* *Coupe la gorge!*

That is the word I thee defy again  
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?  
No, to the spital go,  
And from the powdering tub of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazari kite of Cressid's kind,  
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse  
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly  
For the only she, and—*Pauca*, there's enough  
Go to

*Enter the Boy*

*Boy* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess <sup>(32)</sup>—he is very sick, and would to bed—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming pan—Faith, he's very ill

*Bard* Away, you rogue!

*Host* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days the king has killed his heart—Good husband, come home presently

[*Exeunt Hostess and Boy*]

*Bard* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?



*Pist* Let floods o'er-swell, and fiends for food howl on !

*Nym* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

*Pist* Base is the slave that pays

*Nym* That now I will have that's the humour of it

*Pist* As manhood shall compound push home

[*Pistol and Nym draw their swords*

*Bard* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him, by this sword, I will [Draws his sword

*Pist* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course

*Bard* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too Pri thee, put up

*Nym* I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

*Pist* A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,

And friendship shall combine and brotherhood,

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me,—

Is not this just ?—for I shall sutler be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue

Give me thy hand

[*They sheathe their swords*

*Nym* I shall have my noble ?

*Pist* In cash most justly paid

*Nym* Well, then, that's the humour of it

*Re-enter Hostess*

*Host* As ever you came of women, come in quickly<sup>(36)</sup> to Sir John Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold Sweet men, come to him

*Nym* The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it

*Pist* Nym, thou hast spoke the right, His heart is fiacted and corroborate

*Nym* The king is a good king but it must be as it may, he passes some humours and careers

*Pist* Let us condole the knight, for lambkins we will live<sup>(37)</sup>

[*Exeunt*



SCENE II *Southampton A council chamber**Enter L EFER, BLDIORD, and WESTMOPELAND**Bed* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors*Ere* They shall be apprehended by and by*West* How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

Crowned with faith and constant loyalty

*Bed* The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of

*Ere* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell

His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets sound Enter King HENRY, CAMBRIDGE, SCROOL, GREY,  
Lords, and Attendants**K Hen* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard

My Lord of Cambridge,—and my kind Lord of Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us

Will cut their passage through the force of Fiance,

Doing the execution and the act

For which we have in head assembled them?

*Scrool* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best*K Hen* I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence

That grows not in a fair concert with ours,

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish

Success and conquest to attend on us

*Cam* Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'dThan is your majesty there's not, I think,<sup>(38)</sup> a subject

That sits in heart grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government

*Grey* True those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal

*K Hen* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,  
And shall forget the office of our hand,



Sooner than quittance of desert and merit  
According to their weight<sup>(39)</sup> and worthiness

*Scroop* So service shall with steeled sinews toil,  
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
To do your grace incessant services

*K Hen* We judge no less — Uncle of Exeter,  
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person we consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on,  
And, on our more advice, we pardon him <sup>(40)</sup>

*Scroop* That's mercy, but too much security  
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind

*K Hen* O, let us yet be merciful

*Cam* So may your highness, and yet punish too

*Grey* Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life,  
After the taste of much correction

*K Hen* Alas, your too much love and care of me  
Are heavy onsons 'gainst this poor wretch !  
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,  
Appeal before us ? — We'll yet enlarge that man,  
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care  
And tender preservation of our person,  
Would have him punish'd And now to our French causes <sup>(41)</sup>  
Who are the late<sup>(42)</sup> commissioners ?

*Cam* I one, my lord

Your highness bade me ask for it to day

*Scroop* So did you me, my liege

*Grey* And me, my royal sovereign <sup>(43)</sup>

*K Hen* Then, Richard earl of Cambridge, there is  
yours, —

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham, — and, sir knight,  
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours —  
Read them, and know, I know your worthiness —  
My Lord of Westmoreland, — and uncle Exeter, —  
We will aboard to night — Why, how now, gentlemen !  
What see you in those papers, that you lose



So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change !  
 Their cheeks are paper —Why, what read you there,  
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood  
 Out of appearance ?

*Cam* I do confess my fault,  
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy

*Grey* } To which we all appeal  
*Scroop* }

*K Hen* The mercy that was quick in us but late,  
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd  
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,  
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you —  
 See you, my princes and my noble peers,  
 These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge here,—  
 You know how apt our love was to accord  
 To furnish him<sup>(44)</sup> with all appertinents  
 Belonging to his honour, and this man  
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
 And sworn unto the practices of France,  
 To kill us here in Hampton to the which  
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn —But, O,  
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,  
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !  
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,  
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,—  
 May it be possible, that foreign hue  
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
 That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,  
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it  
 Treason and murder ever kept together,  
 As two yoke devils sworn to either's purpose,  
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,<sup>(45)</sup>  
 That admiration did not whoop at them  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder



And whatsoever cunning fiend it was  
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence  
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
Do botch and bungle up damnation  
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
From glistening semblances of piety,  
But he that tempted<sup>(46)</sup> thee bade thee stand up,  
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,  
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor  
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus  
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
And tell the legions, "I can never win  
A soul so easy as that Englishman's"  
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?  
Why, so didst thou seem<sup>(47)</sup> they grave and learned?  
Why, so didst thou come they of noble family?  
Why, so didst thou seem they religious?  
Why, so didst thou or vie they spare in diet,  
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,  
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,  
Garish'd and deck'd in modest complement,  
Not working with the eye without the ear,  
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?  
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem  
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full fraught man<sup>(48)</sup> and best indu'd  
With some suspicion I will weep for thee,  
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man —Then faults are open  
Arrest them to the answer of the law, —  
And God acquit them of their practices!

*Exe* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Rich-  
ard earl of Cambridge

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord  
Scroop of Masham

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey,  
knight, of Northumberland



*Scroop* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,  
 And I repent my fault more than my death,  
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
 Although my body pay the price of it

*Cam* For me,—the gold of France did not seduce,  
 Although I did admit it as a motive  
 The sooner to effect what I intended  
 But God be thanked for prevention,  
 Which I<sup>(49)</sup> in sufferance heartily will rejoice,  
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me

*Grey* Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason  
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
 Prevented from a damned enterprise  
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign

*K Hen* God quit you in his mercy! Here your sentence  
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers<sup>(50)</sup>  
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death,  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
 His princes and his peers to servitude,  
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
 And his whole kingdom into desolation  
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge,  
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
 We do deliver you—Get you, therefore, hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death  
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give  
 You patience to endure, and true repentance  
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded*  
 Now, lords, for France, the enterprise whereof  
 Shall be to you as us like glorious  
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way  
 To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now  
 But every rub is smoothed on our way



Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 Putting it straight in expedition  
 Cheerly to sea, the signs of war advance  
 No king of England, if not king of France

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *London Before the Boar's head Tavern,  
 Eastcheap*

*Enter* PISTOL, Hostess, NIM, BARDOLPH, and Boy

*Host* Pithee, honey sweet husband, let me bring thee to  
 Stanes

*Pist* No, for my manly heart doth yearn —  
 Bardolph, be blithe, — Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins, —  
 Boy, bristle thy courage up, — for Falstaff he is dead,  
 And we must yearn therefore

*Bard* Would I were with him, wheresome er he is, either  
 in heaven or in hell !

*Host* Nay, sure, he's not in hell he's in Arthur's bo-  
 som, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A made a fine  
 end,<sup>(61)</sup> and went away, an it had been any christom child, 'a  
 parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning  
 o' the tide for after I saw him fumble with the shee's, and  
 play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers ends, I knew  
 there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen,  
 and 'a babbled of green fields<sup>(62)</sup> "How now, Sir John !  
 quoth I "what, man ! be o' good cheer " So 'a cried out  
 "God, God, God !" three or four times Now I, to com-  
 fort him, bid him 'a should not think of God, I hoped there  
 was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet  
 So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet I put my hand  
 into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any  
 stone, then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward,<sup>(63)</sup>  
 and all was as cold as any stone

*Nym* They say he cried out of sack

*Host* Ay, that 'a did

*Bard* And of women

*Host* Nay, that 'a did not



*Boy* Yes, that 't did, and said they were devils incarnate

*Host* 'A could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never liked

*Boy* 'A said once, the devil would have him about women

*Host* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women, but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon

*Boy* Do you not remember, 't saw a flea stick upon Baldolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell fire?

*Bard* Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire that's all the riches I got in his service

*Nym* Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton

*Pist* Come, let's away — My love, give me thy lips  
Look to my chattels and my movables  
Let senses rule, the word is "Pitch and pay,"  
Trust none,

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer cakes

And hold fast is the only dog, my duck

Therefore, *caveo* be thy counsellor

Go, clear thy crystals — Yoke fellows in arms,

Let us to France, like horse leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

*Boy* And that's but unwholesome food, they say

*Pist* Touch her soft mouth, and march

*Bard* Farewell, hostess

[*Kissing her*]

*Nym* I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it, but, adieu

*Pist* Let housewifery appear keep close, I thee command

*Host* Farewell, adieu

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *France* A room in the French King's palace

*Mourish* Enter the French King, attended the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and others

*Fr King* Thus come the English with full power upon us,  
And more than carefully it us concerns



Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,  
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,—  
And you, Prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,  
To line and new repair our towns of war  
With men of courage and with means defendant,  
For England his approaches makes as fierce  
As waters to the sucking of a gulf  
It fits us, then, to be as provident  
As fear may teach us, out of late examples  
Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields

*Dau* My most redoubted father,  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe,  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,  
But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
As were a war in expectation  
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth  
To view the sick and feeble parts of France  
And let us do it with no show of fear,  
No, with no more than if we heard that England  
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance  
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
That fear attends her not

*Con* O peace, Prince Dauphin!  
You are too much mistaken in this king  
Question your grace the late ambassadors,—  
With what great state he heard their embassy,  
How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
How modest in exception, and withal  
How terrible in constant resolution,—  
And you shall find his vanities forespent  
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring and be most delicate

*Dau* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,



But though we think it so, it is no matter  
 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh  
 The enemy more mighty than he seems  
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd,  
 Which, of<sup>(r)</sup> a weak and niggardly projection,  
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting  
 A little cloth

*F<sup>r</sup> King* Think we King Harry strong,  
 And, princes, look you strongly aim to meet him  
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,  
 And he is bled out of that bloody stain  
 That haunted us in our familiar paths  
 Witness our too much memorable shame  
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
 And all our princes captiv'd by the hand  
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales,  
 Whiles that his mountain sire,<sup>(56)</sup>—on mountain standing,  
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—  
 Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him,  
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
 Had twenty years been made This is a stem  
 Of that victorious stock, and let us fear  
 The native mightiness and fate of him

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mess* Ambassadors from Harry king of England  
 Do crave admittance to your majesty

*F<sup>r</sup> King* We'll give them present audience Go, and  
 bring them

*[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords]*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends

*Dau* Turn head, and stop pursuit, for coward dogs  
 Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten  
 Runs far before them Good my sovereign,  
 Take up the English short, and let them know  
 Of what a monarchy you are the head  
 Self love, my hege, is not so vile a sin  
 As self neglecting



*Re enter Lords, with EXETER and Dauphin*

*Fr King* From our brother England<sup>(63)</sup>

*Exe* From him, and thus he greets your majesty

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,

That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,

By law of nature and of nations, 'long

To him and to his heirs, namely, the crown,

And all wide stretch'd honours that pertain,

By custom and the ordinance of times,

Unto the crown of France That you may know

Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,

Pick'd from the worm holes of long vanish'd days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,

He sends you this most memorable line, [*Gives a paper*

In every branch truly demonstrative,

Willing you overlook his<sup>(67)</sup> pedigree

And when you find him evenly deriv'd

From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held

From him the native and true challenger

*Fr King* Or else what follows?

*Exe* Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown

Even in your hearts, there will he take for it

Therefore in fiery<sup>(68)</sup> tempest is he coming,

In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,

That, if requiring fail, he will compel,

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,

Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy

On the poor souls for whom this hungry war

Opens his vasty jaws and on your head

Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,

That shall be swallow'd in this controversy

This is his claim, his threatening, and my message,

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,

To whom expressly I bring greeting too<sup>(69)</sup>



*Fr King* For us, we will consider of this further  
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother England

*Dau* For the Dauphin  
I stand here for him what to him from England?

*Exc* Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at  
Thus says my king an if your father's highness  
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,  
That caves and wombly vaultages of Fiance  
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordinance <sup>(60)</sup>

*Dau* Say, if my father render fair return,  
It is against my will, for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with the Paris balls

*Exc* He'll make your Paris Louvie shake for it,  
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,  
As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,  
Between the promise of his greener days  
And these he masters now now he weighs time,  
Even to the utmost grain —that you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France

*Fr King* To-morrow shall you know our mind at full

*Exc* Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come here himself to question our delay,  
For he is footed in this land already

*Fr King* You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions

A night is but small breath and little pause  
To answer matters of this consequence [*Flourish* *Exeunt*]



*Enter Chorus*

*Chor* Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought Suppose that you have seen  
The well appointed king at Hampton pier<sup>(61)</sup>  
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning<sup>(62)</sup>  
Play with your fancies, and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing,  
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd, behold the threaten sails,  
Borne<sup>(63)</sup> with th' invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge O, do but think  
You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing,  
For so appears this fleet majestical,  
Holding due course to Harfleur Follow, follow!  
Grapple your minds to sterage of this navy,  
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and purance,  
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These cull'd and choice drawn cavaliers to France?  
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege,  
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on guded Harfleur  
Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes back,  
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him  
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms  
The offer likes not and the nimble gunner  
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,  
[*Alarum, and chambers go off, with*  
And down goes all before them Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind [Exit



## ACT III

SCENE I *France Before Harfleur*

*Alarums Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders*

*K Hen* Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,

Or close the wall up with our English dead !  
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
 As modest stillness and humility  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger,  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon<sup>(64)</sup> up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head  
 Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it  
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height !—On, on, you noble English,<sup>(65)</sup>  
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof !—  
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument —  
 Dishonour not your mothers, now attest  
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you !  
 Be copy now to men<sup>(66)</sup> of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war !—And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture, let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding which I doubt not,  
 \*For there is none of you so mean and base,  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,



Staining<sup>(67)</sup> upon the start    The game's afoot  
 Follow your spirit, and, upon this charge,  
 Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"  
*[Exeunt Alarum, and chambers go off, withun*

*Enter* Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy

*Bard* On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!  
*Nym* Pray thee, corporal,<sup>(68)</sup> stay the knocks are too  
 hot, and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives the  
 humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it

*Pist* The plain song is most just, for humours do  
 abound

Knocks go and come,<sup>(69)\*</sup> God's vassals drop and die,  
 And sword and shield,  
 In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame

*Boy* Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would  
 give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety

*Pist* And I

If wishes would prevail with me,  
 My purpose should not fail with me,  
 But thither would I hie

*Boy* As duly, but not as truly,  
 As bird doth sing on bough

*Enter* Fluellen

*Flu* Got's plood!<sup>(70)</sup>—Up to the preaches, you rascals!  
 will you not up to the preaches? *[During them forward*

*Pist* Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!  
 Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!  
 Abate thy rage, great duke!  
 Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

*Nym* These be good humours!—your honour runs bad  
 humours<sup>(71)</sup> *[Exeunt Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol, followed  
 by Fluellen*

*Boy* As young as I am, I have observed these three  
 swashers I am boy to them all three but all they three,

\* *Knocks go and come &c* ] This fragment and the fragments which follow, belong to some ballad (or ballads) no longer extant



though they would seive me, could not be man to me, for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man For Baidolph,—he is white livered and red faced, by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword, by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scoins to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds, for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk They will steal any thing, and call it purchase Baidolph stole a lute case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half pence Nym and Baidolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire shovel I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs I must leave them, and seek some better service their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up [Exit

*Re enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following*

*Gow* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines, the Duke of Gloster would speak with you

*Flu* To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines, for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the wars <sup>(72)</sup> the concavities of it is not sufficient, for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss unto the duke, look you—is diggt himself four yard under the countermines by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions

*Gow* The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman,—a very valiant gentleman, I' faith

*Flu* It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow* I think it be

*Flu* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld <sup>(73)</sup> I will verify as much in his peard he has no more directions in the



true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy dog

*Gow* Here 'a comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him

*Flu* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th' auncient wars, upon my paticular knowledge of his directions by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'old, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY*

*Jamy* I say gude day, Captain Fluellen

*Flu* Got den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy <sup>(71)</sup>

*Gow* How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

*Mac* By Chrish, la, tish ill done, the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat By my hand, I sweat, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done, it ish give over I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour O, tish ill done, tish ill done, by my hand, tish ill done!

*Flu* Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication, partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point

*Jamy* It sall be vay gude, gude feith, gude captains baith and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, mary

*Mac* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes <sup>(72)</sup> it is no time to discourse The town is beseeched, and the trompet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing 'tis shame for us all so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame, by my hand and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la



*Jamy* By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take them selves to slomber, a'il do gude service, or a'il lig i' the grund for it, ay, or go to death, and a'il pay 't<sup>(76)</sup> as valouiously as I may, that sall I sueily do, that is the breff and the long. Mary, I wad full fain heud<sup>(77)</sup> some question 'tween you 'tway

*Flu* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your collection, there is not many of your nation—

*Mac* Of my nation<sup>(78)</sup> What ish my nation? what ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a basteid, and a knave, and a rascal

*Flu* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities

*Mac* I do not know you so good a man as myself so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head

*Gow* Gentlemen both, you will<sup>(79)</sup> mistake each other

*Jamy* A' that's a foul fault [A parley sounded]

*Gow* The town sounds a parley

*Flu* Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so pold as to tell you I know the disciplines of wars, and there is an end

[Exeunt]

## SCENE II *The same Before the gates of Harflew*

*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls, the English forces below Enter King HENRY and his Train*

*K Hen* How yet resolves the governor of the town? This is the latest parle we will admit Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves, Or, like ~~to~~ men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst for, as I am a soldier,<sup>(80)</sup> A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best, If I begin the battery once again,



I will not leave the half achieved Harfleur  
Till in her ashes she lie buried  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,  
And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range  
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass  
Your flesh fair virgins and your flowering infants  
What is it then to me, if impious war,—  
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—  
Do, with his smutch'd complexion, all fell feats  
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?  
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
Of hot and forcing violation?  
What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
We may as bootless spend our vain command  
Upon thr' enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
As send precepts to the leviathan  
To come ashore    Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
Take pity of your town and of your people,  
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,  
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of heady murder,<sup>(61)</sup> spoil, and villany  
If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
Defile<sup>(62)</sup> the locks of your shrill shrieking daughters,  
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
And then most reverent heads dash'd to the walls,  
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,  
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
At Herod's bloody hunting slaughtermen  
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?  
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov    Our expectation hath this day an end  
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,  
Returns us, that his powers are yet not ready  
To raise so great a siege    Therefore, dread king,



We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy  
 Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,  
 For we no longer are defensible

*K Hen* Open your gates — Come, uncle Exeter,  
 Go you and enter Harfleur, there remain,  
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French  
 Use mercy to them all For us, dear uncle,—  
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing  
 Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais  
 To night in Harfleur will we be your guest,  
 To morrow for the march are we addrest

[*Flourish* The King, &c enter the town

SCENE III Rouen A room in the palace

*Enter KATHARINE and ALICE*

*Kath* Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage

*Alice* Un peu, madame

*Kath* Je te prie m'enseigner, il faut que j'apprenne à parler  
 Comment appelez vous la main en Anglais ?

*Alice* La main ? elle est appelée de hand

*Kath* De hand Et les doigts ?

*Alice* Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts, mais je me souviendrai Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres, ou, de fingres

*Kath* La main, de hand, les doigts, de fingres Je pense que je suis le bon ecolier, j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vite ment Comment appelez vous les ongles ?

*Alice.* Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails

*Kath* De nails Ecoutez, dites moi, si je parle bien de hand, de fingres, et de nails

*Alice* C'est bien dit, madame, il est fort bon Anglais

*Kath* Dites moi l'Anglais pour le bras

*Alice* De arm, madame

*Kath* Et le coude ?

*Alice* De elbow

*Kath* De elbow Je m'en fais la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à present



*Alice* Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense  
*Kath* Excusez moi, *Alice*, écoutez de hand, de fingres,  
 de nails, de aim, de bilbow

*Alice* De elbow, madame

*Kath* O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ' de elbow Com  
 ment appellez vous le col ?

*Alice* De neck, <sup>(81)</sup> madame

*Kath* De nick Et le menton ?

*Alice* De chin

*Kath* De sin Le col, de nick, le menton, de sin

*Alice* Oui Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez  
 les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre

*Kath* Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de  
 Dieu, et en peu de temps

*Alice* N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai en  
 seigné ?

*Kath* Non, je réciterai à vous promptement de hand, de  
 fingres, de mails,—

*Alice* De nails, madame

*Kath* De nails, de aim, de ilbow

*Alice* Sauf votre honneur, de elbow

*Kath* Ainsi dis-je de elbow, de nick, et de sin Com  
 ment appelez vous le pied et la robe ?

*Alice* De foot, madame et de coun

*Kath* De foot et de coun ! O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont mots  
 de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour  
 les dames d'honneur d'user je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots  
 devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde Il faut  
 de foot et de coun néanmoins Je réciterai une autre fois  
 ma leçon ensemble de hand, de fingres, de nails, de aim, de  
 elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun

*Alice* Excellent, madame !

*Kath* C'est assez pour une fois allons nous à dîner

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *The same Another room in the same*

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Con  
 stable of France, and others*

*F<sup>r</sup> King* 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme



*Con* And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France, let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people

*Dau* O *Dieu vaillant*! shall a few sprays of us,  
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spunt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook their grafted?

*Bow* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!  
*Mort de ma vie*! if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobber and a duty farm  
In that nook shotten isle of Albion

*Con* *Dieu de batailles*! whence have they this mettle?<sup>(84)</sup>  
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,  
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale  
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,  
A diench for surlein'd jades, their bailey broth,  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant hert?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch,<sup>(85)</sup> whiles a more frosty people  
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,—  
Poor we may<sup>(86)</sup> call them in their native lords!

*Dau* By faith and honour,  
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say  
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give  
Their bodies to the lust of English youth  
To new store France with bastard warriors

*Bow* They bid us to the English dancing schools,  
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos,  
Saying our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways

*Fr King* Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence,  
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance —  
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field  
Charles Delabreth,<sup>(87)</sup> high constable of France,  
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,



Alençon, Biabant, Bai, and Burgundy,  
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
 Berumont, Grandpie, Roussi, and Fauconbeig,  
 Foix,<sup>(88)</sup> Lestiale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,  
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,<sup>(89)</sup>  
 For you great seats, now quit you of great shames  
 Bru Harry England, that sweeps through our land  
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur  
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat  
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon  
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen  
 Bring him our prisoner

*Con*

This becomes the great

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,  
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march,  
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom<sup>(90)</sup>

*Fr King* Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,  
 And let him say to England, that we send  
 To know what willing ransom he will give —  
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen

*Dau* Not so, I do beseech your majesty

*Fr King* Be patient, for you shall remain with us —  
 Now forth, lord constable, and princes all,  
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V *The English camp in Picardy*

*Enter, severally, GOWER and FLUELLEN*

*Gow* How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

*Flu* I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge

*Gow.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?



*Flu* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power—he is not—Got be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the 'old, but keeps the pidge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient there at the pidge,<sup>(91)</sup>—I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the 'old, but I did see him do gallant service.

*Gow* What do you call him?

*Flu* He is called Ancient Pistol.

*Gow* I know him not.

*Flu* Here is the man.

*Enter PISTOL*

*Pist* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.  
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

*Flu* Ay, I praise Got, and I have merited some love at his hands.

*Pist* Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,  
Of<sup>(92)</sup> buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,  
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,—  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

*Flu* By your patience, Ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind, and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation. And her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls—in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

*Pist* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him,\*  
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be,—  
A damned death!

\* *Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him* ] 'Conveys an allusion to the famous old ballad 'Fortune my foe'—

'Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me?' STANLEY



Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
 And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate  
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death  
 For pax of little price  
 Therefore, go speak,—the duke will hear thy voice,  
 And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
 With edge of penny cord and vile reproach  
 Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite

*Flu* Auncient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning

*Pist* Why, then, rejoice therefore

*Flu* Certainly, auncient, it is not a thing to rejoice at  
 for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desue the duke  
 to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used

*Pist* Die and be damn'd ! and fico for<sup>(08)</sup> thy friendship !

*Flu* It is well

*Pist* The fig of Spain !

[*Exit*

*Flu* Very goot

*Gow* Why, this is an aiant counterfeit rascal, I remember him now, a bawd, a cutpuise

*Flu* I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'oids at the pridge  
 as you shall see in a summer's day But it is very well, what  
 he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is  
 serve

*Gow* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and  
 then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return unto  
 London, under the foim of a soldier And such fellows are  
 perfect in the great commanders' names and they will learn  
 you by rote where services were done,—at such and such a  
 sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy, who came off  
 bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy  
 stood on, and thus they con perfectly in the phrase of war,  
 which they tick up with new tuned oaths<sup>(04)</sup> and what a  
 beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp,  
 will do among foaming bottles and ale washed wits, is wonder-  
 derful to be thought on But you must learn to know such  
 slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook

*Flu* I tell you what, Captain Gower;—I do perceive he  
 is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld



he is if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind  
*[Drum within]* Hark you, the king is coming, and I must  
 speak with him from the bridge

*Enter* King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers

Got pless your majesty!

*K Hen* How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the  
 bridge?

*Flu* Ay, so please your majesty The Duke of Exeter  
 has very gallantly maintained the bridge the French is gone  
 off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages  
 many, th' athversary was have possession of the bridge, but  
 he is enforced to retue, and the Duke of Exeter is master of  
 the bridge I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man

*K Hen* What men have you lost Fluellen?

*Flu* The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great,  
 reasonable great many, for my part, I think the duke hath  
 lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for  
 robbing a church,—one Bardolph, if your majesty know the  
 man his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and  
 flames o' fire and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a  
 coal of fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red, but his nose  
 is executed, and his fire's out

*K Hen* We would have all such offenders so cut off —  
 and we give express charge that, in our marches through the  
 country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing  
 taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused  
 in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for  
 a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner

*Tucket sounds Enter* MONTJOY

*Mont* You know me by my habit

*K Hen* Well, then, I know thee what shall I know of  
 thee?

*Mont* My master's mind

*K Hen* Unfold it

*Mont* Thus says my king — Say thou to Harry of Eng  
 land Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep, advantage  
 is a better soldier than rashness Tell him, we could have  
 rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to



bruise an injury till it were full ripe —now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested, which, in weight to re answer, his pettiness would bow under For our losses, his exchequer is too poor, for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number, and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction To this add defiance and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced So far my king and master, so much my office

*K Hen* What is thy name? I know thy quality

*Mont* Montjoy

*K Hen* Thou dost thy office fairly Turn thee back,  
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now,  
But could be willing to march on to Calais  
Without impeachment for, to say the sooth,—  
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,—  
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,  
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,  
Almost no better than so many French,  
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,  
I thought upon one pair of English legs  
Did march<sup>(95)</sup> three Frenchmen —Yet, forgive me, God,  
That I do brag thus!—this your man of France  
Hath blown that vice in me, I must repent  
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am,  
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,  
My army but a weak and sickly guard  
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,  
Though France himself and such another neighbour,  
Stand in our way There's for thy labour, Montjoy

[*Goes a prisoner*]

Go, bid thy master well advise himself  
If we may pass, we will, if we be hinder'd,  
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
Discolour and so, Montjoy, fare you well



The sum of all our answer is but this  
 We would not seek a battle, as we are,  
 No, as we are, we say, we will not shun it  
 So tell your master

*Mont* I shall deliver so Thanks to your highness [*Exit*]

*Glo* I hope they will not come upon us now

*K Hen* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs  
 March to the bridge, it now draws toward night —  
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,  
 And on to-morrow bid them march away [*Exit int*]

SCENE VI *The French camp, near Agincourt*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES, the Duke of Orleans, the Dauphin, and others*

*Con* Tut! I have the best armour of the world — We'll do it were day!

*Orl* You have an excellent armour, but let my horse have his due

*Con* It is the best horse of Europe

*Orl* Will it never be morning?

*Dau* My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour, —

*Orl* You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world

*Dau* What a long night is this! — I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns <sup>(96)</sup> *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs, *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk — he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it, the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes

*Orl* He's of the colour of the nutmeg <sup>(97)</sup>

*Dau* And of the heat of the ginger — It is a beast for Pegasus — he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him — he is, indeed, a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.



*Con* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse

*Dau* It is the prince of palfreys, his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage

*Orl* No more, cousin

*Dau* Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey—it is a theme as fluent as the sea, turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all—'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on, and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him—I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus—"Wonder of nature,"—

*Orl* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress

*Dau* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my couser, for my horse is my mistress

*Orl* Your mistress bears well

*Dau* Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress

*Con* Ma foi,<sup>(98)</sup> methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook you back

*Dau* So, perhaps, did yours

*Con* Mine was not bridled

*Dau* O, then, belike she was old and gentle, and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers

*Con* You have good judgment in horsemanship

*Dau* Be warned by me, then—they that ride so, and ride not waily, fall into foul bogs—I had rather have my horse to my mistress

*Con* I had as lief have my mistress a jade

*Dau* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her<sup>(99)</sup> own hair.

*Con* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress

*Dau* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubre*—thou makest use of any thing

*Con* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose



*Ram* My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to night,—are those stars or suns upon it?

*Con* Stars, my lord

*Dau* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope

*Con* And yet my sky shall not want

*Dau* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away

*Con* Even as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your biags dismounted

*Dau* Would I were able to load him with his desert!—Will it never be day?—I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces

*Con* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English

*Ram* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

*Con* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them

*Dau* 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself [Exit

*Orl* The Dauphin longs for morning

*Ram* He longs to eat the English

*Con* I think he will eat all he kills

*Orl* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince

*Con* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath

*Orl* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France

*Con* Doing is activity, and he will still be doing

*Orl* He never did harm, that I heard of

*Con* Nor will do none to-morrow he will keep that good name still

*Orl* I know him to be valiant

*Con* I was told that by one that knows him better than you

*Orl* What's he?

*Con* Many, he told me so himself, and he said he cared not who knew it

*Orl* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him

*Con* By my faith, sir, but it is, never any body saw it but his lackey 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate

*Orl* Ill will never said well



*Con* I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship

*Oil* And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due

*Con* Well placed there stands your friend for the devil have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil

*Oil* You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot

*Con* You have shot over

*Oil* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot

*Enter a Messenger*

*Mess* My lord high constable, the English he within fifteen hundred paces of your tents

*Con* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess* The Lord Grandpre

*Con* A valiant and most expert gentleman—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do

*Oil* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away

*Oil* That they lack, for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head pieces

*Ram* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures, then mastiffs are of unmatchable courage

*Oil* Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion

*Con* Just, just, and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils

*Oil* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef

*Con* Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm, come, shall we about it?



*Orl.* It is now two o'clock but, let me see,—by ten  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen [Exeunt]

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*Enter Chorus*

*Chor.* Now entertain conjecture of a time  
When creeping murmur and the pining dark  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch  
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents,  
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name <sup>(100)</sup>  
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice,  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemn'd English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad  
Investing lank lean cheeks, and war-worn coats, <sup>(101)</sup>  
Presenteth <sup>(102)</sup> them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"  
For forth he goes and visits all his host,  
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,



And calls them brotheirs, friends, and countrymen  
 Upon his royal face there is no note  
 How dread an army hath enounded him,  
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
 Unto the weary and all watched night,  
 But freshly looks, and over bears attaint  
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty,  
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks  
 A largess universal, like the sun,  
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,<sup>(108)</sup>  
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
 A little touch of Harry in the night  
 And so our scene must to the battle fly  
 Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace  
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,  
 The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see,  
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be [Exit

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## ACT IV

SCENE I *France The English camp at Agincourt*

*Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.*

*K Hen* Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,  
 The greater therefore should our courage be—  
 Good morrow, brother Bedford—God Almighty!  
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
 Would men observingly distil it out,  
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry  
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
 And preachers to us all, admonishing  
 That we should dress us fairly for our end



Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moial of the devil himself

*Enter ERPINGHAM*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham  
A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish tuif of France

*Erp* Not so, my liege this lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king"

*K Hen* 'Tis good for men to love their present pains  
Upon example, so the spirit is eas'd  
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legenty  
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas — Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp,  
Do my good morrow to them, and anon  
Desire them all to my pavilion

*Glo* We shall, my liege

*Erp* Shall I attend your grace?

*K Hen* No, my good knight,  
Go with my brothers to my lords of England  
I and my bosom must debate awhile,  
And then I would no other company

*Erp* The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

*[Exeunt Gloster, Bedford, and Erpingham]*

*K Hen* God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully

*Enter PISTOL*

*Pist* *Qui va là?*

*K Hen* A friend

*Pist* Discuss unto me, art thou officer?  
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

*K Hen* I am a gentleman of a company

*Pist* Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

*K Hen* Even so What are you?

*Pist* As good a gentleman as the emperor

*K Hen* Then you are a better than the king

*Pist* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,



A lad of life, an imp of fame,  
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant  
 I kiss his duty shoe, and from my heart stings  
 I love the lovely bully —What is thy name?

*K Hen* Harry le Roi

*Pist* Le Roy!

A Cornish name art thou of Cornish crew?

*K Hen* No, I am a Welshman

*Pist* Know'st thou Fluellen?

*K Hen* Yes

*Pist* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day

*K Hen* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours

*Pist* Art thou his friend?

*K Hen* And his kinsman too

*Pist* The fico<sup>(104)</sup> for thee, then!

*K Hen* I thank you God be with you!

*Pist* My name is Pistol call'd

[*Exit*

*K Hen* It sorts well with your fierceness

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally*

*Gow* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu* So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower<sup>(105)</sup>

It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient pierogatives and laws of the wars is not kept if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp, I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow* Why, the enemy is loud, you heard him all night

*Flu* If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb,—in your own conscience, now?

*Gow* I will speak lower

*Flu* I pray you, and peseech you, that you will

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen*



*K Hen* Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
There is much cue and valour in this Welshman

*Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS*

*Court* Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which  
breaks yonder?

*Bates* I think it be but we have no great cause to desire  
the approach of day

*Will* We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I  
think we shall never see the end of it—Who goes there?

*K Hen* A friend

*Will* Under what captain serve you?

*K Hen* Under Sir Thomas<sup>(106)</sup> Elpingham

*Will* A good old commander and a most kind gentleman  
I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

*K Hen* Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to  
be washed off the next tide

*Bates* He hath not told his thought to the king?

*K Hen* No, nor is it not meet he should For, though  
I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am the  
violet smells to him as it doth to me, the element shows to  
him as it doth to me, all his senses have but human condi-  
tions his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears  
but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted  
than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like  
wing Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his  
fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are yet, in  
reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of  
fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army

*Bates* He may show what outward courage he will, but  
I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in  
Thames up to the neck,—and so I would he were, and I by  
him, at all adventures, so we were quit here

*K Hen* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the  
king I think he would not wish himself any where but  
where he is

*Bates* Then I would he were here alone, so should he  
be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved

*K Hen* I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him  
here alone, howsoever you speak thus, to feel other men's



minds methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company,—his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable

*Will* That's more than we know

*Bates* Ay, or more<sup>(10)</sup> than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us

*Will* But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle,<sup>(108)</sup> shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, "We died at such a place," some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some, upon their wives left poor behind them, some, upon the debts they owe, some, upon their children lawfully left I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle,<sup>(109)</sup> for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection

*K Hen* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many unconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation—but this is not so the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant, for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder, some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury, some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery Now, if these men have defeated the law and out-run native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God war is his beadle, war is his



vengeance, so that here men are punished for before breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed,—wash every mote out of his conscience and dying so, death is to him advantage, or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare

*Will* 'Tis certain,<sup>(110)</sup> every man that dies ill, the ill is<sup>(111)</sup> upon his own head,—the king is not to answer it

*Bates* I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him

*K Hen* I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed

*Will* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser

*K Hen* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after

*Will* 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying

*K Hen* Your reproof is something too round I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient

*Will* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live

*K Hen* I embrace it

*Will* How shall I know thee again?

*K Hen* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet then, if ever thou daiest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel

*Will* Here's my glove give me another of thine



*K Hen* There

*Will* This will I also wear in my cap if ever thou come to me and say, after to morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee & box on the ear

*K Hen* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it

*Will* Thou dar'est as well be hanged

*K Hen* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company

*Will* Keep thy word fare thee well

*Bates* Be friends, you English fools, be friends we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon

*K Hen* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shouldeis but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to morrow the king himself will be a clipper

*[Exeunt Soldiers]*

Upon the king!—let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives,

Our children, and our sins, lay on the king!

We must bear all O hard condition, ✓

Twin born with greatness, subject to the breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel

But his own winging!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy!

And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony,—save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth! ✓

What is thy soul, O adoration?<sup>(112)</sup>

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!



Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose  
 I am a king that find thee, and I know  
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The intertissu'd robe of gold and pearl,  
 The farced title running 'fore the king  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,—  
 No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched<sup>(113)</sup> slave,  
 Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium, next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise, and help Hypereion to his horse,  
 And follows so the ever-running year,  
 With profitable labour, to his grave  
 And but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
 Had the fore hand and vantage of a king  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages

*Enter ERPINGHAM*

*Erp* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
 Seek through your camp to find you

*K Hen* Good old knight,  
 Collect them all together at my tent  
 I'll be before thee

*Erp* I shall do't, my lord

[*Exit*



*K Hen* O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts,  
 Possess them not with fear, take from them now  
 The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers  
 Pluck their hearts from them!<sup>(114)</sup>—Not to day, O Lord,  
 O, not to day, think not upon the fault  
 My father made in compassing the crown!  
 I Richard's body have interred new,  
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears  
 Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood  
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood, and I have built  
 'Two churches, where the sad and solemn priests  
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do,  
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,  
 Since that my penitence comes after all,  
 Imploping pardon

*Enter GLOSTER*

*Glo* My liege!

*K Hen* My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay,<sup>(115)</sup>  
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee —  
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me [Exeunt

SCENE II *The French camp*

*Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others*

*Orl* The sun doth gild our armour, up, my lords!

*Dau* *Montez a cheval!*—My horse! *valet,*<sup>(116)</sup> *laquais!* ha!

*Orl* O brave spirit!

*Dau* *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre,*—

*Orl* *Rien puis?* *l'air et le feu,*—

*Dau* *Ciel!* cousin Orleans

*Enter Constable*

Now, my lord constable!

*Con* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh

*Dau* Mount them, and make incision in their hides,



That then hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!<sup>(11.)</sup>

*Ram* What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?  
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger*

*Miss* The English are embattled, you French peers

*Con* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!  
Do but behold yond poor and starved band,  
And you can show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men  
There is not work enough for all our hands,  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins  
To give each naked curtle axe a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to day draw out,  
And sheathe for lack of sport let us but blow on them,  
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them  
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,—  
Who in unnecessary action swarm  
About our squares of battle,—were enow  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,  
Though we upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation,—  
But that our honours must not What's to say?  
A very little little let us do,  
And all is done Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket sonance<sup>(118)</sup> and the note to mount  
For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield

*Enter GRANDPRE*

*Grand* Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?  
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favouredly become the morning field  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,



With torch staves in their hand, and then poor jades  
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,  
 The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes,  
 And in their pale dull mouths<sup>(119)</sup> the gimmel bit  
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless,  
 And then executors, the knavish crows,  
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour  
 Description cannot suit itself in words  
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself

*Con* They've said their prayers, and they stay for death

*Dau* Shall we go send them dinners and flesh suits,  
 And give them fasting horses provender,  
 And after fight with them?

*Con* I stay but for my guidon—to the field!—  
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
 And use it for my haste<sup>(120)</sup> Come, come, away!  
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day

[*Exeunt*

### SCENE III *The English camp*

*Enter the English host, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY,  
 and WESTMORELAND*

*Glo* Where is the king?

*Bed* The king himself is rode to view their battle

*West* Of fighting men they have full three score thousand  
 sand

*Exe* There's five to one, besides, they all are fresh

*Sal* God's aim strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds  
 God b' wi' you, princes all, I'll to my charge  
 If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,  
 Then, joyfully,—my noble Lord of Bedford,—  
 My dear Lord Gloster,—and my good Lord Exeter,—  
 And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

*Bed* Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with  
 thee!

*Exe* Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to day  
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,



For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour <sup>(121)</sup>

[*Exit Salisbury*]

*Bed* He is as full of valour as of kindness,  
Princely in both

*Enter King Henry*

*West* O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to day !

*K Hen* What's he that wishes so ?  
My cousin Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss, and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour  
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost,  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear,  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England  
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have O, do not wish one more !  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart, his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us  
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian  
He that shall live this day, and see old age, <sup>(122)</sup>  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say, " To morrow is Saint Crispian "   
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say, " These wounds I had on Crispin's day " <sup>(123)</sup>



Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot,  
 But he'll remember with advantages  
 What feats he did that day then shall our names,  
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
 Hurray the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd <sup>(194)</sup>  
 This story shall the good man teach his son,  
 And Crispin Crispin shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered,—  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
 Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition  
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
 Shall think themselves accus'd they were not here,  
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day

*Re-enter SALISBURY*

*Sal* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed  
 The French are bravely in their battles set,  
 And will with all expedience charge on us

*K Hen* All things are ready, if our minds be so

*West* Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

*K Hen* Thou dost not wish more help from England,  
 coz?

*West* God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,  
 Without more help, might fight this battle out!

*K Hen* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand  
 men,  
 Which likes me better than to wish us one —  
 You know your places God be with you all!

*Trucl et Enter MONTJOY*

*Mont* Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,  
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
 Before thy most assured overthrow  
 For certainly thou art so near the gulf,



Thou needs must be englutted    Besides, in mercy,  
 The constable desues thee thou wilt mind  
 Thy followers of repentance, that their souls  
 May make a peaceful and a sweet rest  
 From all these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies  
 Must lie and fester

*K Hen*                    Who hath sent thee now?

*Mont*    The constable of France

*K Hen*    I pray thee, bear my former answer back  
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones  
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?  
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him  
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt  
 Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,  
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work  
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
 They shall be fam'd, for there the sun shall greet them,  
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,  
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France  
 Mark, then, abounding<sup>(125)</sup> valour in our English,  
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,<sup>(126)</sup>  
 Break out into a second course of mischief,  
 Killing in relapse<sup>(127)</sup> of mortality  
 Let me speak proudly —tell the constable  
 We are but warriors for the working day,  
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd  
 With rainy marching in the painful field,  
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,—  
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,—  
 And time hath worn us into slovenry  
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim,  
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
 They'll be in fresher robes, or<sup>(128)</sup> they will pluck  
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
 And turn them out of service    If they do this,—  
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then  
 Will soon be levied    Herald, save thou<sup>(129)</sup> thy labour,



Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald  
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,—  
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,  
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable

*Mont* I shall, King Harry And so, fare thee well  
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more [Exit

*K Hen* I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom (130)

*Enter the Duke of York*

*York* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
 The leading of the vaward

*K Hen* Take it, brave York — Now, soldiers, march  
 away —

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! [Exeunt

#### SCENE IV *The field of battle*

*Alarums excursions Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy*

*Pist* Yield, cur !

*Fr Sol* Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne  
 qualité

*Pist* Quality ! *Callino*, *castore me* (131) art thou a gentleman ? what is thy name ? discuss

*Fr Sol* O *Sergneur Dieu* !

*Pist* O, *Signieur Dew* should be a gentleman —  
 Perpend my words, O *Signieur Dew*, and mark, —  
 O *Signieur Dew*, thou diest on point of fox,  
 Except, O *signieur*, thou do give to me  
 Egregious ransom

*Fr Sol* O, *prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié de moi !*

*Pist* My shall not serve, I will have forty moys,  
 Or (132) I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat  
 In drops of crimson blood

*Fr Sol* Est il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras ?

*Pist* Brass, cur !

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
 Offer'st me brass ?

*Fr Sol* O, *pardonnez moi !*



*Pist* Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?—  
Come hither, boy ask me this slave in French  
What is his name

*Boy* *Ecoutez comment ctes vous appelle* '

*Fr Sol* *Monsieur le Fei*

*Boy* He says his name is Master Fei

*Pist* Master Fei ! I'll fei him, and flik him, and ferret him—discuss the same in French unto him

*Boy* I do not know the French foi fei, and ferret, and firk

*Pist* Bid him prepare, foi I will cut his throat

*Fr Sol* *Que dit il, monsieur ?*

*Boy* *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous pret, car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge*

*Pist* *Ou, couper la gorge, par ma foi,*  
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns,  
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword

*Fr Sol* *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison garder ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents ecus*

*Pist* What are his words ?

*Boy* He prays you to save his life he is a gentleman of a good house, and foi his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns

*Pist* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take

*Fr Sol* *Petit monsieur, que dit il ?*

*Boy* *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les ecus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement*

*Fr Sol* *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre*

*Pist* Expound unto me, boy

*Boy* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks, and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice worthy signieur of England



*Pist* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show —  
Follow me, cur

*Boy* *Suez vous le grand capitaine* [*Exit French Soldier*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound Budolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this rousing devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged, and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys [*Exit*

SCENE V *Another part of the field of battle*

*Alarums* Enter Constable, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Dauphin,  
RAMBURES, and others

*Con* O diable !

*Orl* O Seigneur !—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !

*Dau* Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !

Reproach and everlasting shame<sup>(133)</sup>

Sit mocking in our plumes —O *mechante fortune* !—

Do not run away [*A short alarum*

*Con* Why, all our ranks are broke

*Dau* O perdurable shame !—let's stab ourselves  
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?<sup>(134)</sup>

*Orl* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

*Bow* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !  
Let's die in honour once more back again,<sup>(135)</sup>

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber door

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminate<sup>(136)</sup>

*Con* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !  
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives<sup>(137)</sup>

*Orl* We are enow, yet living in the field,



To smother up the English in our thiongs,  
If any order might be thought upon

*Bow* The devil take order now! I'll to the thiong <sup>(133)</sup>  
Let life be short, else shame will be too long [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI *Another part of the field*

*Alarums Enter King HENRY and Forces, EXETER, and others*

*K Hen* Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen  
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field

*Exe* The Duke of York commends him to your majesty

*K Hen* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour  
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting,  
From helmet to the spur all blood he was

*Exe* In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,  
Laying the plain, <sup>(139)</sup> and by his bloody side,  
Yoke fellow to his honour owing wounds,  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies  
Suffolk first died and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,  
And cries aloud, "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company <sup>(140)</sup> to heaven,  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a breast,  
As in this glorious and well foughten field  
We kept together in our chivalry!"  
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up  
He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign"  
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips,  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble ending love  
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd,  
But I had not so much of man in me,



And<sup>(41)</sup> all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears

*K Hen* I blame you not,  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful<sup>(42)</sup> eyes, or they will issue too — [*Alarum*  
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—  
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men —  
Then every soldier kill his prisoners,  
Give the word through [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Another part of the field*

*Alarums Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

*Flu* Kill the boys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against  
the law of arms 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you  
now, as can be offered, in your conscience, now, is it not?

*Gow* 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive, and the  
cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this  
slaughter besides, they have burned and carried away all  
that was in the king's tent, wherefore the king, most worthily,  
hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat  
O, 'tis a gallant king!

*Flu* Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower  
What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was  
born?

*Gow* Alexander the Great

*Flu* Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the  
great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are  
all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations

*Gow* I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon  
his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it

*Flu* I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born  
I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I  
warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon  
and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both  
alike There is a river in Macedon, and there is also more  
over a river at Monmouth it is called Wye at Monmouth,  
but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other



river, but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander,—God knows, and you know,—in his rages, and his furies, and his wiaths, and his choleis, and his moods, and his displeasures and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angeis, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that he never killed any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly doublet <sup>(14)</sup> he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he.—I'll tell you there is goot men poin at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

*Alarum.* Enter King HENRY with a part of the English forces,  
WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France  
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald,  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void the field, they do offend our sight.  
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,  
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones  
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.  
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,  
And not a man of them that we shall take  
Shall taste our mercy—go, and tell them so.

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.



*Enter MONTJOY*

*K Hen* How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?  
Com'st thou again for ransom ?

*Mont* No, great king

I come to thee for charitable license  
That we may wander o'er this bloody field  
To look our dead,<sup>(14)</sup> and then to bury them,  
To sort our nobles from our common men,  
For many of our princes—woe the while—  
Lie down'd and soak'd in mercenary blood,  
So do our vulgar diench their peasant limbs  
In blood of princes, and then<sup>(14)</sup> wounded steeds  
Fiet fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage  
Yeak out their aimed heels at their dead masters,  
Killing them twice O, give us leave, great king,  
To view the field in safety, and dispose  
Of their dead bodies

*K Hen* I tell thee truly, herald,  
I know not if the day be ours or no,  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer  
And gallop o'er the field

*Mont* The day is yours

*K Hen* Prais'd be God, and not our strength, for it !—  
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ?

*Mont* They call it Agincourt

*K Hen* Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus

*Flu* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please  
your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the Black Prince  
of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most  
prave battlie here in France

*K Hen* They did, Fluellen

*Flu* Your majesty says very true if your majesty is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden  
where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps,  
which, your majesty knows,<sup>(146)</sup> to this hour is an honourable



padge of the service, and I do pelieve you majesty takes no  
scoin to weu the leek upon Saint Tavy's day

*K Hen* I weu it for a memoriable honouir,  
For I am Welsh, you know, good countiyman

*Flu* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's  
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that Got  
pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and  
his majesty too!

*K Hen* Thanks, good my countiyman

*Flu* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countiyman, I care  
not who know it, I will confess it to all the 'orld I need  
not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long  
as your majesty is an honest man

*K Hen* God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him  
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts—Call yonder fellow hither

[*Points to Williams* *Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy*

*Exe* Soldier, you must come to the king

*K Hen* Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that  
I should fight withal, if he be alive

*K Hen* An Englishman?

*Will* An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggeied  
with me last night, who, if alive, and ever dare to challenge  
this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear or if I  
can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a sol-  
dier, he would wear if alive,<sup>(141)</sup> I will strike it out soundly

*K Hen* What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this  
soldier keep his oath?

*Flu* He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your  
majesty, in my conscience

*K Hen* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great  
sort, quite from the answer of his degree

*Flu* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is,  
as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your  
grace, that he keep his vow and his oath if he be perjured,  
see you now, his reputation is as ariant a villain and a Jack  
saucy, as ever his plack shoe tiwed upon Got's ground and his  
earth, in my conscience, la



*K Hen* Then keep thy vow, sniah, when thou meetest the fellow

*Will* So I will, my liege, as I live

*K Hen* Who servest thou under?

*Will* Under Captain Gower, my liege

*Flu* Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and hto: itued in the wars

*K Hen* Cull him hither to me, soldier

*Will* I will, my liege [Exit

*K Hen* Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person, if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love

*Flu* Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all, but I would fain see it once, an please Got of his grace that I might see <sup>(148)</sup>

*K Hen* Knowest thou Gower?

*Flu* He is my dear friend, an please you

*K Hen* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent

*Flu* I will fetch him [Exit

*K Hen* My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear,

It is the soldier's, I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself Follow, good cousin Warwick

If that the soldier strike him,—as I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,—

Some sudden mischief may arise of it,

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury

Follow, and see there be no harm between them —

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter [Exeunt



SCENE VIII *Before King HENRY's pavilion**Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS*

*Will* I warrant it is to knight you, captain

*Enter FLUELLEN*

*Flu* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I perceive you now, come apace to the king there is more goot toward you per adventure than is in your knowlege to dream of

*Will* Sir, know you this glove?

*Flu* Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove

*Will* I know this, and thus I challenge it [*Strikes him*]

*Flu* 'Splood, an unright traitor as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

*Gow* How now, sir! you villain!

*Will* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*Flu* Stand away, Captain Gower, I will give treason his payment into plows,<sup>(149)</sup> I warrant you

*Will* I am no traitor

*Flu* That's a lie in thy throat—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him—he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's

*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER*

*War* How now, how now! what's the matter?

*Flu* My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be Got for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day—Here is his majesty

*Enter King HENRY and EXETER*

*K Hen* How now! what's the matter?

*Flu* My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon

*Will* My liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it, and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap I promised to strike him, if he did I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word

*Flu* Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's man



hood, what an ungent, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is I hope your majesty is per me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now

*K Hen* Give me thy glove, <sup>(100)</sup> soldier look, here is the fellow of it

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike,  
And thou hast given me most bitter terms

*Flu* An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it if there is any martial law in the 'orld

*K Hen* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will* All offences, my liege, come from the heart never came any from mine that might offend your majesty

*K Hen* It was ourself thou didst abuse

*Will* Your majesty came not like yourself you appeared to me but as a common man, witness the night, your garments, your lowliness, and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence, therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me

*K Hen* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,  
And give it to this fellow—Keep it, fellow,  
And wear it for an honour in thy cap  
Till I do challenge it—Give him the crowns—  
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him

*Flu* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of pawls, and piabbles, and quarels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you

*Will* I will none of your money

*Flu* It is with a goot will, I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it

*Enter an English Herald*

*K Hen* Now, herald,—are the dead number'd?

*Hes* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French

[*Delivers a paper*



*K Hen* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

*Erc* Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king,  
John duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciquart  
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men

*K Hen* This note doth tell me of ten thousand French  
That in the field lie slain of princes, in this number,  
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty six added to these,  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred, of the which,  
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries,  
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,  
And gentlemen of blood and quality  
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—  
Charles Delabreth,<sup>(151)</sup> high constable of France,  
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France,  
The master of the cross bows, Lord Rambures,  
Great master of France, the brave Sir Guiscard Dauphin,  
John duke of Alencon, Antony duke of Biabant,  
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,  
And Edward duke of Bai of lusty pearls,  
Grandpie and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,  
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestale  
Here was a royal fellowship of death !—  
Where is the number of the English dead ?—

*[Herald presents another paper]*

Edward the duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,  
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire,  
None else of name, and of all other men  
But five and twenty —O God, thy arm was here,  
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all !—When, without stratagem,  
But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
Was ever known so great and little loss  
On one part and on th' other ?—Take it, God,  
For it is only thine !

*Erc*

'Tis wonderful !



*K Hen* Come, go we in procession to the village  
And be it death proclaimed through our host  
To boast of this, or take that praise from God  
Which is his only

*Flu* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how  
many is killed ?

*K Hen* Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment,  
That God fought for us

*Flu* Yes, my conscience, he did us great good

*K Hen* Do we all holy rites  
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*  
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,  
We'll then to Calais, and to England then,  
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men [*Exeunt*

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*Enter Chorus*

*Chor* Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them and of such as have,<sup>(152)</sup>  
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais grant him there, there seen,<sup>(153)</sup>  
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts  
Athwart the sea Behold, the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with<sup>(154)</sup> wives, and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps out voice the deep mouth'd sea,  
Which, like a mighty whifflet 'fore the king,  
Seems to prepare his way so let him land,  
And solemnly see him set on to London  
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,  
Where that his lords desire him to have boine  
His bruised helmet and his bended sword  
Before him through the city he forbids it,  
Being free from vaunness and self glorious pride,  
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,



Quite from himself to God But now behold,  
 In the quick forge and working house of thought  
 How London doth pour out her citizens !  
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—  
 Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,  
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in  
 As, by a lower but loving<sup>(1)</sup> likelihood,  
 Were now the general of our gracious empress—  
 As in good time he may—from Ireland coming,  
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
 How many would the peaceful city quit,  
 To welcome him ! much more, and much more cause,  
 Did they this Harry Now in London place him,—  
 As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the King of England's stay at home,  
 The emperor<sup>(2)</sup> coming in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them,—and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chance d,  
 Till Harry's back return again to France  
 There must we bring him, and myself have play'd  
 The interim, by remembering you 'tis past  
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France [Exit

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## ACT V

### SCENE I *France An English court of guard*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

*Gow* Nay, that's right, but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past

*Flu* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower — the rascally, scald, peggary, fousy, praggng knave, Pistol, — which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no



petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pried and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not pried no contention with him, but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Gow* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey cock.

*Flu* 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey cocks.

*Enter Pistol*

Got pless you, Auncient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got ples, you!

*Pist* Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thrust, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?  
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu* I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist* Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

*Flu* There is one goat for you [*Strikes him*]. Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu* You say very true, scald knave,—when Got's will is I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it [*Strikes him again*]. You called me yesterday mountain squire, but I will make you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to. If you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow* Enough, captain. You have astonished him.

*Flu* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you, it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

*Pist* Must I bite?

*Flu* Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

*Pist* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge  
I eat and eat, I swear—<sup>(157)</sup>



*Flu* Eat, I pray you will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by

*Pist* Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat

*Flu* Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily Nay, pray you, throw none away, the skin is goot for your poken cov comb When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that is all

*Pist* Good

*Flu* Ay, leeks is goot —hold you, there is a goot to heal your pate

*Pist* Me a goot!

*Flu* Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat

*Pist* I take thy goot in earnest of revenge

*Flu* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels Got b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate

[*Exit*

*Pist* All hell shall stir for this

*Gou* Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and win as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentle man twice or thrice You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh collection teach you a good English condition Fare ye well

[*Exit*

*Pist* Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell<sup>(158)</sup> is dead i' the spital

Of malady<sup>(159)</sup> of France,

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd Well, bawd will I turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars <sup>(160)</sup>

[*Exit*



SCENE II *Troops in Champagne In apartment in the  
French King's palace*

*Enter, from one side, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER,  
WARWICK, WISMORTON, and other Lords, from the other  
side, the French King, Queen ISABELL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE,  
ALICE, other Ladies, and Lords, the Duke of BURGUNDY, and  
his Train*

*K Hen* Perce to this meeting, wherefore we are met !  
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,  
Health and fun time of day, — joy and good wishes  
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine, —  
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,  
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy, —  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

*Fr King* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England, fairly met —  
So are you, princes English, every one

*Q Isa* So happy be the issue, brother England, <sup>(161)</sup>  
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality, <sup>(162)</sup> and that this day  
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love

*K Hen* To cry amen to that, thus we appear

*Q Isa* You English princes all, I do salute you

*Bur* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great Kings of France and England ! That I've labour'd,  
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this fair and royal interview,  
Your mightiness' on both parts best can witness  
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,  
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,  
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,



If I demand, before this royal view,  
 What rub or what impediment there is,  
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace  
 Dear nurse of arts, plenty,<sup>(117)</sup> and joyful births,  
 Should not, in this best garden of the world,  
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
 Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd!  
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
 Corrupting in its own fertility  
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
 Unpruned dies, her hedges even plough'd,  
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
 Put forth disorder'd twigs, her fallow leas  
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
 Do root upon, while that the coulter rusts,  
 That should deracinate such savagery,  
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
 The fleckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all<sup>(164)</sup> unconnected, rank,  
 Conveys by idleness, and nothing teems  
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
 Losing both beauty and utility  
 And as<sup>(165)</sup> our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,  
 Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,  
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,  
 The sciences that should become our country,  
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,  
 And every thing that seems unnatural  
 Which to reduce into our former favour,  
 You are assembled and my speech entreats  
 That I may know the let, why gentle Peace  
 Should not expel these inconveniences,  
 And bless us with her former qualities

*K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,  
 Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections  
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
 With full accord to all our just demands,



Whose tenours and particular effects  
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands

*Hen* The king hath heard them, to the which as yet  
There is no answer made

*K Hen* Well, then, the peace,  
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer

*The King* I have but with a cursory eye  
O'erglanc'd the articles pleaseth your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us<sup>(101)</sup> once more, with better heed  
To re-survey them, we will suddenly  
Pass our accept<sup>(102)</sup> and peremptory answer

*K Hen* Brother, we shall —Go, uncle Exeter,—  
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloucester,—  
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king,  
And take with you five power to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
Any thing in or out of our demands,  
And we'll consign thereto —Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q Isa* Our gracious brother, I will go with them  
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on

*K Hen* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us  
She is our capital demand, compris'd  
Within the fore rank of our articles

*Q Isa* She hath good leave

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice*]

*K Hen* Fair Katharine, and most fair!  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
And plead his love suit to her gentle heart?

*Kath* Your majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak  
your England

*K Hen* O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly  
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it  
brokenly with your English tongue Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath* *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell what is 'like me'



*K Hen* An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel

*Kath* *Que dit il ? que je suis semblable a les anges ?*

*Alice* *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit il*

*K Hen* I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it

*Kath* *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies*

*K Hen* What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

*Alice* *Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of de certs,—dat is de princess* <sup>(168)</sup>

*K Hen* The princess is the better Englishwoman I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding I am glad thou canst speak no better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you" then, if you urge me further than to say, "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit Give me your answer, i' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain how say you, lady ?

*Kath* *Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell* <sup>(169)</sup>

*K Hen* Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength If I could win a lady at leap frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the collection of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack an apes, never off But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation, only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there,—let thine eye be thy cook I speak to thee plain soldier if thou canst love me for this, take me, if not, to say



to thee that I shall die is true,—but for thy love, by the Lord, no, yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncombed constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places.<sup>(10)</sup> For these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a player, a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a full face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or, rather, the sun, and not the moon,—for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier, take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou, then, to my love? speak, my fan, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath* Is it possible that I should love the enemy of France?

*K Hen* No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

*Kath* I cannot tell what is that.

*K Hen* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ai la possession<sup>(11)</sup> de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi*,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath* *Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle*.

*K Hen* No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I think, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English,—Canst thou love me?

*Kath* I cannot tell.



*K Hen* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me, and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier breeder shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

*Kath* I do not know dat

*K Hen* No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine deesse*?

*Kath* Your majesty ave *faussé* French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is *en France*

*K Hen* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting<sup>(179)</sup> effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst, and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better—and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress, take me by the hand, and say, "Harry of England, I am thine" which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, "England is thine, Ireland is thine,



France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine," who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, you answer in broken music,—for thy voice is music, and thy English broken, therefore, queen of all Katharines,<sup>(11)</sup> break thy mind to me in broken English,—wilt thou have me?

*Kath* Dat is as it sall please de roi mon pèr

*K Hen* Nay, it will please him well, Kate,—it shall please him, Kate

*Kath* Den it sall also content me

*K Hen* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen

*Kath* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez ma foi, je ne veus point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur*<sup>(12)</sup> *excusez moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur*

*K Hen* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate

*Kath* *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocces, il n'est pas la coutume de France*

*K Hen* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice* Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France, —I cannot tell vat is *baiser* en English

*K Hen* To kiss

*Alice* Your majesty *entend*e better que moi

*K Hen* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

*Alice* *Oui, vraiment*

*K Hen* O Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion—we are the makers of manners, Kate, and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find faults,—as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss—therefore, patiently and yielding [*Kissing her*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate—there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council, and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs—Here comes your father



*Re-enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD,  
GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, &c*

*Bur* God save your majesty! my royal cousin  
Teach you our princess English?

*K Hen* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how  
perfectly I love her, and that is good English

*Bur* Is she not apt?

*K Hen* Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is  
not smooth, so that, having neither the voice nor the heart  
of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love  
in her, that he will appear in his true likeness

*Bur* Pardon the frankness of my muth, if I answer you  
for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a  
circle, if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must  
appear naked and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a  
maid yet closed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if  
she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked  
seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid  
to consign to

*K Hen* Yet they do wink and yield,—as love is blind  
and enforces

*Bur* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not  
what they do

*K Hen* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to con-  
sent winking

*Bur* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will  
teach her to know my meaning. For maids, well summered  
and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew tide, blind,  
though they have their eyes, and then they will endure hand-  
ling, which before would not abide looking on

*K Hen* This moral ties me over to time and a hot sum-  
mer, and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter  
end, and she must be blind too

*Bur* As love is, my lord, before it loves

*K Hen* It is so. And you may, some of you, thank love  
for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for  
one fair French maid that stands in my way

*F<sup>r</sup> King* Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the



cities turned into a maid for they are all guiled with maiden  
walls that wu hath never<sup>d</sup> entered

*K Hen* Shall Kate be my wife?

*Fr King* So please you

*K Hen* I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of  
may wait on her so the maid that stood in the way for my  
wish shall show me the way to my will

*Fr King* We have consented to all terms of reason

*K Hen* Is't so, my lords of England?

*Hest* The king hath granted every article —  
His daughter first and then,<sup>d</sup> in sequel all,  
According to their firm proposed natures

*Fr* Only, he hath not yet subscribed this —  
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, hav-  
ing any occasion to write for matter of giant, shall name your  
highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre*  
*très cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, lieutenant de France* and  
thus in Latin, *Precclarissimus<sup>d</sup> filius nostri Henricus, rex*  
*Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*

*Fr King* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,  
But your request shall make me let it pass

*K Hen* I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest  
And thereupon give me your daughter<sup>d</sup>

*Fr King* Take her, for son, and from her blood raise up  
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and Christian like accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that ne'er was advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France

*All* Amen!

*K Hen* Now, welcome, Kate,—and bear me witness all,  
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen [Flourish.

*Q Isa* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,  
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,



Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
 Thrust in between the paction<sup>(11)</sup> of these kingdoms,  
 To make divorce of their incorporate league,  
 That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
 Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

*All* Amen !

*K Hen* Prepare we for our marriage —on which day,  
 My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
 And all the peers', for surety of our league —<sup>(120)</sup>  
 Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,  
 And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be !

*[Sennet Exeunt.*

— — — — —  
*Enter Chorus*

*Chor* Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,  
 Our bending author hath pursu'd the story,  
 In little room confining mighty men,  
 Mangling by struts the full course of their glory  
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd  
 This star of England Fortune made his sword,  
 By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,  
 And of it left his son imperial lord  
 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King  
 Of France and England, did this king succeed,  
 Whose state so many had the managing,  
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed  
 Which oft our stage hath shown, and, for their sake,  
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take *[Exit*



P 421 (1)

*titlus*

Altered in the second folio to 'field' which some modern editors prefer —  
This is not in the quartos

P 421 (2)

'place'

Mr W N Lattson conjectures 'space'

P 422 (3)

*possession*

So Hamner and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The folio has 'Possession' —  
This is not in the quartos

P 423 (4)

'current'

So the second folio —The first folio has 'curiance' —This is not in the  
quartos (Knight and Grant White derive 'curiance' from the old French  
*curiance* but this (see Cotgrave) means a *fluv* and, though Macbeth talks  
of *scouring* the English out of Scotland with purgative drugs it is plain  
from the context that in our passage *the scouring of a river* is meant *Cu-  
rent*, therefore, seems much the safer reading' W N LATTSON)

P 423 (5)

'this theme'

"Possibly [with the third folio] *this theme*, at any rate *this* seems odd  
Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 222

P 424 (6)

*"The several and unhidden passages"*

"This line I suspect of corruption though it may be fairly enough explained  
the *passages* of his *title* are the *lines* of *succession* by which his claims de-  
scend *Unhidden* is *open, clear*' JOHNSON —Pope printed *The several  
and, &c*

P 425 (7)

*"sword"*

The folio has "Swords" —This is not in the quartos —Compare just above  
"The sleeping *sword* of war"

P 427 (8)

*"To find his title"*

So the quartos —The folio has 'To find his Title' —Very probably the right-  
reading is 'To find his title' —which was first suggested by Johnson

P 427 (9)

*Then amply to unbrace their crested titles*

The first two quartos have 'Then amply to embrace' &c, the third quarto  
has 'Then amply to embrace' &c —The folio has 'Then amply to unbrace'



&c —Rowe in his first ed, printed *Than amply to make bare* &c but in his second ed restored the reading of the folio —Pope substituted *Than openly embrace* ' &c —Theobald at Warburton's suggestion gave *Than apply to embrace* [*i e lay bare*] &c —which lection I adopt for want of a better. Nor is it the only doubtful reading in this line indeed Mr W N Lettsom pronounces *apply* to be as sheer nonsense as *embrace*

P 427 (10) *I or in the Boole of Number is it writ —  
When the man dies let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter*

By the second line we are to understand —When the man dies, and has no son let the inheritance &c The usual modern reading is that of the quartos *When the sonne dyes* &c but whatever had been the authority of the quartos (and they present only a skeleton of the play though their assistance on some occasions is by no means to be slighted) I should have adopted with Mr Knight and Mr Collier, the reading of the folio. The passage in *Numbers* as cited by Holmshed is *When a man dieth* without a sonne let the inheritance descend to his daughter (*Chon* vol iii p 66 ed 1808) and as given in our common version *If a man die* and have no son then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter Chap xxvii 8 There is not a word in Scripture about the contingency of *the son dying* and the law was declared in consequence of a claim put in by the daughters of Zelo phthead, who had no sons —1864 Mr Giant White and the Cambridge Editors agree with me in reading '*When the man dies* ' &c

P 428 (11) '*Thy I now your grace hath cause and means and might* '  
The folio, which alone has the present passage makes this line the beginning of the next speech —Corrected by Walker (*Our Exam* &c vol ii p 186)

P 428 (12) '*giddy*'  
Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "greedy"

P 429 (13) *same*  
Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes *train* "

P 429 (14) '*her*'  
The quartos have '*your* ' the folio has '*then* ' "

P 429 (15) '*curst*'  
So the quartos —'*i e* ' says Walker, '*froward perverse* ' *Our Exam* &c vol iii p 189 —The folio has "*crush'd* "

P 429 (16) "*pretty*"  
Steevens proposes "*petty* "



P 430 (17)

*The art of order*

So Pope and Mr Collier & Ms Corrector —The folio has *The Act of Order* in defence of which Malone cites the corresponding passage of the quartos

creatures that by awe

*Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld kingdom*

Mr W N Lettsom remarks Malone's quotation merely shows that the corruption is an old one but what can we think of a critic who imagines that the phrase *ordain an act* justifies the phrase *reach the act* ?

P 430 (18)

*As many arrows loosed several wayes  
Fly to one mark  
As many several streets meet in one town  
As many fresh streams run in one salt sea*

The quartos have

*"As many arrowes loosed severall wayes flye to one mark  
As many severall wayes meete in one towne  
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea"*

The folio has

*'As many Arrowes loosed severall wayes  
Come to one marke as many wayes meet in one towne  
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea*

That in this passage the word 'wayes' was repeated by mistake can hardly be doubted, and I have substituted *streets* at the suggestion of Mr W N Lettsom who compares Fletcher and Shakespeare's *Two Noble Kinsmen* act 1 ad fin

*'This would be a city full of straying streets,  
And death is the market place where each one meet*

I may add that *run in one self sea* is good old English — 'in being for me' often used as equivalent to 'into' see note 39 on 1 *you like it*

P 431 (19)

*'there'*

The folio has "Or there" (the Or having been repeated by mistake) —This is not in the quartos

P 431 (20)

*'or else our grace,*

*Like Turkish mutes, shall have a tongueless mouth  
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.'*

So the folio except that it has "Like Turkish mute" —The quartos have

*"Or else like tonguelesse mutes  
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph —"*

"Read 'mutes,' as the old grammar requires" Waller's *Git Exam &c* vol 1 p 263



P 401 (1)

'King Edward the Third

Pope omitted 'King — I would expunge the and perhaps King  
Walker's Crit Exam &c vol iii p 140

P 432 (—)

*living here*

The folio has '*living* hence which Mason was quite justified in saying  
"cannot be reconciled to sense" — This is not in the quartos — I give  
Hammer's reading — Henry observes Mr W N Lettsom means that  
poor beggarly England was not his home but that France was — The Ms  
no doubt had *heere* which the compositor mistook for *hence*

P 432 (—3) *Be like a King and show my sail of greatness*

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes — *my soul of greatness* — to  
which Mr Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated* &c p 125) says there is little  
objection but may not the metaphorical use of *sail* in the present line  
be defended by the following passage concerning another royal personage in  
*Henry VI Part Third* act iii sc 3

'now Margaret

Must *strike her sail* and learn awhile to serve,  
Where Kings command "

P 432 (—4)

'For that' &amp;c

'To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station  
and studied the arts of life in a lower character Johnson — The quartos  
have '*For this*,' &c — Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "*For here*"  
&c — "'*That*," say Mr W N Lettsom, 'seems to be a misprint for '*yet*'  
i.e. as yet (*that*—*yet*)'

P 433 (25) '*That may with reasonable swiftness add**More feathers to our wings* '

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector and Mr Singer's Ms Corrector read — *with*  
*reasonable swiftness* ' &c but compare *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii sc 2

"Who marvels then when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword if he do set  
The very *wings of reason* to his heels, ' &c

P 433 (26)

'thine'

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes "strive"

P 434 (27)

'*Linger your patience on and well digest  
Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play*

The folio has



P 435 (33) *O well a day Lady if he be not drawn ' Now  
we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed*

The folio has ' ———if he be not hewne now we &c —When in my *Remarks on Mr Collier's and Mr Knight's eds of Shakespeare* p 117 I substituted *drawn* for *hewne* I was not aware that Theobald had anticipated me —Compare *Romeo and Juliet* act 1 sc 1

"What art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?  
and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian* act iv sc 4

*He's drawn*

By heaven I dare not do it! —

The quartos have 'O Lord heeres Corporall Nims (and 'Nim') *now* shall  
we haue wilful adultery &c

P 455 (34)

Bard *Good lieutenant —good corporal —offer nothing here* "

Malone very hastily made this a portion of the preceding speech printing  
Good lieutenant *Bardolph* —good corporal offer nothing here —and I  
have now [1857] to regret that in my *Remarks on Mr Collier's and Mr  
Knight's eds of Shakespeare* p 117 I found fault with Mr Collier for ad-  
hering to the old text —the inconsistency of which may perhaps after all  
be attributed to the author himself for he has other passages which ex-  
hibit the like inconsistency Here of course the difficulty lies in the word  
"lieutenant" —for which Capell substituted 'ancient' but it seems to  
have escaped the notice of all the editors that a similar impropriety occurs  
in the *Sec Part of Henry IV*, towards the close of which (p 101) Falstaff  
says, 'Come, *Lieutenant* Pistol, though earlier in that play Pistol is 'an-  
cient' " Again, in the present play Bardolph's military title is unaccount-  
ably varied at the commencement of this scene Nym calls him "*Lieutenant*,  
but in act iii sc 1 (p 451) addresses him as "corporal (which 'corporal'  
is certainly not to be explained away on the supposition of Mr Knight, or  
rather, of Zachary Jackson that Nym in his fight forgets his own rank  
and Bardolph's also ) Since therefore, there is a probability that these  
inconsistencies may have arisen from some inattention on the part of  
Shakespeare himself I doubt if an editor be justified in doing more than  
pointing them out to the reader

P 486 (35) ' Boy *Mine* host Pistol you must come to my master —  
*a id ybu, hostesse* '

The folio has ' ———and you *Hostesse* —The quartos have "*Boy* Hostes  
you must come straight to my maister, and you Host Pistol'

I 457 (36) "Host *As* ever you came of women, come in quickly

The folio has ———come of women &c which is corrected in the second  
folio —The quartos have "*Hostes As* ever you came of men come in &c —  
I should not have noticed this had not Mr Knight and Mr Collier replaced  
in the text the reading of the folio



P 437 (37) 'for lamblins we will live'

i.e. says Maloné, "we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lamblins — So the words stand in the quartos — They are given in the folio thus for (*Lambelins*) we will live

P 438 (38) *I thinke*

Omitted by Pope

P 439 (39) "their weight"

The quartos have "their cause" the folio has "the weight"

P 439 (40) *And on our more advice we pardon him*

The old eds. have *And on his more advice* &c — 'Read with Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, *our*. The error proceeded from *him* and 'his' occurring in the neighbourhood. Compare *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* ii. 4

How shall I do<sup>e</sup> on her with *more advice*  
That thus without advice begin to love her?

and *Measure for Measure* v. 1

Yet did repent me after *more advice*

In both these passages *more advice* means *further consideration*, i.e. further consideration in the mind of the speaker. Singer, therefore, should not have quoted the latter of these passages in defence of 'his' in the present passage.  
W. N. LITTLESON

P 439 (41) *cause*

Mr. W. N. Littleson suggests 'cause

P 439 (42) *late*

I explained 'lately appointed' — Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes 'state'

P 439 (43) *Am I one, my lord*

*Your highness bade me ask for it to-day*

Scroop: So did you me, my lord

Gier: I did me, my royal sovereign

The last of these speeches stands in the folio, *Cry And I my Poyall Soueraigne* in the quartos 'Gray And me my Lord'. The reading of the folio (which Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier have restored) is a very improbable one and hardly to be defended, either on the plea that there is an ellipsis, "And I am one my royal sovereign" or that 'I' was formerly sometimes used inaccurately for 'me'. When Shakespeare had once made Scroop say, 'So did you me,' &c. it was altogether unlikely that he should fail to write in the next speech, 'And me,' &c. — 1864. Yet Mr. Grant White and the Cambridge Editors print here, with the folio, 'And I, &c.



P 440 (44)

*him*

Added in the second folio (The quantos have  
 You know how apt we were to grace him  
 In all things belonging to his honour &c)

P 440 (45)

*course*

Altered by Mr Collier's Ms. Corrector to 'course —rightly perhaps

P 441 (46)

' *tempted*

Johnson's conjecture —The folio has *temper'd* —This is not in the  
 quantos —Mr W N Lettsom observes Steevens's note on this word is  
 no answer to Johnson's The context requires *tempted* —Comp note 17.

P 441 (47)

*seem*

Pope printed 'on *seem*

P 441 (48)

' *To marl the full fraught man*

The folio has ' *To make thee full fraught man* &c —Theobald substituted  
 'marl' for 'make' —This is not in the quantos

P 442 (49)

*I'*

Added in the second folio

P 442 (50)

*proclaim'd and from his coffers*

Pope threw out "*proclaim'd*" —Mr W N Lettsom would read "*proclaim'd,*  
*from his coffers*"

P 443 (51)

*a fine end*

The folio has ' *a finer end* ' —This is not in the quantos —Corrected by  
 Capell — 'He made a *fine end*' is at this day a vulgar expression when  
 any person dies with resolution and devotion MASON — 'The comparative  
 degree was evidently a mistake by the printer' COLLIER — 'Surely *fine* is  
 the right reading' Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol II p 50

P 443 (52)

' *for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babble of green fields*

The folio has " — *as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields* ' (the correspond-  
 ing passage in the quantos is merely ' *His nose was as sharpe as a pen* ') —I  
 adopt as a matter of course Theobald's emendation, which has now become  
 a portion of the established text of Shakespeare and since there is no pro-  
 bability that its place will ever be usurped by the reading of Mr Collier's  
 Ms. Corrector ' — *as a pen on a table of green fields* ' I refrain from stat-  
 ing the objections to which I conceive the latter variation is liable Let



me only observe that while Theobald does no more than change *table* to *babbled* the Ms Corrector with comparative license, substitutes 'on' for *and* and *fieze* for *fields* —1864 It may be well to subjoin Theobald's account of the origin and progress of this very celebrated emendation 'I have an edition of Shakespeare by me with some marginal conjectures of a gentleman sometime deceased and he is of the mind to correct this passage thus

*for his nose was a sharp as a pen and a tall ed of green fields*

It is certainly observable of people near death when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of moving as it is of those in a calenture that they have their heads run on green fields The variation from *Table* to *talked* is not of a very great latitude though we may still come nearer to the traces of the letters by restoring it thus

*for his nose was as sharp as a pen and 'a babled of green fields*

To *bable* or *babbu* is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately like children that cannot yet talk or dying persons when they are losing the use of speech ' *Shakespeare restored, &c* (*Appendix*) p 138

P 443 (53) *upward and upward,*

Mr Grant White prints *up and and up and* and adds in a note, ' Thus the original, very characteristically " *What original?*

P 446 (54) *If huch, of '*

Not to mention other alterations made or proposed here, Malone conjectures ' *While off*

P 446 (55) *If hiles that his mountain sue —*

Altered by Theobald to ' *If hiles that his mounting sue* by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector to *If hiles that his mighty sue* — 'Dayton, in the 18th Song of his *Polyolbion*, has a similar thought,

Then he above them all, himself that sought to raise  
Upon some mountain top, like a pyramides '

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen* B 1 c vi

'Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side  
,Of a great hill, himself like a great hill' STEPHENS

P 446 (56) *"As self neglecting*

*Re enter Lords with Exeter and Train*

*Fi King From our brother England?'*

Here the folio has ' *From our Brother of England?* —as it has again in the next page

*"Back to our Brother of England*

*Dolph For the Dolphin, &c*

In both passages I have omitted *of* with the two earliest quartos —and I have done so, because the folio afterwards, act v sc 2 (p 499) has



' Unto our brother France and to our Sister &c

Most worthy brother England

' So happy be the Issue brother Ireland (sic) &c

P 447 (57) *his*

So Rowe —The old eds have 'this

P 447 (58) *'jery*

The old eds have 'fierce (a mistake for *jerie*) —Corrected by Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 142)

P 447 (59) *'To whom expressly I bring greeting too*

The folio has *To whom — greeting to* —which if the line be taken without consideration of the context is right enough according to a phraseology not unfrequent in Shakespeare's time. But Exeter has already delivered Henry's greeting to the King— thus he greets your majesty p 447, and he now inquires for the Dauphin to whom he brings *'greeting too* (so the quartos)

P 448 (60) *"ordnance*

Is here used as a trisyllable being in our author's time, improperly written *ordnance* MALONE

P 449 (61) *at Hampton pier*

So Theobald —The folio has "*at Dover Pier*" —The Chorus is not in the quartos

P 449 (62) *'fanning*

The folio has "fayning"

P 449 (63) *"Boone*

"In spite of Singer's hard words, I believe that Collier's Corrector was right in reading '*Blown*' For *blown* in this sense see particularly *Penciles*, v 1

*'toward Ephesus*

Turn our *blown* sails '

W N LITTLESON

P 450 (64) *'summon'*

Rowe's correction —The folio has *commune* —This is not in the quartos

P 450 (65) *On on you noble English*

The folio has '*—Noblish English* —a mistake occasioned by the termination of the second word having caught the compositor's eye —The editor of the second folio substituted "*—noblist English*" —Mr. Knight prints,



most preposterously *On on you nobless English*”—The expression ‘*noble English*’ is quite strong enough as opposed to *good yeomen* —(In *King John* act v sc 4 Melun says to the revolted lords of England ‘Fly *noble English* you are bought and sold’)—This is not in the quartos

P 450 (66) *men*’

The folio has “me” —Corrected in the fourth folio —This is not in the quartos

P 451 (67) ‘*Straining*’

The folio has ‘*Straying*’ —This is not in the quartos

P 451 (68) *Nym Pray thee corporal*

See note 34

P 451 (69) *Anocls go and come &c*

Of the fragments of the ballad (or ballads) quoted here by Pistol and the Boy Mr Collier’s Ms Corrector has given as might be expected a complete rimaumento,—which I do not think it necessary to transcribe —One of the editors talks of ‘*Pistol’s song*’ but though Pistol quotes the words of a ballad, he is too dignified to *sing* them

P 451 (70) “*Flu Got’s plood*’ &c

This being the first appearance of Fluellen I may observe that the old copies are quite inconsistent in marking his Welsh pronunciation that the modern editors could not with any propriety allow him to say ‘bridge’ and *pridge*” almost in the same breath — *would* in one scene and *ould* in another —and—not to mention other changes of letters —that then substituting throughout his speeches *Got* and *goot* for *God* and ‘good’ is warranted by the dialect of Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* —In the present speech I follow the quartos —The folio has

“*Flu* Vp to the breach, you Dogges, aunant you Cullions, —

on which Walker (who takes no notice of the reading of the quartos) remarks This speech does not seem particularly in Fluellen’s manner nor is blank verse much in his way The folio too, has ‘*breach*’ (this, it is true proves little as the folio is not very accurate in regard to Fluellen’s dialect) Fluellen too was not likely thus to address Pistol, whom he considered ‘as valiant a man as Mark Antony (iii 6) in such vituperative terms May not this speech belong to some one else—perhaps to the Duke of Exeter or of Bedford, which would give an additional and whimsical aptness to Pistol’s quotation?’ *Crit Exam* &c vol. ii p 186

P 451 (71) “*your honour runs bad humours*”

The old eds have “wins instead of “runs” But Capell saw (and vide Malone’s note) that “runs” is doubtless the true reading Compare “I will run no base humour,” *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i sc 3, “The king hath run bad humours on the knight,” the present play, act ii sc. 1



P 452 (72) ' wars '

Here the folio has *Warre* as it has also in three subsequent speeches of Fluellen in the present scene — This is not in the quartos

P 452 (73) as in the old

Qu 'as is in the 'old or 'as any in &c — asks Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol II p 260) — The first of these proposed emendations is no novelty

P 453 (74) ' Jamy

The folio has *James* ' — This is not in the quartos

P 453 (75) *dukes* '

Altered in the fourth folio to 'duke' — rightly perhaps meaning the Duke of Gloster who as Gower tells us in the preceding page, was altogether directed' by Macmorris

P 454 (76) ' *ai l do gode service, or ai'l lig and ai l pay t* '

The folio has *ayle de gud seruice or Ile ligge and Ile pay t* but just after it has *do* ' — This is not in the quartos

P 454 (77) ' heard '

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol II p 69) thinks that this is a mistake for 'heare' but is it not equivalent to *have heard* ' ? (Macmorris has just said, 'It is no time to discourse')

P 454 (78) *Mac Of my nation* ' ' &c

The folio has

*I ish Of my Nation* ' *What ish my Nation* ' *I sh a Villaine and a Basterd and a Knaue, and a Rascall What ish my Nation* ' *Who talks of my Nation* ' —

Here I follow Mr Knight in the transposition which he made at the suggestion of a friend ' This ' he observes " is evidently one of the mistakes that often occur in printing The second and third lines changed places, and the 'I sh a' of the first line should have been at the end of what is printed as the third, whilst 'What of the second line should have gone at the end of the first " — There is nothing of this in the quartos — 1864 Mr Grant White aptly remarks, " The change, which the sense requires, is supported by the fact that while all the other clauses are marked as interrogations, the transposed clause has a full point after it "

P 454 (79) " will "

Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol III p 143) would read " still. "

P 454 (80) " for, as I am a soldier, "

Pope gave " as I'm a soldier "



P 155 (81) *Of heady murder*,  
So the second folio —The first folio has *Of headly Murthur* —Malone reads  
*Of deadly murder*” (Capell’s conjecture) which Walker (*Crit Exam* &c  
vol iii p 145) pronounces to be insufferably flat’

P 455 (82) *Defile*  
So Rowe (in his sec ed) —The folio has *Desue* —This is not in the  
quartos

P 407 (83) ‘*Alice De neel* &c  
It is hardly worth mentioning that here the folio has *Alice De Nick*  
&c but Alice evidently was not intended to blunder in the word *she* says  
neck (as the quartos have it) and chin,’ —the Princess *neel*’ and *sin*

P 458 (84) ‘*Dien de batailles*’ whence have they this mettle?  
So the folio except that by mistake it has ‘where for whence —The  
quartos have merely *Why whence have they this mettall*’ —Here ‘*ba*  
*tailles*’ is a trisyllable

P 458 (85) “*houses*’ *thatch*”  
Steevens supposes that Shakespeare wrote “house *thatch*”

P 458 (86) “*may*”  
Added in the second folio

P 458 (87) “*Charles Delabreth*”  
Ought properly to be *Charles D Albriet*’ —which the metre will not allow  
Shakespeare as Malone observes “followed Holinshed’s Chronicle, in  
which the Constable is called *Delabreth* as he here is in the folio —This is  
not in the quartos

P 459 (88) ‘*Toix*,’  
The folio has ‘*Loys*’ —This is not in the quartos

P 459 (89) “*knight*”  
Theobald’s correction.—The folio has “*Kings*” —This is not in the quartos

P 459 (90) “*And, for achievement offer us his ransom*”  
“That is, instead of achieving a victory over us, makes a proposal to pay  
us a certain sum as a ransom” MALONE — ‘Should we not read ‘*And fore*  
*achievement*’? The import being, At sight of our army he will be so intimi-  
dated as to offer us his ransom before we have captured him” STANFORD

P. 460 (91) “*There is an ancient there at the bridge*,”  
The folio has “*There is an ancient Lieutenant there*,” &c but both titles



cannot stand. See note 34—The quartos have "*There is an ensigne there* &c (In the dialogue which presently follows Fluellen three times calls Pistol '*Auncient*')

P 460 (92)

*Of* '

The folio has *And of* —In the quartos this speech is somewhat differen

P 461 (93)

*and fico for*

The quartos have *and figs for* *and a fig for* ' the folio has *and Figo for* ' But compare *The Merry Wives of Windsor* act 1 sc 3 where Pistol exclaims *a fico* for the phrase '

P 461 (94)

*new tuned oaths*

Though the more recent editors Malone &c testify no dislike to this reading I think it a very doubtful one—Pope printed *new turned oaths*—Mr Collier's Ms Corrector substitutes *new coined oaths* (In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* act iv sc 4 we have *new found oaths* )

P 463 (95)

*march*

Mr W N Lettsom would read "*match* '

P 464 (96)

*pasteins*

The folio has "*postures* '—Corrected in the second folio—This is not in the quartos

P 464 (97)

*He s of the colour of the nutmeg* '

"Is this part of the Dauphin's speech?" Walker's *Crit Dram* &c vol ii p 186

P 465 (98)

"*Ma foi*

So the quartos which reading the folio misprints *Nay foi*

P 465 (99)

"*her*

So the quartos—The folio has *his* —(I mention this variation only in consequence of a mis statement in Mr Collier's note *ad l* )

P 468 (100)

'*name* '

So Tyrwhitt—The folio has "*nam d* "—The Chorus is not in the quartos

P 468 (101) "*Investing lank lean cheeks and war worn coats* "

Hammer reads "*In wasted lank lean* ' &c Warburton '*Invest in lank lean,*' &c Capell, "*And war worn coats, investing lank lean cheeks* " Heath conjectured "*In fasting lank lean,*" &c , Mr Staunton proposes "*Infestive*



P 468 (102)

' *Presenteth* 'The folio has *Presented* — This is not in the quartoP 469 (103) ' *Thawing cold fear Then mean and gentle all* '

The folio has *Thawing cold feare* that *meane and gentle all* — This is not in the quartos — As this stood it was a most perplexed and nonsensical passage and could not be intelligible but as I have corrected it The poet first expatiates on the real influence that Harry's eye had on his camp and then addressing himself to every degree of his audience he tells them he'll shew (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a little touch or sketch of this hero in the night a faint resemblance of that cheerfulness and resolution which this brave prince expressed in himself and inspired in his followers "THEOBALD — 'Theobald supports his reading by two quotations from previous speeches of the Chorus in which the audience are addressed as gentles but this does not justify the supposition that he would address any of them as mean The phrase 'mean and gentle' appears to us to refer to the various ranks of the English army who are mentioned in the previous line Delius's conjecture that a line is lost after the word 'all' seems very probable ' THE CAMBRIDGE EDITORS

P 471 (104)

' *The figo*The quartos have "Figo" the folio has ' *The Figo* ' — See note 93

P 471 (105)

' *fewer* '

So the third quarto — The two earlier quartos have "fewer" — The folio has fewer '

P 472 (106)

' *Thomas*The folio has ' *Iohn* ' — This is not in the quartos

P 473 (107)

' *By on more &c*

"This sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said The speech I believe should be given to Court MALONE

P 473 (108)

' *in battle,*

The folio "*in a Battaille*" — Corrected in the second folio — Here the text of the quartos is different

P 473 (109)

' *in battle* "

Corrected, as before, in the second folio

P 474 (110)

' *Is certain &c*

Capell conjectures that this speech should be transferred to Court or Bates. Malone thinks it might with propriety be given to Court

P 474 (111)

' *all's* "

Here the "*is*" was added in the fourth folio (The two earliest quartos have "fault on," the third quarto has ' *fault is on,* ')



P 475 (112) *What is thy soul, O odoration*

The folio has *What? is thy Soule* of Odoration? — The last word is corrected in the second folio — This is not in the quartos — I have adopted Johnson's reading, which, if not altogether satisfactory, is at least preferable to any of the other attempts to amend the passage

P 476 (113) *wretched*

'My knowledge of Shakespeare's manner makes me more than suspect that he wrote *wretched* Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 114

P 477 (114)

*'O God of battles' steel my soldiers' hearts  
Possess them not with fear take from them now  
The sense of reckoning if th' opposed numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them'*

In the third line I adopt the slight alteration proposed by Tyrwhitt for point the passage as we will how can the reading of the folio —

'The sense of reckoning of th' opposed numbers —  
be otherwise than wrong? — (The quartos have

*"O God of battels steele my souldiers harts  
Take from them now the sense of reckoning  
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,  
May not appall their courage") —*

Mason objected to Tyrwhitt's alteration that 'if the opposed numbers did actually pluck their hearts from them, it was of no consequence whether they had or had not the sense of reckoning But, as Steevens observes, Mason forgot that "if the sense of reckoning, in consequence of the king's petition was taken from them the numbers opposed to them would be no longer formidable when they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them'

P 477 (115) *Ay "*

Qy *'Ay ay'?*

P 477 (116) *'valet,'*

Most of the modern editors print, with the second folio, "*valet,*" forgetting that "*varlet*" is "nom synonyme de celui de page, dans les temps de notre ancienne chevalerie"



for the issue, is quite as intelligible as *dout* or *do out extinguish* &c But *English eyes* would hardly be alarmed for the issue and that by *them* we are to understand *English eyes* the context shows as distinctly as language can show — My Knight too in the present passage retains doubt — equivalent to *awe* yet in *Hamlet* act iv sc 7 *when again the folio has the same spelling* doubts he inconsistently prints

I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze

But that this folly *dout* it —

This is not in the quartos

P 478 (118)

*"The tucl et sonance"*

The folio has *The Tucl et Sonance* — as we print it would seem either for — *Sonance* or for — *Sonance* (so earlier in this play p 162 the folio has for when Leontic and Caeltic play for a Kingdome &c) We find *'sonance* and *sonance* in our old writers but never I believe *'sonance* — This is not in the quartos

P 479 (119)

*'pale dull mouths*

Here *pale* would seem to have been repeated by mistake from the preceding line. — Capell printed (not Lappily) *'palled mouths*

P 479 (120)

Con I stay but for my *quidon* — to the field —  
I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
And use it for my haste

The folio has

Const I stay but for my Guard and  
To the field I will &c

This passage is not in the quartos — 'The conjectural reading *'quidon* which is attributed by recent editors to Dr Thackeray late Provost of King's College, Cambridge is found in Rann's edition, without any name attached Dr Thackeray probably made the conjecture independently We find it written in pencil on the margin of his copy of *Nares's Glossary* under the word *'Guard* THE CAMBRIDGE EDITORS — This correction has the full approbation of Walker (*Crit Exam* &c vol iii p 145) — The word *'quidon* (which Cotgrave explains a *'standerl ensigne, or banner* also, he that beares it) is frequently used by our old writers and the passage of Holinshed which Shakespeare certainly had in his thought, runs thus

They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noble men made such hast towards the battell that they left many of their servants and men of warre behind them and some of them would not once *stare for their standards* as amongst other the duke of Brebant when his *standard* was not come caused a *baner to be taken from a trumpet* and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him in steed of his *standard* " *Chron* vol iii p 80, ed 1808



P 479 (121)

' Bed Farewell good Salisbury and good luck go with thee '  
 Ere Farewell kind lord fight valiantly to day  
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it  
 For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour

The folio has

Bedd Farewell good Salisbury & good luck o with thee  
 And yet I doe thee wrong to mind thee of it  
 For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour  
 I x<sup>c</sup> Farewell kind Lord fight valiantly to day

The transposition was made by Thirlby and the corresponding passage of the quartos confirms it

P 480 (122)

' He that outlives this day and comes safe home  
 He that shall live this day and see old age

The second of these lines stands in the folio thus

*He that shall see this day and live old age*

Pope made the transposition — (The quartos have

' He that outlives this day and sees old age

He that outlives this day and comes safe home )

P 480 (123)

*Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
 And say ' These wounds I had on Crispin's day*

The second line is not in the folio — Mr. Collier thinks ' t is quite unnecessary to the completeness of the scene the defectiveness of which could form the only excuse for such an insertion. But the passage is so abrupt with out it, that, doubtless it was omitted in the folio by mistake — Mr. Knight's statement that ' the line is found in the quartos entirely in a different place, where ' shall gentle his condition ' is incorrect. In the quartos it immediately follows. Then shall he strip his sleeves, and shew his scars ' and, what is more, in the quartos these two lines are accidentally shuffled out of their proper place

We fewe we happie fewe we bond of brothers  
 For he to day that shew his blood by mine  
 Shalbe my brother be he nere so base  
 This day shall gentle his condition  
 Then shall he strip his sleeves and shew his scars  
 And say these wounds I had on Crispines day  
 And Gentlemen in England and now a bed  
 Shall thinke themselves accus'd, &c



P 481 (124)

*Old men forget yet all shall be forgot  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day then shall our names  
Familiar in their mouths as household words —  
Harry the King Bedford and Exeter  
Warwick and Talbot Salisbury and Gloucester —  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered*

In the fourth line the folio has '*Familiar in his mouth as*' &c—I adopt with Malone and Mr Collier [1864, and Mr Staunton] the far more natural reading of the quartos—'*Familiar in their mouths*' writes Malone i.e. in the mouths of the old man (who has outlived the battle and come safe home) and 'his friends' This is the reading of the quarto which I have preferred to that of the folio—*his mouth* because *their* cups the reading of the folio in the subsequent line would otherwise appear if not ungrammatical extremely awkward—Mr Knight prefers the reading of the folio Shakespeare he says altered *their* mouths of the quarto to *his* mouth How beautifully he preserves the continuity of the picture of *the one old man* remembering his feats, and his great companions in arms by this slight change! *His* mouth names Harry the king, as a *household word* though in *their* cups the name shall be freshly remembered For my own part, I believe that *Shakespeare* did not make the alteration but that it must be attributed to the transcriber or printer—the text of this play in the folio being by no means immaculate Nor can I regard Mr Knight's criticism on the passage as any thing else than mere sophistry the NAMES at least of the chief warriors who fought at Agincourt must have been quite as familiar to the veterans' neighbours as to himself

Since the preceding note was written Mr John Forster has remarked to me that the *familiar utterance* and the *fresh remembrance* of the names constitute one and the same act and that it is manifestly wrong to assign the former to a single person and the latter to many

1864 My opinion of the reading of the folio remains unchanged though Mr Grant White and the Cambridge Editors agree in proclaiming its superiority

P 482 (125)

"abounding"

Altered by Theobald to 'a bounding' by Mr Collier's Mr Conector to 'rebounding' (a conjecture of Mr Knight's)—The quartos have 'abundant'

P 482 (126)

"graving"

So 'the second folio—The earlier eds have 'graving'

P 482 (127)

"clapnet"

Mr Collier's Mr Conector reads 'reflex'

P 482 (128)

"or"

Altered by Hammer to "for"



P 482 (19)

thou

An interpolation?

P 483 (130) *I fear thou it once more come again for ransom*

The folio has — *for a Ransome* ' but compare the words of Henry a little above *Come thou no more for ransom, &c* and at p 489 *Com st thou again for ransom?* — This is not in the quartos

P 483 (131) *Quality! Callino construe me!*

The folio has *Qualitie calme construe me* — This is not in the quartos — Malone first pointed out in Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights* 1681 "A Sonnet of a Lover in the praise of his Lady to *Calen o cature me* sung at every lines end" and Boswell afterwards showed that *Callino construe me* is an old Irish song preserved in Playford's *Musical Companion* 1673 the words meaning "Little gill of my heart for ever and ever" Boswell adds "They [the words] have it is true, no great connection with the poor Frenchman's supplications, nor were they meant to have any" Pistol, instead of attending to him contemptuously hums a song — Mr Staunton pronounces all this to be "too preposterous" and adopts the reading of Warburton '*Qualitj' cality' construe me*'

P 483 (132)

O!

The folio has *For* — This is not in the quartosP 30 (133) '*Reproach and everlasting shame*'

I suspect that another substantive (*contempt?* or possibly some word beginning with *re*) has dropped out after '*reproach*' Walker's *Crit Exam* the vol 11 p 17 — Capell prints "*Reproach, reproach, and*" &c

P 480 (134)

"for,"

Perhaps as Mr W N Lettson suggests this word should be omitted compare, in the Chorus p 468,

"The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice"

P 485 (135) "*Lets die in honour once more back again*"

The folio has '*Lets die in once more lacke againe*' — I adopt the reading of Mr Knight, which is probably the true one since the words "*Lets die with honour*" occur in the corresponding scene of the quartos

1864 Mr Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, speaks with great contempt of my 'advocating the insertion of honour' here but Mr. Staunton, Mr Giant White, and the Cambridge Editors have adopted it

P 485 (136)

"contaminatc"

The quartos have '*contaminache*' the folio has "*contaminated*"



P 485 (137) *Let us on heaps go offer up our lives*

After this line Steevens added from the quartos Unto these English or else die with fame which in my former edition I also adopted but I now think it an objectionable insertion

P 486 (138) *in our throngs*

*I'll to the throng*

The repetition is anti Shakespearian Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol 1 p 300

P 486 (139) *In which array brave soldier, doth he lie,  
Larding the plain '*

Need I observe that the alteration made here by Mr Collier's Ms Corrector Larding the plain is utterly wrong and that 'Larding means as Mr Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated &c* p 132) enriching manuring the plain with his blood ?—(In *The Tempest* act 1 sc 2 the Ms Corrector with equal impropriety changes *He bring thus larded* ' &c to ' *He bring thus loaded &c* )

P 486 (140) *shall thine keep company*

Perhaps 'shall I keep thine company Walker's *Crit Exam &c* vol 11 p 249

P 487 (141) *And*

So the folio —The quartos have But —Mr W N Lettsom proposes For '

P 487 (142) *mustful*

The folio has 'misfull —This is not in the quartos

P 488 (143) *great pelfy doublet "*

i e great belled doublet See note 38 on *Love's Labour's lost*

P 489 (144) *To look our dead "*

So Mr Collier's Ms Corrector —The folio has " *To booke our dead* ' —This is not in the quartos —Mr Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated &c* p 133) very rashly remarks that "unless Shakespeare meant to make Montjoy here speak broken English, to look our dead would be indeed a strange phrase " But so far from being strange, the phrase was very common In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv sc 2, we have ' Mistress Page and I will look some



*linen* for your head and in *As you like it* act ii sc 5 He hath been all this day to *look you* Compare too Beaumont and Fletcher

— why dost thou peep so?

*Short* I am *looking birds nests*

*Wit without Money* act ii sc 4

Where is the body of my gull?

*Wildb*

I know not

I am no conjuror, you may *look the body*

*The Night Walker* act iii sc 1 —

1864 Mr Grant White who prints here *To look our dead* observes that *To look our dead* is a phrase entirely inconsistent with the customs and necessities of the field of battle and which is due only to the easy mis taking of *l* for *b* The Cambridge Editors also adopt the emendation *look*

P 489 (145)

*their*

So Malone — The folio has with '—This is not in the quartos

P 489 (146)

*'if your majesty is remembered of it*

*your*

*majesty knows "*

The folio has *'If your Majesties is remembered of it*

*your*

*Majesty know' —* The text of the quartos is different

P 490 (147)

*'who if alive and ever dare*

*he would wear if alive*

*is e* who, if alive and *he* ever, &c The more recent editors alter [with Capell] the first *'alive'* to "a live,"—how improperly the repetition of the word might have shown them—1864 Since I wrote what precedes, a note on the passage, nearly in the same words has appeared in Mr Grant White's *Shakespeare* nevertheless, I am now inclined to believe that Capell's alteration is right

P 491 (148)

*'I would fain see the man,*

*that is all but I*

*would fain see it once an please Got of his grace that I might see "*

It is not safe to meddle with the language of Fluellen but qv *'—that is all I would fain but see it once &c ?* The corresponding passage in the quartos is,

*'I would see that man now that should [the third quarto "wold ]*

*challenge this gloue*

*And it please God of his grace I would but see him*

*That is all "*

P 492 (149)

*' into-plows*

Altered by Capell to "in plows" ("Mr Heath very plausibly reads 'in two plows' JOHNSON)



P 493 (150) *Give me thy glove*

This reading having been questioned Malone observes The text is certainly right By *thy* glove the king means the glove that thou hast now in *thy* cap i e Henry's glove which he had given to Williams (see act iv sc 1) and of which he had retained the fellow

P 494 (151) ' *Charles Delabreth*

See note 87

P 495 (152) *Vouchsafe to those  
and of such as have*

Mr Collier's Ms Corrector reads

*Vouchsafe all those  
and for such as have '*

which last alteration is also made by Capell

P 495 (153) *there seen*

Steevens conjectures "*there seen a while*

P 495 (154) *with*

Was added in the second folio

P 496 (155) *but loving*

The folio has *but by loving* —The quartos have no Chorus — Dele by Waller's *Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 122

P 496 (156) *emperor*

The folio has 'Empeour's —I adopt Heath's conjecture but surely the passage is in other respects corrupt and probably mutilated

P 497 (157) "*I eat and eat, I swear—*"

Johnson's emendation is *I eat and eke I swear—* Mr Giant White's "*I eat and yet I swear—*" and the Cambridge Editors propose *I eat' an I eat I swear—*"

P 498 (158) ' *Nell*

The old eds have "Doll —a ridiculous blunder which Mr Collier retained in the first edition of his *Shakespeare* and which the Cambridge Editors have not banished from their text because 'it is probable that the mistake is the author's own' On the contrary\* it is utterly improbable—or rather, it is impossible—that the author could have made such a mistake he might indeed have fallen into the mistake of varying the military titles of Pistol



and Baidolph (see note 34) but he never could have confounded Doll Tearsheet with Nell Quickly — In *The Second Part of King Henry IV* when the Drawer announces that Pistol is below Doll Tearsheet flies at the very name of the swaggering rascal soon after his entrance she assails him with a torrent of abuse nor is she satisfied till he has been thrust down stairs (act II sc 4) In the *present play* Pistol figures as the husband of the quondam Quickly ' he calls her My NELL (act II sc 1) scornfully bids Nym espouse Doll Tearsheet (*ibid*) and takes a very affectionate leave of his own wife on departing for France (act II sc 3) All this however — the enmity between Doll Tearsheet and Pistol, and the marriage of Pistol and Miss Quickly — had according to the Cambridge Editors escaped the memory of Shakespeare while writing the passage now under consideration!

P 498 (159)

*Of malady*

The quartos have One [*a misprint for on = of*] *mallydie* — The folio has *of a malady* '.

P 498 (160)

*And patches will I get unto those scars  
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars*

So the couplet stands in the quartos (except that in the second line they have *gat*) — The folio has

*And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,  
And swore I got them ' &c*

P 499 (161)

*' England '*

The folio has *Ireland* — Corrected in the second folio — This is not in the quartos

P 499 (162)

*The venom of such looks we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality* '.

See note 116 on *Love's Labour's lost*

P 500 (163)

*plenty*

The folio has *' plentyies* — ' The error arose (*ut sæpe*) from contagion Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 254 — This is not in the quartos

P 500 (164)

*" all "*

The folio has *' withall* ' — This is not in the quartos

P 500 (165)

*' as '*

The folio has *all* Corrected by Roderick — This is not in the quartos

P 501 (166)

*' us*

Mr W N Lettison proposes *ours* "



P 501 (167) *Pass our accept ' &c*

Walker (*Crit I* iam &c vol 11 p 52) quotes this as correct, and Mr W N Lertson pronounces it to be right — Theobald at Warburton's suggestion printed *Pass or accept ' &c* (which Mr Collier's Ms Corrector also gives) — Malone conjectured *Pass or ccept ' &c* — Mr Swynfen Jarvis would read *Pass our exact ' &c*

P 502 (168) *dat is de princes*

Surely this should be *dat says de princess* — MASON — I believe the old reading is the true one. By *dat is de princess* the lady in her broken English, means that is what the princess has said. STEVENS

P 502 (163) *understand I*

Qy *understand* not well

P 503 (170) *places*

It has been suggested to me that the right reading is *paces*

P 503 (171) *'Quand j ai la possession'*

The folio has *Je quand sur le possession*

P 504 (172) *untempting*

So Warburton and Mr Collier's Ms Corrector — The folio has *'untempting* — This is not in the quartos — STEVENS's quotations in support of the old reading are nothing to the purpose. W N LERTSON — Compare note 46

P 505 (173) *queen of all Katharines*

The folio has *Queen of all Katherine* — This is not in the quartos — The emendation now introduced (which is undoubtedly what the author wrote) occurred both to Capell and to Walker — the latter observing 'he calls her before *la plus belle Katharine du monde* (or as Petruchio hath it, *the prettiest Kate in Christendom*)' *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 260

P 505 (174) *d une votre indigne serviteur*

The folio has *"d une nostre Seigneur indigne seruiteur"* — The Cambridge Editors print *'d une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur* — which sounds oddly

P 507 (175) *never*

This word, which is necessary for the sense was inserted by Rowe — Capell inserted 'not ' which Mr Collier's Ms Corrector also gives

P 507 (176) *then*

Added in the second folio



P 507 (177)

Præclarissimus

This word which should of course be *Præcarissimus* Shakespeare copied from Holmshed—who is not singular in the mistake But in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes Henry is styled *Præcarissimus* and in the 22d article the stipulation is that he shall always be called in lingua Gallicana hoc modo Nostre ties cher fils Henry &c in lingua vero Latina hoc modo Noster *præcarissimus* filius Henricus &c See Rymers *Fœd* ix 895, 901 'MALONE (the note somewhat altered)

P 507 (178)

"your daughter

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification* &c p 206) remarks that though the word 'daughter' is sometimes a trisyllable yet in the present passage Shakespeare may possibly have written 'your daughter' here'

P 508 (179)

paction

The folio has 'Patton' which was altered in the third folio to 'passion'—This is not in the quartos—Corrected by Theobald

P 508 (180)

league—'

The folio has "Leagues —This is not in the quartos —'What 'leagues'? Here, too [see note 163], infection seems to have been at work" Walker's *Crit Exam* &c vol 1 p 255



